

Encore

*Created and produced
in the Summer of 1979
by the campers of
BUCK'S ROCK
New Milford, Connecticut*

Overture

As we listen to the rain fall on this near-to-last day of camp, we are finding it hard to complete our editorial. We could say something deep and intellectual about the summer and the title of our yearbook, but we are resolved against it.

The atmosphere of the Pub Shop this summer has been friendlier than ever. In all aspects of producing the yearbook, we have sensed the good feelings generated by people working well together. This feeling is echoed throughout the camp. There have been many new people at Buck's Rock this year--campers and counselors alike. These people brought new ideas with them, forming a productive combination of past and present.

Perhaps one winter morning we will reopen this yearbook and hear the laughter we hear now. When the summer is over, we will remember all the last-minute dashes to the dining room at 8:44 AM; the twelve-hour-long blackout; the water fights; and the relaxing evenings we spent talking with friends.

But we were not always happy. We were upset when a close friend left at mid-season, when lightning struck the soccer field, when we didn't get that part in the summer theater production, or when the pot we were throwing came out lopsided.

Yet we wouldn't give up a moment of our summer. And in this yearbook, we have attempted to re-create it. As the curtain falls, we try our best to satisfy our inner cries of "Encore, Encore!"

The Editors

WHY I CAME TO BUCK'S ROCK

While looking through a camp catalog, the description of Buck's Rock caught my attention. As I read about Buck's Rock I had a feeling that it was a very different kind of camp.

I arrived at Buck's rock bewildered, not knowing a soul. A few girls came up to me to say hello.

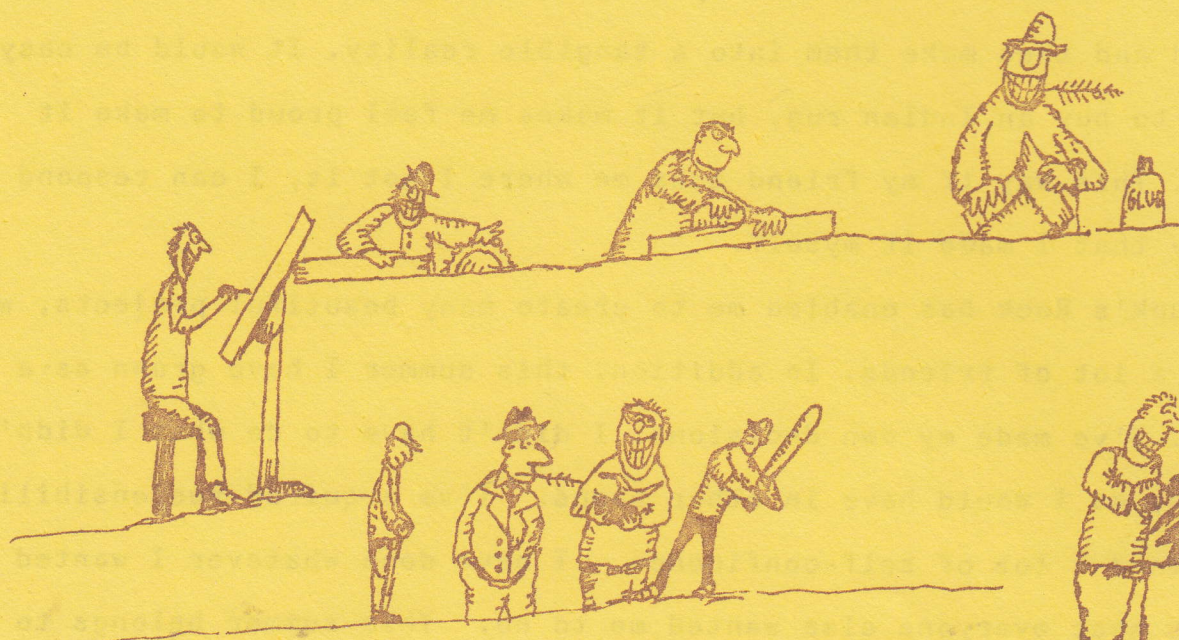
As the summer progressed, I started to realize that certain things, such as wearing makeup and fancy clothes, and having a full time boyfriend were unnecessary. In competitive camps these were the major ingredients for making a happy summer. At Buck's Rock, these objectives are not important.

Some people do feel differently. They think that if they don't have a boyfriend for the summer they will have a miserable two months. The majority of campers, however, come to Buck's Rock to have fun and use their minds creatively.

This summer I've devoted my time to creating. I develop ideas with my mind and then make them into a tangible reality. It would be easy enough to buy an Indian rug, but it makes me feel proud to make it myself. This way if my friend asks me where I got it, I can respond proudly that I made it myself.

Buck's Rock has enabled me to create many beautiful projects, while making a lot of friends. In addition, this summer I have grown as a person. I've made my own decisions. I didn't have to do what I didn't want to, as I would have in other camps. I've acquired responsibilities and gained a lot of self-confidence. I have done whatever I wanted to, and not what everyone else wanted me to do. This summer belongs to me, and nobody else!

by Debbi Haft



BUCK'S ROCK HISTORY

In 1943, Ernst Bulova founded Buck's Rock as a camp where children could help produce marketable products for the war effort. Due to the war, however, man power was limited. The people at Buck's Rock felt that they should assist their surrounding community.

Many children worked on neighboring farms, helping to cultivate land. Some raised chickens and sold the eggs in the city. Others helped grow tomatoes and vegetables. These were canned and sent to war victims in Holland, Austria, and Italy. There was also a fix-it shop where the local community could bring utensils to be fixed.

The main residence halls consisted of the boys house and girls house where the campers would retire for the evening. There was always folk music, which was like an evening activity.

During the 50's shops slowly developed. There was an emphasis on producing marketable products, rather than on one's individual creativity. Shortly afterwards, the Shop Planning and Production Committee developed. This organization was based on the idea of production. Designs for items such as pots and jewelry were patented. From these designs, molds or copies were constructed. Using these molds the children then produced these items for sale. The finished goods were soon sold in town, and the profits went to the campers, wages dependent on the number of hours worked.

During the 60's the philosophy of Buck's Rock shifted from mass production to individuality. More shops were built, and camper's efforts were channeled into their own projects. This emphasis continues today.

Buck's Rock is a place where you can expand your natural talent and discover new areas of creativity. You can always go to shops such as fabric design, jewelry, glassblowing, sculpture and art, to begin new projects. In addition, there are other areas such as the Music Shed, the Dance Studio, WBBC, and the Publications Shop, where one can express feelings and ideas in different media. Over the years, Buck's Rock has expanded its theme from production to individuality. From a small camp originally designed to aid the war effort, Buck's Rock has blossomed into a place where one can express intangible fantasies in artistic form.

Anika Peress

Act 1 * The Shops

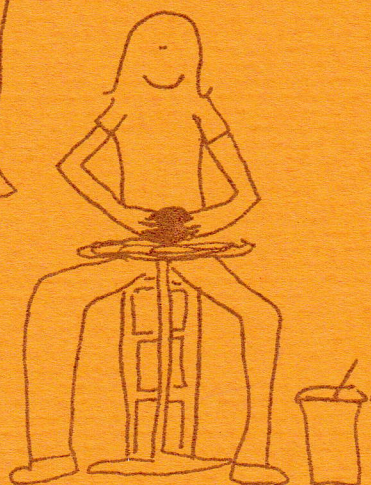
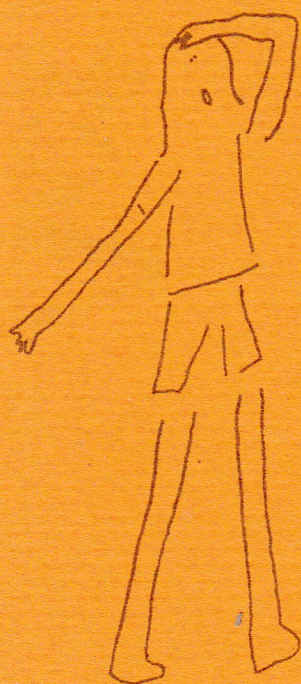
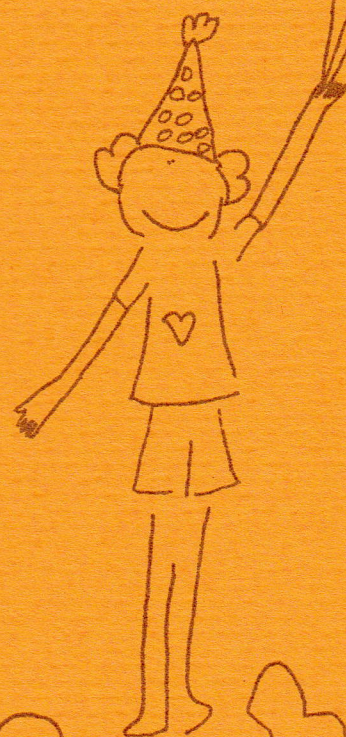
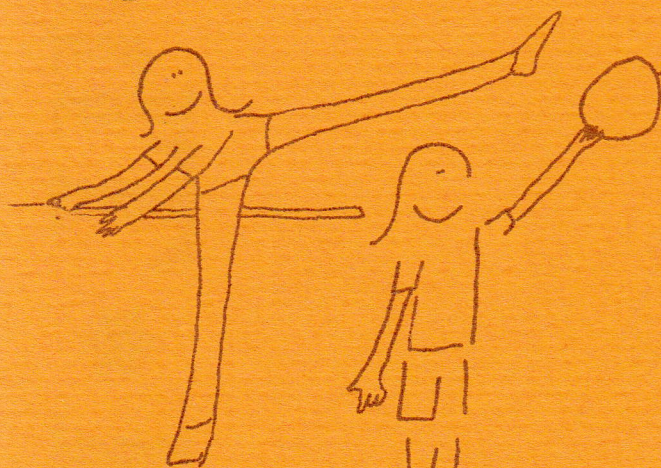
SCIENCE LAB



DISSECTING A CAT



GLASSBLOWING



SCULPTURE

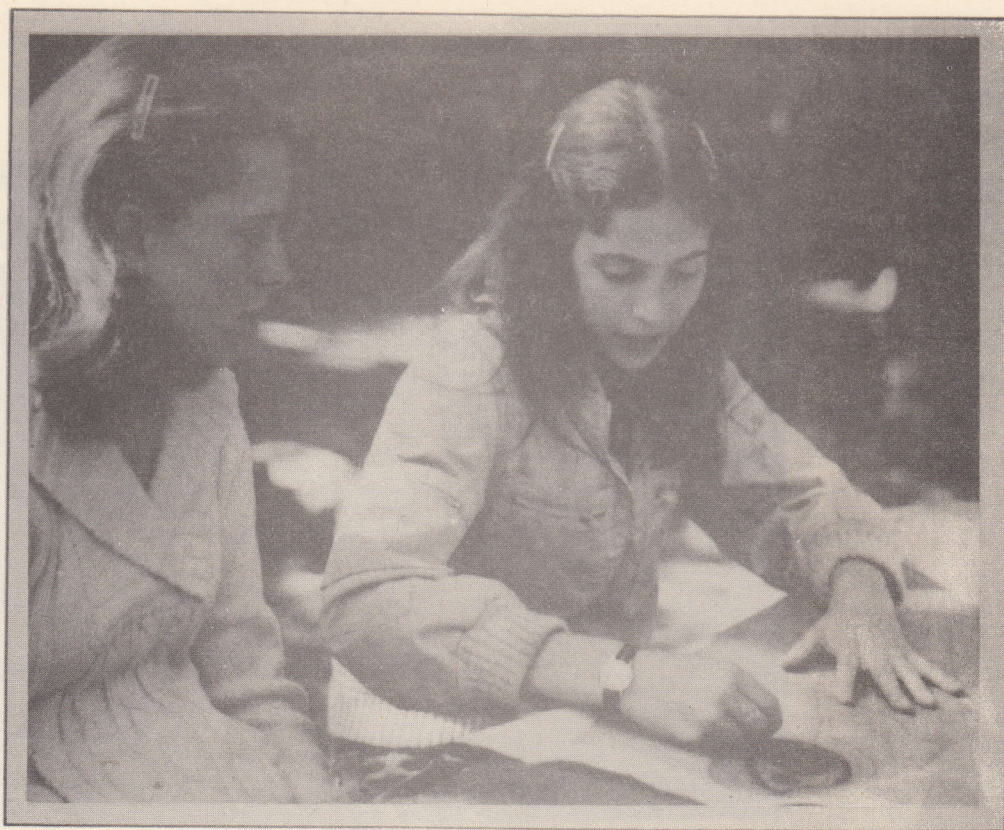
ACTOR'S WORKSHOP

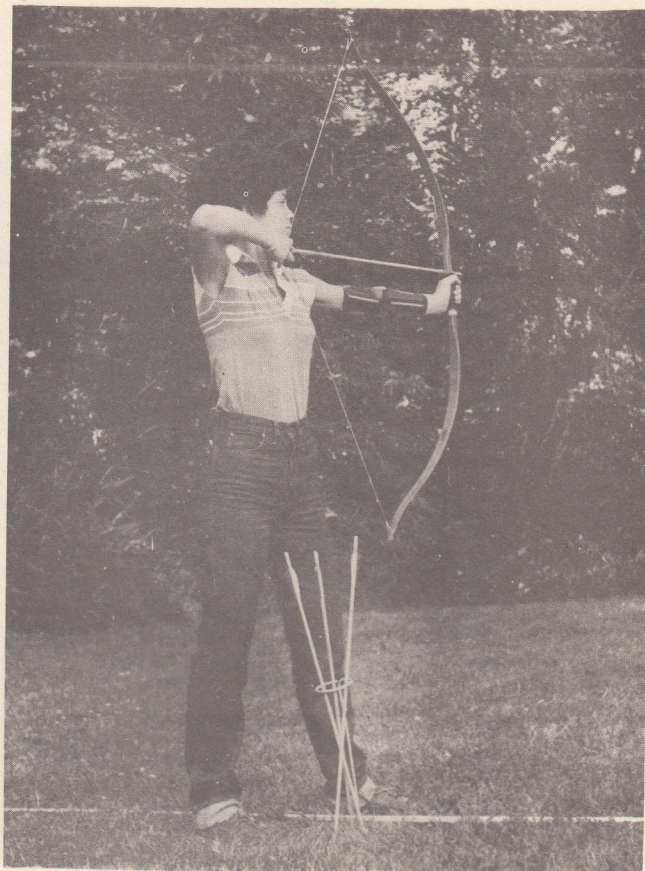


Jennifer
Gleason

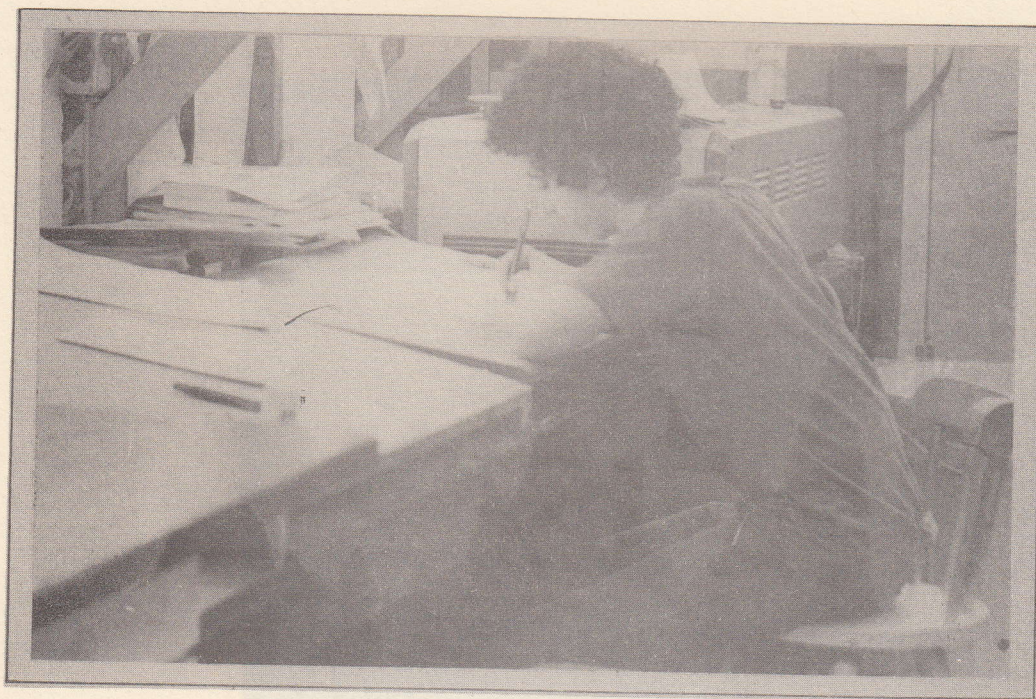


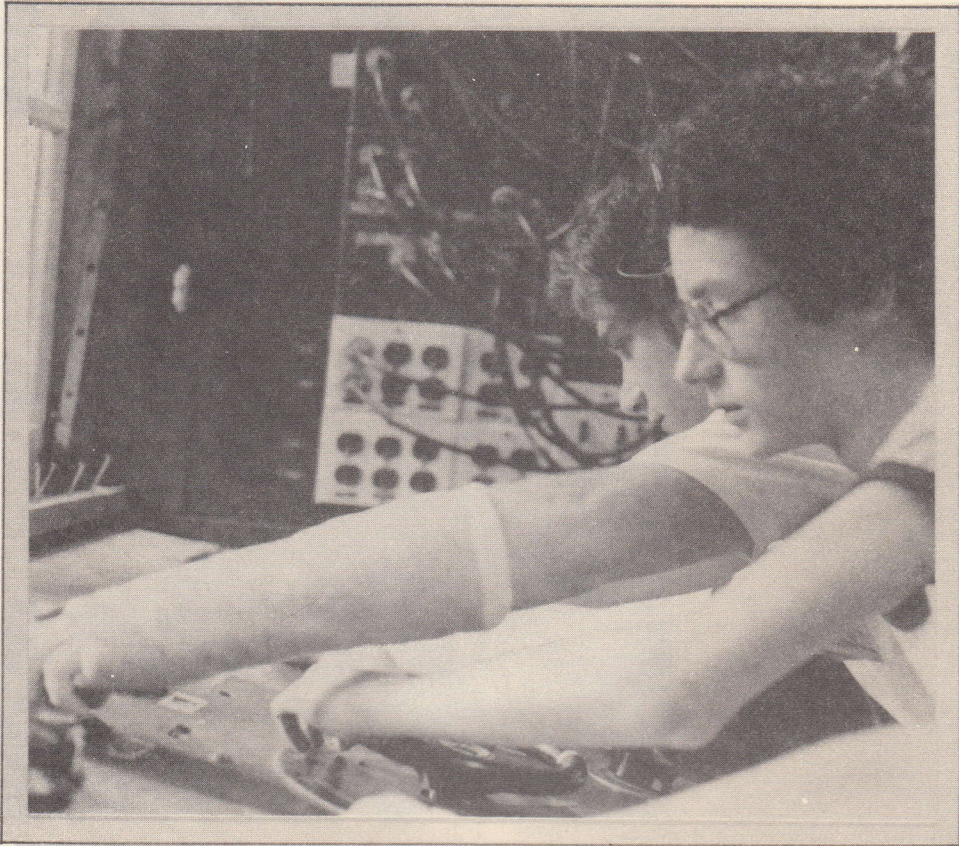


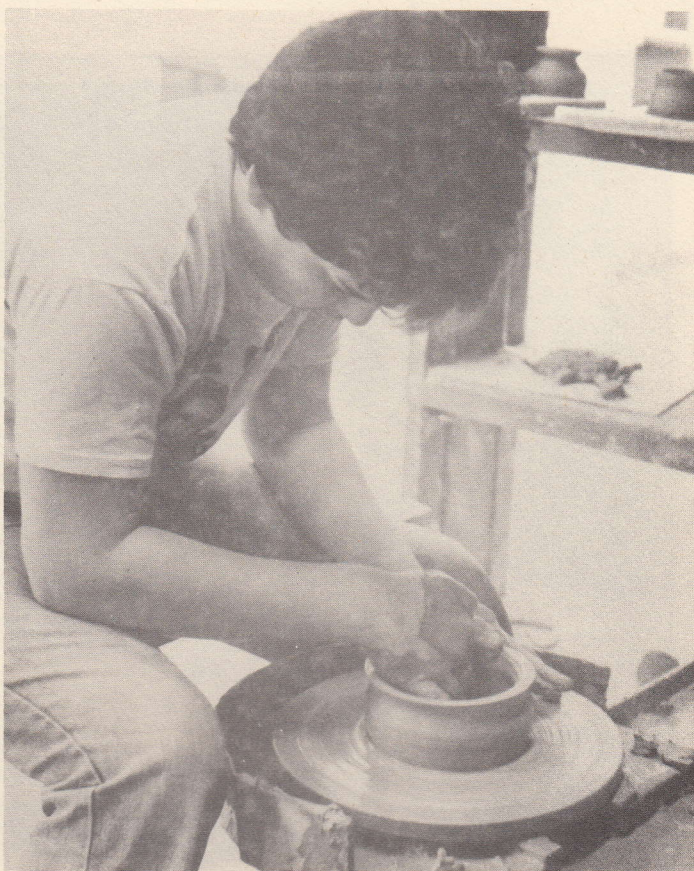


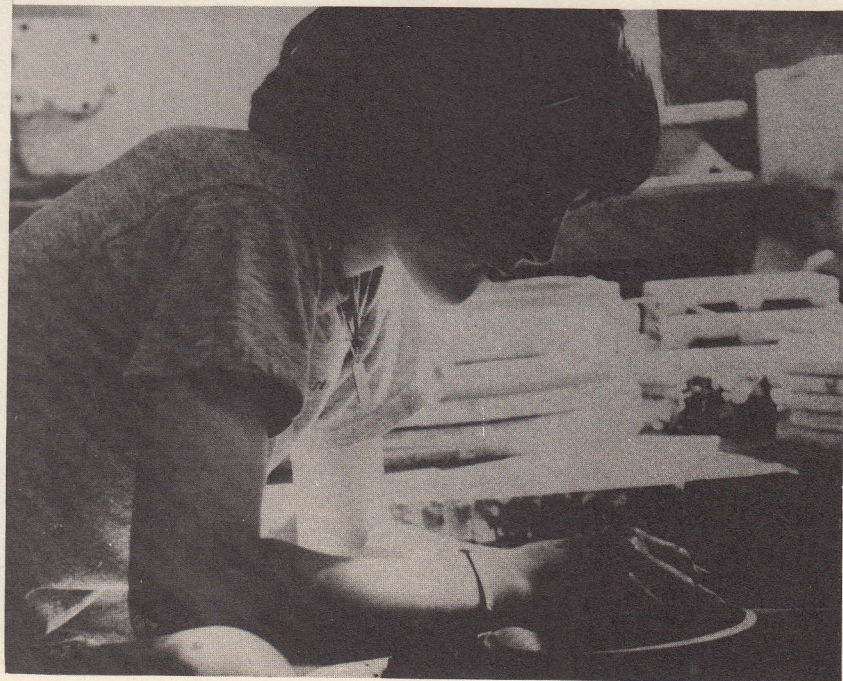
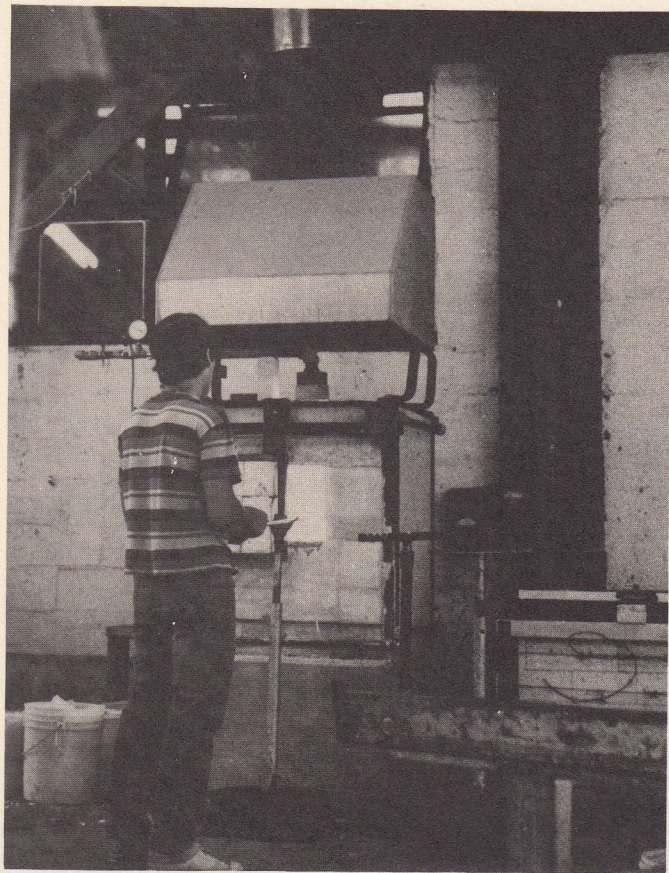




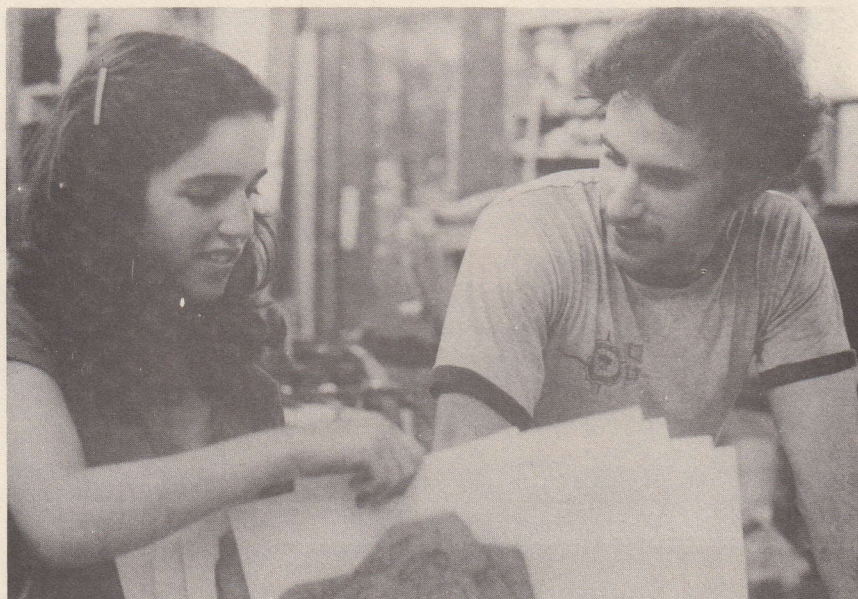


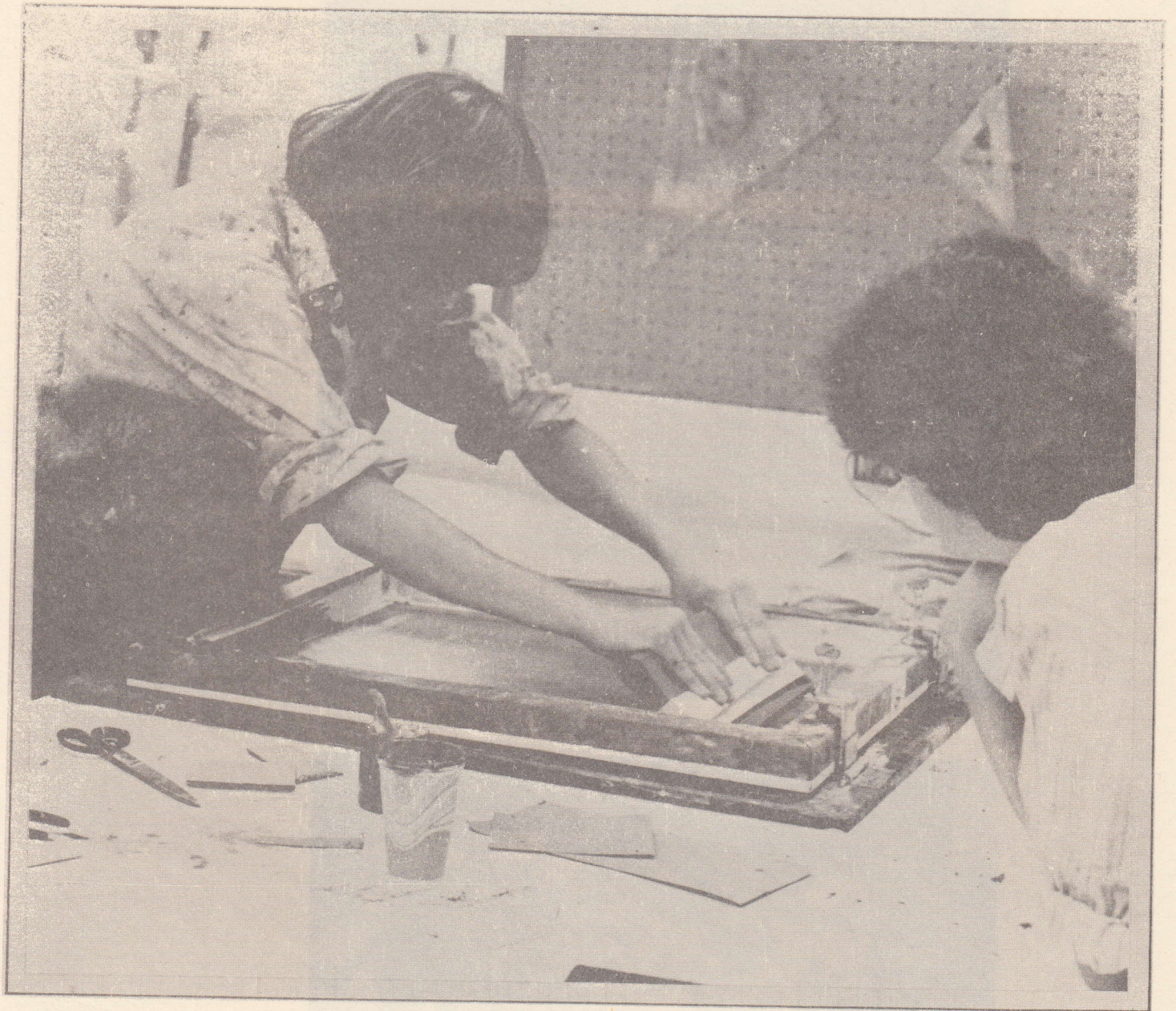




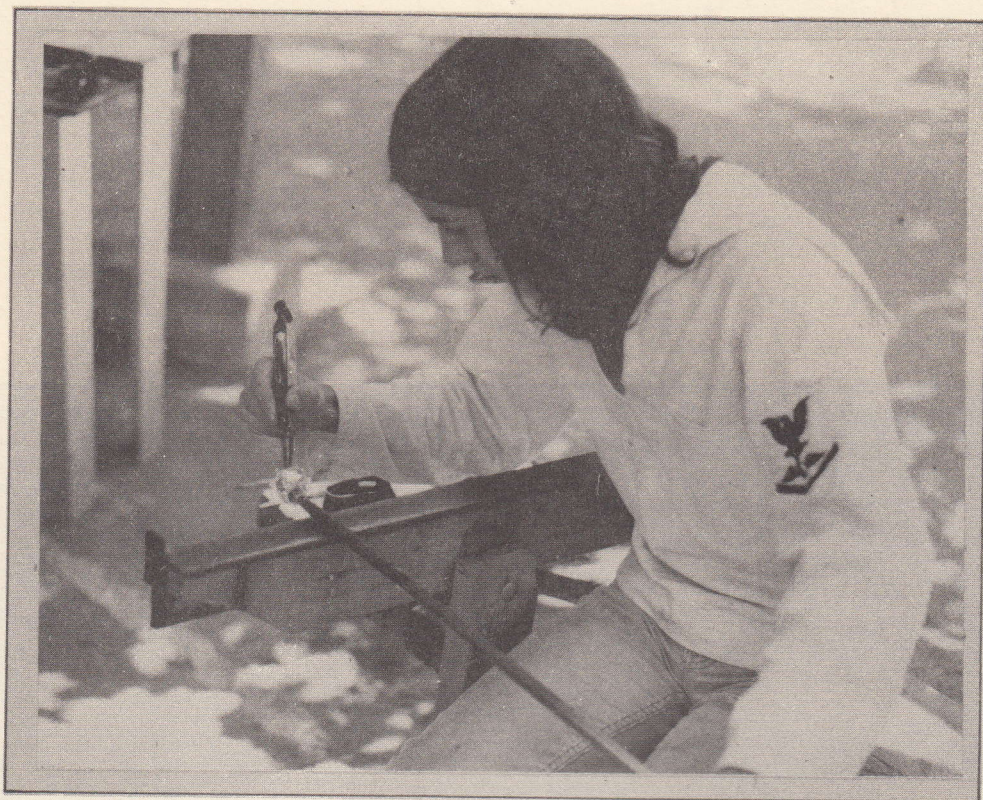












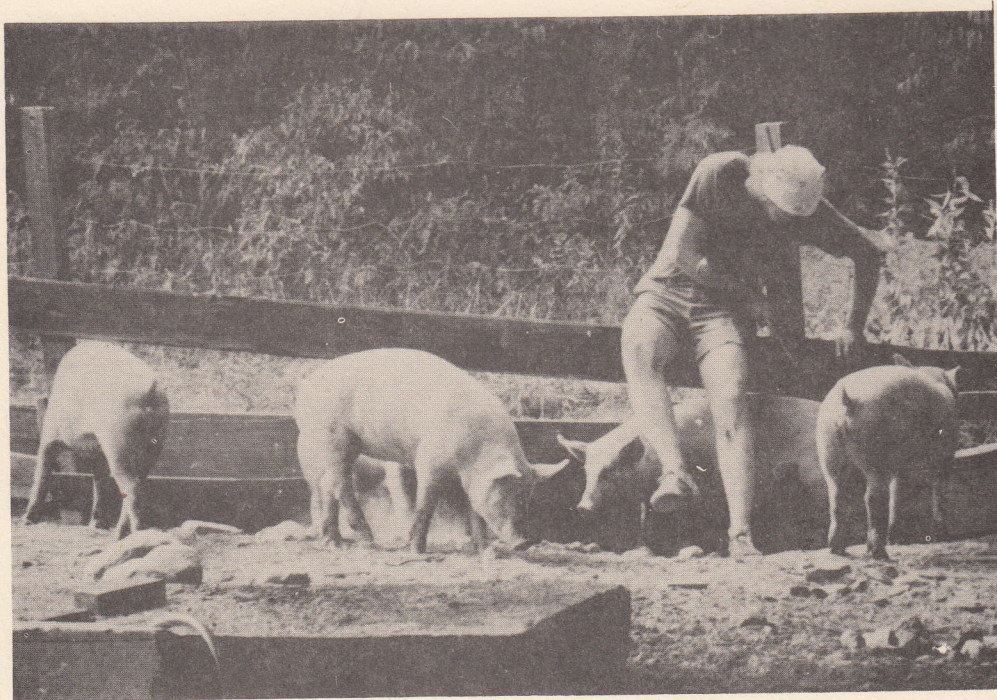
ANIMAL FARM

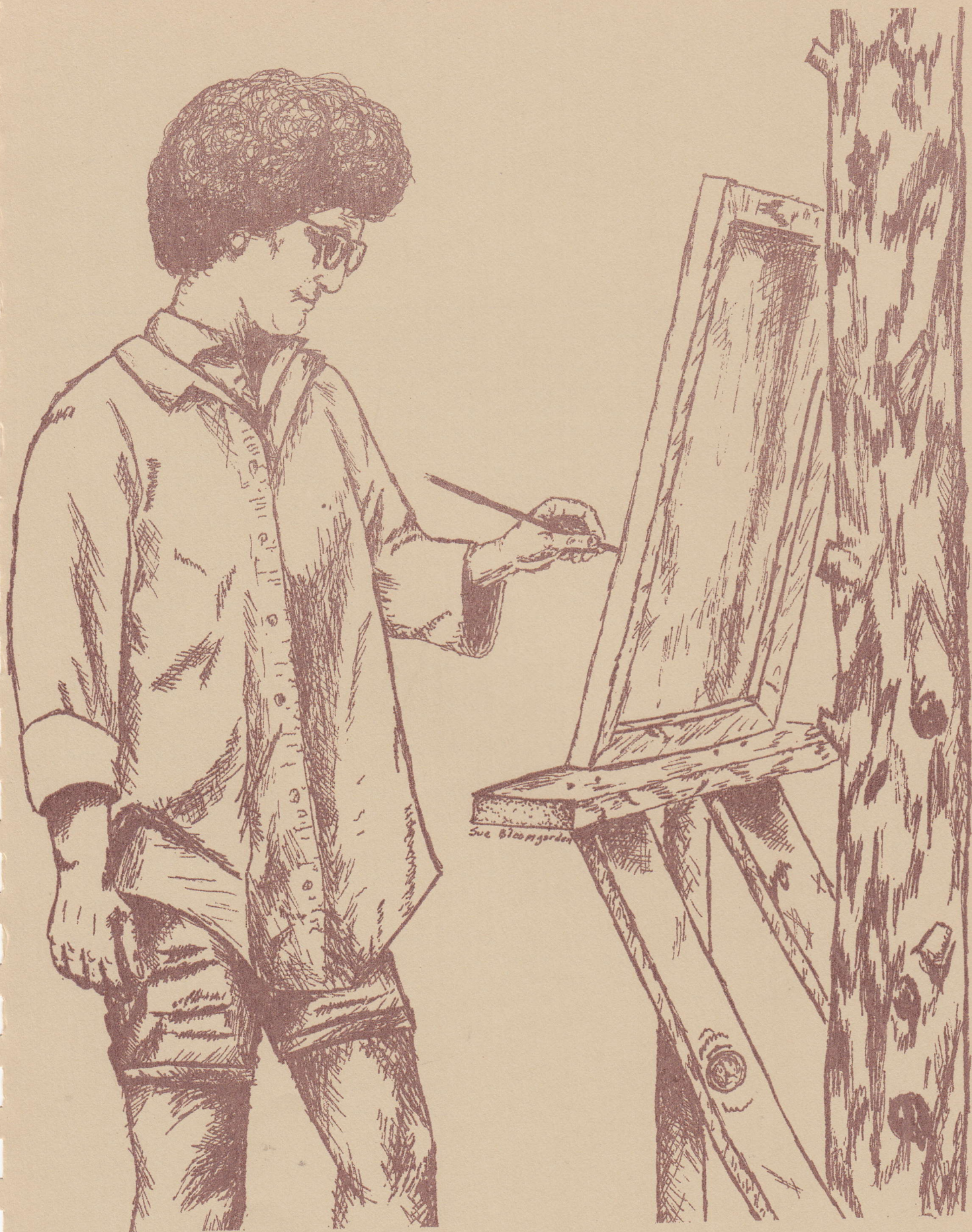
As my father made his way up the hilly Buck's Rock Road, the furthest thought from my mind was my Labrador Retriever alone in a New York City apartment, wondering where everybody had gone. Adjusting to the camp routine, institution food, and school-season hours, I began to miss the necessary comforts of one with an archaic brain: I began to miss my dog. And so, off I went to the Animal Farm with the feeling of one plucked out of an L. Frank Baum tale and placed on a road to fantasy fulfillment.

I was not disappointed. Although I had to wait for a new shipment of animals (pigs, sheep, poultry, etc.), I found a cow ready to give birth.

Finally I chose a goat to take care of. I learned it would be my responsibility to give my animal food, water, and hay. The inconvenient hours, 9:00 A.M. and 5:00 P.M., and the long walk to the farm are balanced by my love for her. I will miss her when I leave. Can my dog represent my goat as well as my goat has represented my dog?

Mandy Keifetz





ART SHOP

Have you ever seen a Rembrandt or Goya, and said to yourself, "Hey, can I do that, too?" Chances are, on any normal day in the Art Shop, you can walk in and be inspired to start almost anything. Projects can range from a woodprint to a painting.

The Art Shop doesn't have any plain, average counselors-No way, Bucko. Our incredibly talented staff consists of suave Jim Dupree, sophisticated Jill Schulman, the "please, let me help you", Ila Shevel, and part-time Mike Conto, as well as C.I.T.'s Barbara Horowitz and Bea Cohen.

Jill Schulman, a teacher of art and a brilliant artist during the year, is the person to ask about the topic of printmaking. In Jill's section of the shop, etchings with aquatinting, chollagraphs made with lines and textures, and wood or linoleum cuts exhibit an extraordinary amount of camper creativity.

The two masters of acrylics, oils, and water colors are Jim Dupree and Ila Shevel. They can make any tube of paint come alive, will try to develop your painting skills, and teach you new techniques. Drawings are also encouraged.

Mike Conto occasionally comes into the shop to give suggestions and help young artists with their projects.

This summer, the Art Shop successfully ran a series of drawing classes on Monday nights. Live models posed for those attending.

At the end of July the Art Shop, along with the Silkscreen Shop, took a trip to Kent Falls. After the bus ride everyone chose their own medium to work with, and transferred the beautiful scenery onto paper. The rest of the afternoon consisted of fun, games, and a short lesson by Jim on water colors.

Looking back on the summer, you might say that everyone in the Art Shop not only learned the art of expressing themselves through different mediums, but also had a good time being with others who shared the same interests as themselves.

Leslie Miller
Linda Rubin



BEW 79



CERAMICS SHOP

Serious

Clay is a unique medium for expression. Its flexibility allows the potter to create two discrete art forms: the perfect and the imperfect. The perfect form, usually thought of as a wheel thrown pot, is symmetrical, with walls that are continuously thin. The imperfect form is commonly considered a hand-built shape. This shape has none of the characteristics of the wheel thrown pot, but its imperfection gives the potter more freedom to explore and create.

The thrown pot is less flexible than the hand-built form because of its symmetry. Aesthetics do not permit many extensions to emanate from the pot because they interrupt the flowing shape. Each extension confuses and distracts the eye from the basic form. Thus, they must be few in number and subtly flowing and symmetrical in their own right.

Extensions on the hand-built shape, however, are not restricted; they can be more easily considered sculpture since there is less symmetry to interrupt. The extensions do not distract the eye from the form; rather, they enhance its beauty.

Clay is a very malleable medium of expression, but is also demanding. It requires a keen sense of aesthetics to use clay to its full capacity. When this potential is reached, the clay's beauty is unequalled by any other substance.

Comic

Jerry. Sue. Michael. Debbie. Dan. Mitch. Sara. Mike. Amy
Nine people with an incredible array of talents. Nine people brought together from different walks of life. Nine people brought to Buck's Rock with one purpose: to teach campers clay-work. People selflessly dedicating themselves to their mission in life.

Jerry: The experienced veteran with an incredible store of knowledge.

Sue: The cool, calm professional just making it big.

Michael: The high priced import, dedicated to the artistry and imperfection that make clay beautiful.

Debbie: The kid with a bright future, and a talent for turning a lump of clay into an incredible array of objects.

Dan: The dissatisfied perfectionist, always searching for more knowledge.

Mitch: An improvisational wizard, a fountainhead of ideas, capable of turning shattered pots into objets d'art.

Sara: The potter with awesome talent matched only by her beauty.

Mike: The artist constantly searching for new designs and shapes ranging from miniscule to mammoth in proportion.

Amy: The altruist, concerned only with her students, neglecting her personal needs.

A once-in-a-lifetime collection never assembled before and never to be assembled again: The Ceramics Shop.

Daniel Markovitz



DAVID
SONNEN

GLASSBLOWING

I walked into the "Hot Shop" one morning, as I had for the past three years. I find the process of glassblowing to be very interesting. First, you gather molten glass on the end of a blowpipe, which is a long hollow tube. Through various methods you then form it into an even, oval type shape. By blowing into it, and reheating and reshaping it, you can form a large bubble on the end of the pipe. Next comes the big step of transferring the piece from the blowpipe to a punty rod.

A punty is a plain, straight, solid metal rod. You gather a very small amount of glass on the end of the punty, and place it on the exact center of the bottom of your piece. Centering is very crucial, because in order for the completed piece to be symmetrical the punty must be on straight. You then file a mark along the top of the piece, and give the pipe a hit with a file. Then, hopefully, it breaks off at that point, and is still connected with the punty.

After this occurs you reheat the piece and shape the lip into a wide bowl style, or into a narrow vase shape. When you have the desired shape, you bring the piece over to an asbestos box, cool down your punty glass, and hit the punty with a file. Hopefully, the bottom of the piece won't crack, and you then put your piece in an annealer to cool down slowly overnight. If you don't put your piece in an annealer, it will crack apart because it will cool down too rapidly.

Glass blowing is not only a fine art, but also the most fascinating activity in camp. There are many critical stages in the glassblowing process, such as making sure your piece is hot enough so that it won't crack, but not so hot that it will crack later. It is sometimes very frustrating, but the joy of producing the piece you like is worth all those frustrating moments.

Chester Rothstein

ELECTRONICS

This summer, when I first came to the Electronics Shop, I knew I was going to have a fun time. First, we had a great staff and two C.I.T.'s, myself and Seth Kulick. Also, being a Ham radio operator, I was both surprised and delighted to find that the camp had purchased all new equipment for the Ham radio station.

Perhaps some of you are not familiar with Ham radio. It is a method of communication in which you can talk to other Ham radio operators around the world. You can communicate in many different forms, such as voice, morse code, teletype, and television.

In order to get a Ham radio license you must pass two tests, one in morse code and one in electronics theory. There are five types of licenses: Novice, Technician, General, Advanced, and Amateur Extra. This summer, classes were given for the Novice class license. The Novice is the most basic type of license, and therefore the requirements are minimal. Once you get your license, you can operate the camp's station, K1PGQ, and talk to people around the world.

One other function of Ham radio is public service. This year we performed that function by sending out RADIOGRAMS all over the country. We were able to run phone patches, in which a station you are talking to can make a telephone call for you. The station can then patch you into the line so that you can talk to someone (like your parents) over Ham radio, all for free!

We also had something new in the Electronics Shop this summer. One of our C.I.T.'s brought up his PET computer. Earlier in the summer he gave courses in computer programming, which were well attended. The campers, showed great creativity in both making up their own programs, and modifying existing ones.

In the Electronics Shop, you can build electronic kits such as clocks, radios, intercoms, etc. The most popular kit this summer was the photo-beam relay, which sounds an alarm when you break the beam of light that it generates.

When you first come to the shop you select your kit. When it arrives a few days later, you are taught how to solder, and what the different components are. Next, you begin building your project. While building a kit you can learn a lot about electronics, and how the kit works. When completed, if your kit doesn't work after you completed it one of our C.I.T.'s or counselors (Henry and Al) can help fix it. Most kits, however, work the first time, which gives the builder a tremendous sense of satisfaction.

Mike Povman

FENCING

This is an inside story of one of my bouts at the slightly touched Fencing Department:

"Fencers Engarde. Are you ready?"

"Yes sir," I answered nervously.

"Fence!"

God, I hope I remember all the things Robin, Jeff, and Paul taught me. I'll try to get him with a Coupée attack.

[Two unassuming campers attempt to walk across the porch.]

"Halt! Please don't walk through the yellow chain!" screamed Paul. "Fencer B had attempted a Coupée attack, and Fencer A avoided it with a stop thrust. One point against Fencer B."

Darn it, I forgot to extend my arm after my Coupée attack. I know I'm going to lose now.

"Fence!" yelled Paul.

I think I'll try an attack.

"Halt!" Fencer B attempted an attack," said Paul. "Fencer A avoided the attack, and counterattacked. Another point scored against Fencer B."

Okay, I'm down by two points. I'll forget about them and try to win the next point.

"Halt" shouted Paul. "There was an attack by Fencer B which missed, and Fencer A counterattacked. Fencer A scores another point. The score is now three to zero. Fencers, are you ready?"

"Yes sir!" I replied.

"Fence!"

I think I'll try a one-two attack.

"Halt! Fencer B attempted a one-two attack," said Paul. Fencer A avoided and counterattacked. Fencer A scores another point against Fencer B. The score is now four to zero. Fencers, are you ready?"

"Yes sir," I replied quickly. *Hmmm, this is a very touchy situation.*

"Fence!"

Oh no, if I don't get the next point I will lose the bout!

"Halt! shouted Paul. "There was a lunge from Fencer B, which missed. Fencer A extended his arm, lunged, and hit Fencer B. That is the bout. Fencer A wins five to zero."

Rats, foiled again!

[The two fencers shake hands and walk off into the sunset for a refreshing glass of bug juice.]

Jeff Young



☐ FABRIC DESIGN

Have you ever seen a giant box of Johnsons baby powder or a purple walrus? Well, these are some of the projects that came out of the Fabric Design Shop this summer. It takes many hours of waxing, dyeing, and unwaxing to get these finished projects. You sometimes have to wax five separate times before you can begin to unwax your piece. The reason for this is because you may have to use more than five colors.

The batik process takes five basic steps. First, you have to wash and iron your fabric. The second step is to draw your design on the fabric. Third, you wax the portions you want to keep white. Then you dye the fabric in your first color. You keep doing this until you get all the colors you want. Then comes the fifth and final step: unwaxing. The unwaxing can take from five minutes to a whole day, depending on how much wax you have on your piece. After all this unwaxing, two things can be done to your piece. For a wall hanging, your piece has to be put onto a stretcher to be hung. If it is a soft sculpture, it has to be sent to the dry cleaner so that all the wax comes off and it becomes soft. When it comes back from the dry cleaner you sew it into the shape you want.

T-shirts are another popular thing to do in the shop because they are easy to make and are also a lot of fun. Wall hangings are another popular thing. Noteworthy among these was, one of a tiger and one of a window. In addition, the shop has produced some fine macrame projects this summer. The Fabric Design Shop is a place where everyone can develop their talents and create beautiful objects.

Jane Schoenfeld

GYMNASTICS

Gymnastics is an excellent sport because it develops strength, balance, and confidence. Anyone can try it. I didn't know how welcome I would be, because I hadn't done gymnastics in a long time, and was no longer able to do very much. Jeanette, however, was very enthusiastic about helping me.

The Gymnastics Shop consists of four pieces of equipment: the mats, the balance beam, the vaulting horse, and the uneven parallel bars. You can work on any apparatus you want. You need to be physically fit to perform stunts, but your physical strength increases by doing gymnastics. The gymnastics shop provides an excellent opportunity to learn even if you are a beginner. You can get individual attention, because it is not usually crowded.

The mats, or floor exercises, are the most popular because the stunts don't require any special equipment. Arm strength, stamina and balance are needed to perform on the mats. After mastering certain skills, you can combine the stunts to form a routine. These routines include dance and poses, so the gymnast does not run out of energy.

Many of the floor exercises can also be performed on the balance beam. Many gymnasts are afraid of the balance beam because it is four feet high, yet only four inches wide. Fear of falling is usually the cause of lack of balance on the beam. The gymnast shakes and upsets his balance. Actually, this fear is ridiculous because you probably won't get hurt if you fall.

The vaulting horse is different from the other equipment. Vaulting requires leg muscles. It is done by running towards the horse, jumping onto the beatboard, and then springing onto and over the horse.

The uneven parallel bars require not only arm and abdominal strength, but courage. Most stunts are done by swinging around the bars. The bars are a good example of an apparatus on which stunts cannot be performed without your having sufficient strength. If you have the strength, however, the basic stunts are easy to do.

You can do more difficult stunts on the floor by using the belt. You put the belt around your waist, which has ropes attached to it for the spotters to hold. Regardless of your ability, you can try a backflip. It feels terrific!

Nicole Efros

JUDO

Judo...an Asian fighting art that has become a very popular sport in recent years. First developed in Japan, and known as Jujitsu, this summer judo has become a mid-evening activity at Buck's Rock. Judo classes, taught by black-belt holder Anthony Vassallo, were held in the rec hall on Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday evenings. Lessons have consisted of instruction on how to fall, throw, and flip.

Judo differs from karate in that it is primarily a sport, and not a form of self-defense. There are no strikes, kicks, or punches. The main objective is to throw your opponent to the ground. The first exercise taught in the judo class was how to fall safely and painlessly. We were then taught different methods of how to throw or flip an opponent to the ground. Finally, we were taught how to hold our opponent on the mat for thirty seconds, in order to win the match.

Agility, strength, and weight are all important assets in playing judo. Judo has a specific ranking system. Different colored belts are worn by the players in order to designate their amount of skill and proficiency. The belts are tied around the front of a gi, the traditional uniform worn by the players. At Buck's Rock judo is taught as both a sport and a creative art form.

Theo Cobb



AT THE PUB SHOP

Footsteps become increasingly louder,
A sound common, yet unique to one person.

The sound of running water--
Marbles falling downstairs.

Trucks, roaring dragons angered
By a dumb, admirable knight.

Sounds of electric tools: a beehive.

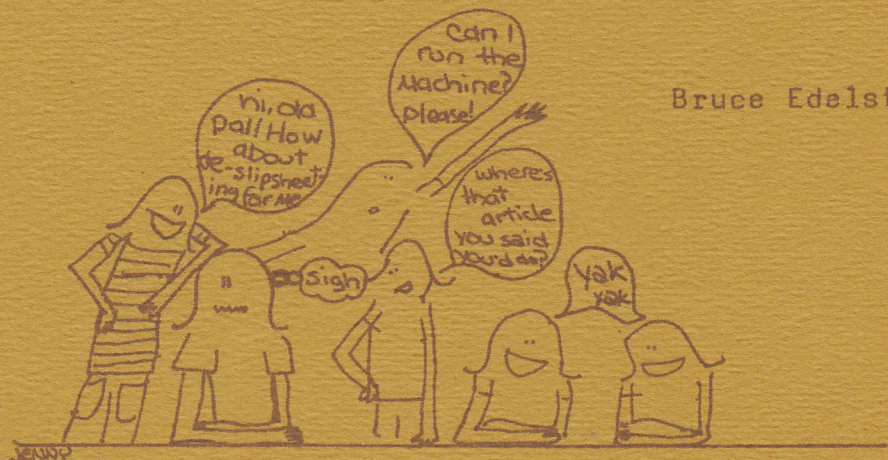
My friends and teachers surround me
In abundance like trees to a bug.

Conversations
Talk of movies, stories, articles, poems.

A radio barely hearable--
Like a songbird on a day when the humidity bogs you down.

The sounds stop me.
Music, trucks, people, and water.

The sound of a writer, crumbling his work
Like a garbage truck at feeding time.



Bruce Edelstein



PRINT SHOP

A high-pitched metallic clang rings out across the camp, and Buck's Rockers' trained ears systematically ignore it. The sound originates in the Print Shop, where five campers, under the direction of Charlie, Jan, and Jim, are simultaneously producing personalized stationary or business cards. In addition, also assisting campers are several C.I.T.I.'s that Charlie has drafted.

The whole shop is rather small. Every square inch is occupied. One will often find a camper bent over a California Job case, setting type for his upcoming project; a printing press constantly banging away, producing the work and accenting each finished piece with a sharp clang; someone running their piece through a raising machine to give the work a professional engraved look; or a sample of some camper's finished work.

The shop attracts many campers, most of whom are interested in creating personalized stationery. As another box of Kelsey paper is sold to an eager camper, the old-fashioned printing tradition is kept alive through the fascination and curiosity of youth.

Michael Cahn

science lab

Are you a pyromaniac? Or just plain crazy? If you are, the Science Lab is the place for you. We dissected frogs, cats, and anything we could get our scalpels on. We burned chemicals, (called an experiment), had our blood typed, and did lots of other fun things.

We also made nitroglycerin, but had to get rid of it before it became explosive. I was crushed because I was looking forward to blowing up the kitchen.

We also do normal things, like making stationery out of pressed flowers, making apple butter, going on hikes, and looking at nature under the microscope.

The counselors, Agnes and Lisa, are not pyromaniacs, but they do understand us. They let us have our fun, but don't worry, we don't dissect humans-yet.

Alan Bigman



sewing shop



Needles weave
and dance the fabric purchased in Danbury.
Projects vary, changing with the fashion.
Faded blond patterns
cover the tables.
Spools stretch on the wall rack.
Pins puncture cloth tomatoes.
Thimbles, rippers, and scissors
pile the closet shelves.
BBC is on the speaker,
too soft to hear.

Abigail Pogrebin

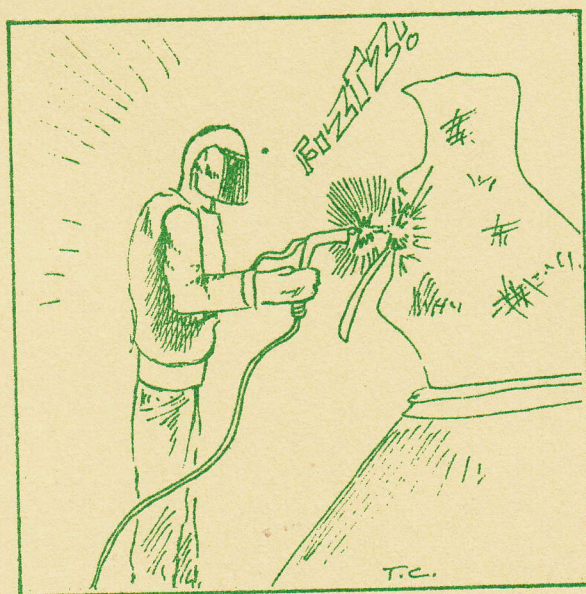
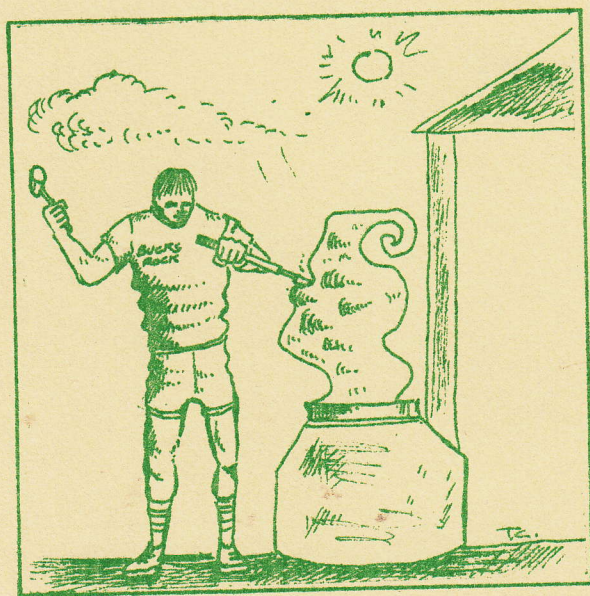
SCULPTURE

The other day, as I was leaving a seminar at the Publications Shop concerning the effects of Baroque polyphony on Elizabethan Metaphysical poetry, I was accosted by a tall, slovenly looking chap, of whom I had been made aware about a fortnight ago, walking amidst the grime, dust, and smoke of the Sculpture Shop. The aforementioned personage grabbed me and insulted my delicate senses with cries of "Hey, why don't you do sculpture?" Before I was fully aware of what was happening to me, I was informed that I was going to do a sculpture. Aware that protests would be futile, I set out to create a sculpture in the medium of Michelangelo, Rodin, and Bernini: plaster.

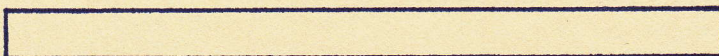
I had problems from the start. First, the plaster refused to stick together. I tried to mold it, but it just fell apart. Then Keith added water. This solved my problems for a while, until it was time to put the two sections of my piece together. Just my luck--the arc welder refused to work! Even when I turned it all the way to 225, it didn't weld. But then I realized how foolish I'd been: I'd forgotten to turn on the power. After this was cleared up and my piece was almost done, I decided to get rid of the rough edges of my piece, which by then I'd already named "Spanish Woman Dribbling Her Gazpacho While Contemplating the Husbandry or Lack Thereof of Worms Isolated in Rotten Apples."

Then I took the body grinder and tried to soften the rough edges of my piece. In less time than it takes to read The New York Times, I had reduced my poor creation to the size of a Zabar's coffee bean, and quit the shop forever.

Dan Grossman



the silver and metal shop



The Silver and Metal Shop is one of the most active shops in Buck's Rock. Once you have entered the Silver Shop you are surrounded by productive creativity. Everyone is busy working to devise and design imaginative pieces out of silver, copper and brass. The place is hectic, but after getting accustomed to it you are caught up in the whirl of silver-smithing.

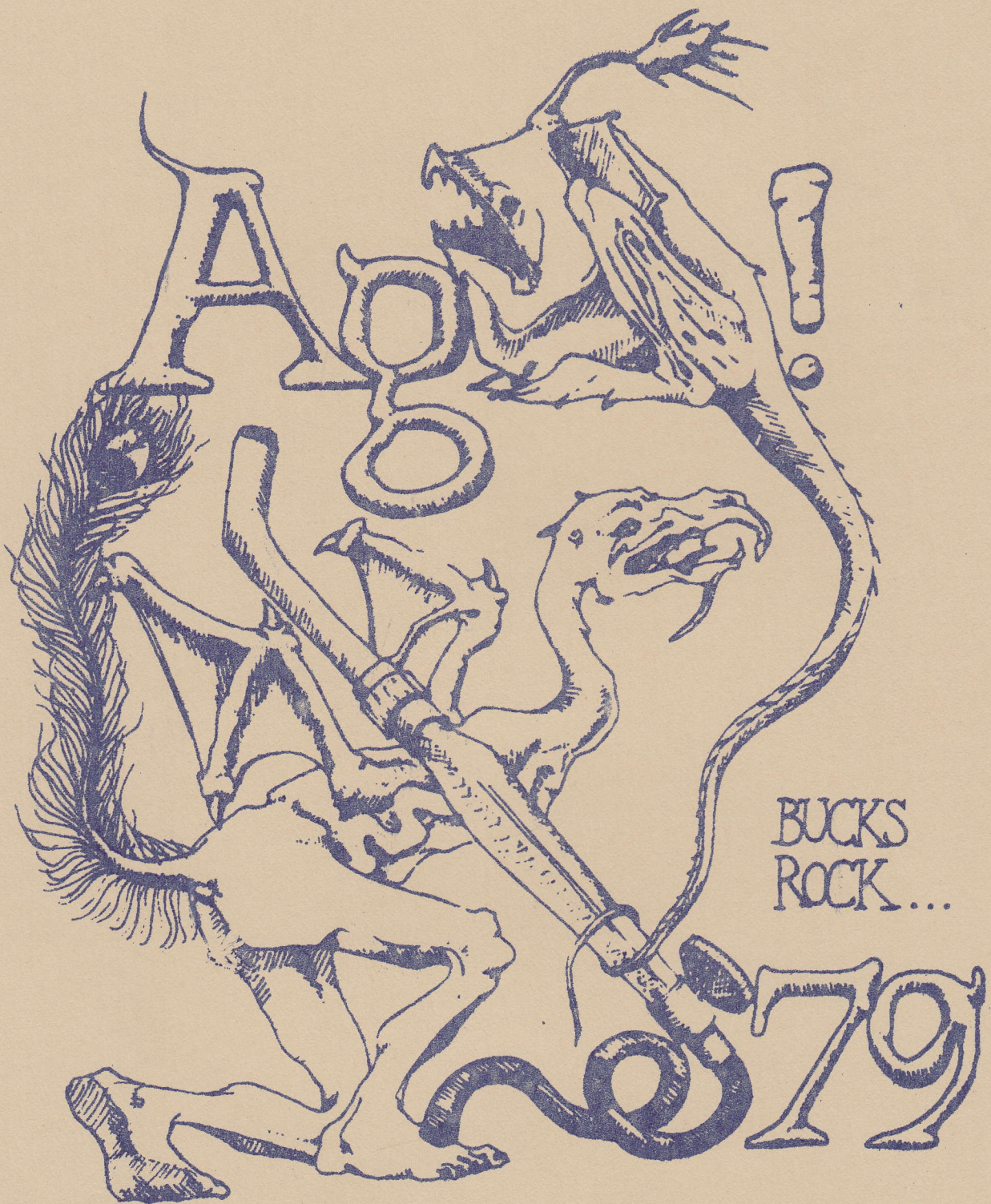
In the Silver Shop you can fabricate, cast, or forge. Fabricating involves working with sheet metal and forming it into a desired shape. Casting is a method of making a wax copy, and replacing the wax with metal, through a process of melting. Forging is the process of hammering the metal into various shapes.

The Silver Shop is run by five counselors; Sue Sachs, Jim Nedresky, Betty Melton, Anthony Vassallo, and Nina Lubell. Of course we cannot disregard our fantastic C.I.T.s, Danny Quest, Dana Ross, Giselle Simons, and Karen Zilversmit. Each staff member is ready to help a camper with any problems or questions that may arise during production.

At about eleven o'clock the shop seems to clear out due to the eleven-thirty rule called "clean-up." Clean-up is the one flaw of the Silver Shop. They lock all the doors and don't let you out until you pick up ten tools, and the shop is in perfect order.

All in all, the Silver Shop is a fun place to be. While enjoying yourself, you can produce beautiful works of art.

Liz Berger
Sara Morris



TENNIS

Eye on the ball! Racquet back! Level swing! Great shot!

This year's tennis program accomplished very much due to the terrific tennis staff of 7, who are great people as well as terrific teachers. Always ready to give lessons, the tennis counselors are usually in high spirits despite the hot sun's scorching effects on the courts. Very often the courts become equivalent to a frying pan.

The accomplishments were many, most of which involved competition. Highly skilled, more experienced players had the opportunity to be on a team, and enjoy the pleasures of competition and occasionally learn to deal with defeat. Those who weren't as skilled or experienced were given a chance to try their hand at competition and engaged in a beginner/intermediate tournament against various camps. Whether the beginning players won or lost was not as important as the fun they had and the experience they gained.

But before you try your hand at competition, you must have a few tennis lessons to put under your belt. For terrific tennis instruction, Buck's Rockers, you've come to the right place. We have outstanding teachers out on the courts, and they are almost always available to work up a sweat with you. Not only do you expand your horizons in the field of tennis, but the counselors even squeeze in some enjoyable humor, and display great courtside manor.

For a terrific workout, valuable knowledge of the rapidly growing field of tennis, lots of friendly fun counselors, and the experience of competition, stroll on over to the tennis courts of Buck's Rock. The only element needed for tennis that Buck's Rock not always has to offer is...more tennis balls!

Pam Koffler





SOFTBALL

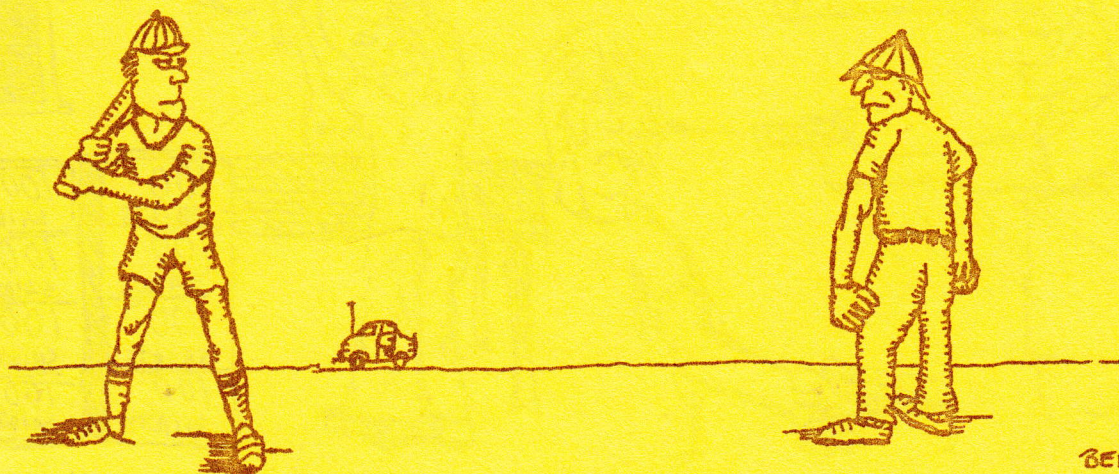
Even though Buck's Rock is mainly known for its various shops and performing arts, sports do exist. Softball stands out among tennis, fencing, horseback riding, basketball, archery, soccer, volleyball, and swimming.

First of all, there is the Watermelon League. The six teams have the names Andric, Euken, Undset, Mommsen, Hamsun, and Mistral which no players know the meaning of. They consist of approximately twelve campers/C.I.T.'s and three counselors. Anybody interested in participating must try out. The players are then rated to achieve balanced teams. Games are scheduled every night at 7:00, and supervised by Ira Weiss, Seth Gendler, and Roger Zlotoff. After each team plays six games, playoffs determine the best team. Contrary to the League's name, the champions receive Carvel ice cream. Basically, everyone is out there to have fun in a relaxed situation and to do his or her best.

Secondly, there are three intercamp softball teams. Varsity, junior varsity, and the C.I.T.'s compete against such camps as Kenwood, Kent, and Birchwood. During these games, both at home and away, there is more competition. Buck's Rock wants to prove that it is not only an arts camp.

Thirdly, the arts and athletics merge when campers and counselors from different shops challenge each other to a softball game. Thus, the staff from each shop also has a chance to play one of America's greatest games.

Amy Klausner



BEN 79

SILKSCREEN SHOP

We at the silkscreen shop observed a strange phenomenon this summer. Many campers came to the shop yelling, "I want to do a silkscreen, but I can't do anything!" They eventually walked out proudly, carrying 25 beautiful prints under an arm. This was not due to silkscreen magic, but rather to many hours of painstaking effort by both the camper and our harried staff.

Even though we worked hard, the shop was not all work and no play. There were water-pistol fights, shop jokes, and who could help but laugh at the kid with green ink all over his face?

On a shop trip to Kent Falls material was obtained for future work. Photographs were taken, and sketches drawn. Everyone had a great time, and we were sorry to have to leave.

In the shop, several different processes are used to create a silkscreen. Photographic emulsions involve making a negative of the artwork, which is to be printed and transferred to a screen. Often they don't work, are slow, and messy. Blockout is used to fix mistakes, and separate emulsions are needed for each color printed.

Paper stencil work, on the other hand, is relatively easy. Tissue paper is placed on the image, and the areas to be printed are cut out. The paper is then taped to the screen. The actual printing occurs when ink passes through the screen in various areas. Other areas are blocked by the paper, and the ink will not transfer on to the paper. Photographic emulsions were used for the most part, although many screeners opted for the easier paper stencil method.

As the end of the summer neared, we began printing shop T-shirts at night. As many as three groups formed assembly lines and printed mountains of T-shirts; sometimes over a hundred per night.

Amy Dorman





WEAVING

I have never written a shop description before, so I am not sure what it should accomplish. A description, I know, must describe. But should it be the wool and mohair, the warps and their different character traits, or maybe the woodsy location from which an avid weaver can do his or her thing - be it afghans, baskets, wall hangings, tapestries, sculptures or just about anything conceivable using yarn?

Well, after much pondering, I have reached what I consider a most appropriate shop description: what weaving means to me. Now that I have trudged through the hard part of this piece, allow me to entice you with the remainder.

To me, weaving is a release of my emotions. It is a way of expressing myself through a distinctive material: yarn. I do this mainly with a frame loom, lots of colorful textured yarn, and a ton of imagination. It's loads of fun and requires no special talent, except being yourself. If you do indeed let yourself go, the end result will not only be exquisitely unique, but also a complete reflection of you.

Are you the type of person who keeps to yourself? Are you flamboyant or frivolous? Are you earthy? It will all be portrayed through this exhilarating technique called weaving.

Tanya Dietz

WOOD SHOP

When the Wood Shop opened, campers marched in one by one to start projects. The empty shop was suddenly transformed into a busy, often quite confused, always noisy, yet super productive place.

Campers enter the shop at the beginning of each day and emerge hours later drenched in sawdust, eyes watering, noses running, yet they stubbornly return again and again. There's a magical feeling in taking a dusty, seemingly useless board twice one's own height down from the attic (lover's leap) and transforming it into a small cabinet or perhaps a guitar that makes beautiful music.

To know the wood shop as it was this summer one must be introduced to its staff. Bernie, head counselor of the shop, specializes in helping campers make musical instruments, even though he's never had the time to learn to play any himself--

Next, there are the Noskin brothers, counselor Dennis and J.C. Steve. When not demonstrating in raised tones how wonderful "brotherly love" can be, they are usually found in their own special areas. Dennis specializes in cabinets and tables, and can be quoted at least once a day as saying "Where are your plans?" Steve, however, can usually be found helping someone on the lathe, and is often heard shouting "Hey! Be careful!" or "Stop! Your holding the tool upside down!"

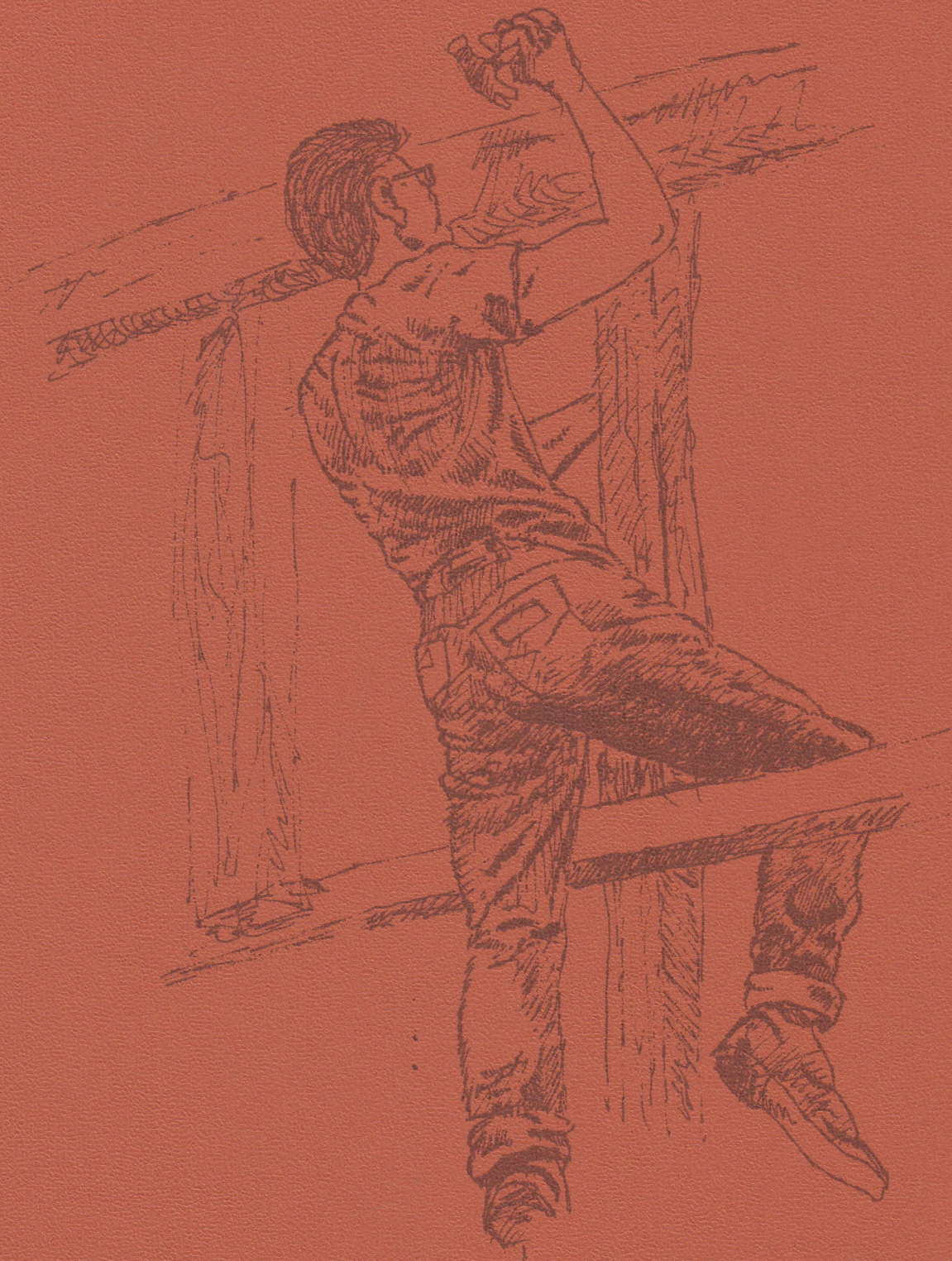
Another counselor, Chuck, always has his unfinished walnut table sitting peacefully by the glue table. At cleanup, Bernie is often heard yelling sarcastically, "Hey! Who left all this walnut sawdust lying around? Who's working in walnut? I'm not going to let that kid back in tomorrow morning unless he cleans up!"

Danny Kohn, our other fearless J.C., piloted "Death Trap", the Wood Shop's go cart, in the unauthorized race between the wood and sculpture shops. He traveled from the top of Buck's Rock Road, riding swiftly on four wheels, and slowly rolled over the finish line at the road's bottom, with only three wheels remaining.

The shop C.I.T.s, Robert Cohen and Bill Harwood, enjoyed themselves immensely this summer being able to tell campers for the first time to clean up. They no longer had to take part in this wonderful activity.

The finished products completed in the Wood Shop this summer have been spectacular, and campers have learned important skills while making their projects. Most of the Wood Shop staff (except Chuck and Bernie) have learned their skills here at Buck's Rock.

Sanding is not a favorite pastime among campers. "Aren't I done sanding yet?" a camper groans out in agony. The counselor replies, "I already told you, no! Keep sanding. If you don't want to do quality work, go to another camp!"



DAVID
SOMAN

LEATHER SHOP

If you haven't already guessed, this is the Leather Shop story. At Leather, we work with basically one medium; can you guess? Should I tell you? It's leather, but don't tell anybody, it's our secret. With this material we do all sorts of things: we turn it into belts--long, thin, or wide ones--just about any kind of leather belt you want; some people even make their own belt buckles in the silver shop.

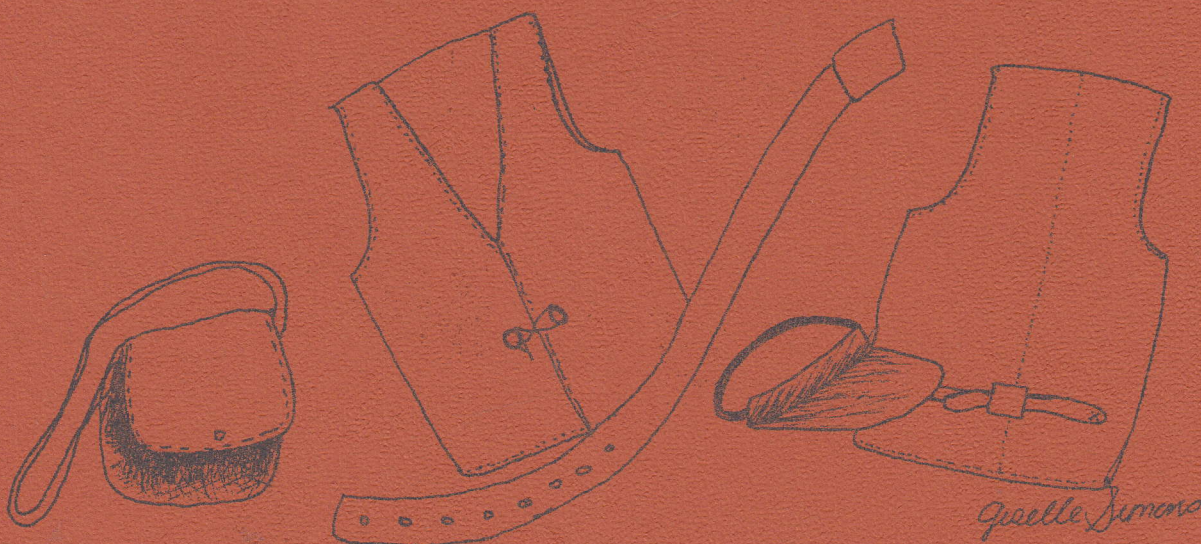
Other campers like to make vests. To make a vest, you must start by making a pattern of yourself, that is, the part of you that will be wearing the vest. Then you place the pattern on to the leather you have chosen and cut out the leather accordingly. After this is done you just put it together so that it looks like a vest.

If you still want to make something else after all of that here are a few suggestions: visors, bags, belt pouches, knife holders, or hats.

The one thing that really makes the shop is not a thing but a person, Claire Neretin, the shop counselor. While working at the leather shop, we have a good opportunity to talk about anything on our minds.

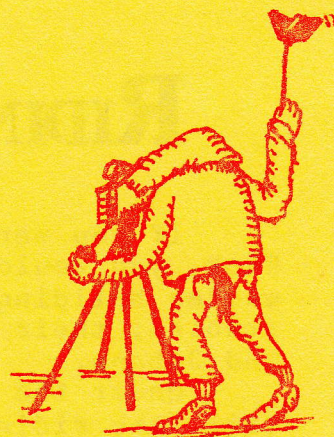
Now that you have read this you can see that leather isn't as boring as you might have thought.

Maximillian Mehler





PHOTOGRAPHY



THE OVERWHELMINGLY FRIENDLY PHOTO SHOP

The Photo Shop is certainly overwhelming, with the tremendous amount of work that occurs during the summer. Every week there is a different photo contest. The best photos from these contests are exhibited in the dining hall. The Photo Shop is also responsible for showing movies on the lawn, for taking pictures at all major events, and for the great photo and yearbook pictures.

Besides the many projects that are undertaken during the summer, teaching of photography adds to the excitement in the shop. Campers become involved in learning the artistic and technical aspects of photography. When they first come to us, many campers are taking "snap shots" of all the "sites" at Buck's Rock. At the beginning of the summer the biggest attraction was the gong. Every camper who got his/her hands on a camera took pictures of that huge metal ring!

As they learned more about the medium of photography, campers began to see how the camera could be used to express a new kind of art form. They began putting art and photography together, which produced more interesting and beautiful photos. As a result, many good photographers (who knew little or nothing two months ago) have flourished in the shop.

The friendliness of the Photo Shop is radiated by our charming staff; Phil and Marion as counselors, J.C. Margot, and our three CITS Maurice, Brad, and Claire.

-Claire Rosenberg

RIDING

If you were to follow your nose down any of the paths of Buck's Rock, you would eventually find yourself at a twelve year old red wooden building called "the stables." Seven horses reside at the stables; their names are: Elliot, Simba, Zeus, Ace, Zephyr, Jasmine, and Johann.

Under the direction of our two foreign counselors, Marion and Gill, the riding program this summer has been a great success. There were more than seventy riders in eleven different riding groups and fourteen different trail groups. There was also a trip to a horse show, which exposed many campers to the various formats of professional shows.

A typical riding lesson begins with the usual quarreling over who rides what horse. Once this is settled, the horses are "tacked up," and brought into the ring. The actual lesson, which runs an hour, starts with a series of leg and arm exercises designed to loosen up both the rider and the horse. After completing this, we move on to basic drills. These drills vary according to the skill of the riders.

The beginner groups focus their attention on the basic concepts of riding: walk, trot, and building confidence on a horse. The intermediate classes concentrate on walk, trot, canter, and beginning jumping. Finally, the advanced classes work mainly on form, which enables them to progress to the more difficult aspects of riding and jumping.

The climax of the riding season occurs at Festival, when each group demonstrates the skills learned this summer. Their performance includes walk, trot, and canter exhibitions as well as jumping, quadrilles, and drill teams. With all the determination and hard work of the riders, the shows always turn out to be outstanding.

Eric Edelstein
Lisa Heilbrunn
Joanne Settel



watermelon, anyone

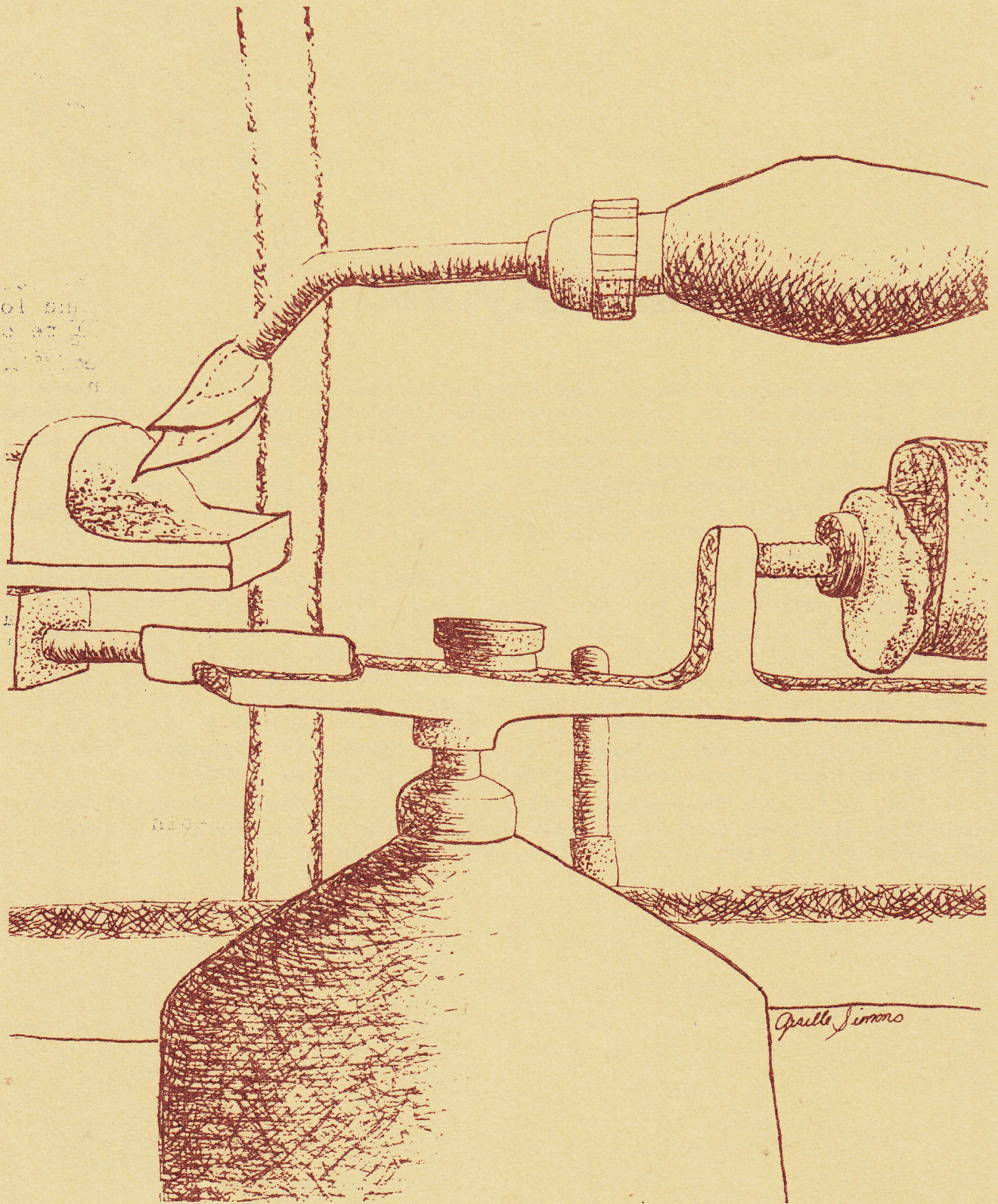
The watermelon league has now become an old tradition at Buck's Rock. In each of my three years here I've been on a team, and loved it. Why? No matter what your level of skill, you can still be on a team. A team that you belong to, that you're a very large part of.

Now that I've generalized, I would like to be more specific. Of my three years of team participation, this year has been my best. What a team. So close. Full of team spirit, support, and skill. Eucken's the name.

This year I had difficulty in attending all the games because of evening rehearsals for the first play, "The Desperate Hours," and for dance night. I told our captain, "Marvelous Mitch," that I thought I'd better quit the team because last year I'd felt so much resentment at missing so many games. Not this time. In fact, I had never before received such a hearty welcome as I did the evening I came back. It made all the difference in how I played that game. Especially when, before the game, Eucken's "Dynamite Dennis" said some special welcoming words in our pep-talk huddle.

So, with our "Marvelous Mitch" Schear, "Dynamite Dennis" Noskin, and "Bearded Bob" Curtis as our counselors, plus a whole line-up of superlative kids and C.I.T.'s, Eucken made my summer.

Robin Pogrebin



SWIMMING

Behind the tennis courts, beneath the depths of the Buck's Rock woods, there exists a place virtually untouched and isolated until...the temperature rises and sweltering heat soaks out one's bodily energies. This place is known as the swimming hole and the waterfall.

This summer swimming lessons were offered for every level of ability, including life saving and diving. A few campers who swam almost every day participated in these lessons. They improved their swimming style while getting lots of practice. Darin Wacs, for example, took basic swimming lessons to improve her strokes. She also swims at home, and enjoys swimming very much.

Michelle Zuckerman, on the other hand, swims solely for enjoyment; she doesn't take lessons. She swam every day. "Even when the lake was too cold to swim in, we went anyway," said Michelle.

For people who don't necessarily want to swim there's always the waterfall. It's a fun, different kind of way to cool off. Cold, refreshing water pours from the top of the bridge, and comes cascading down on hot campers. Every precaution is taken to insure the campers' safety.

For the most part, the swimming hole is a fun experience. It is a place where you can escape the heat, and improve your swimming skills. It is an enjoyable way to spend a relaxing afternoon, away from the commotion of the shops.

Sheryl Rapee
Deborah Fortinsky

OVERNIGHT

As we left Buck's Rock, everyone could feel the tingle of excitement. We were going away from Buck's Rock for 24 hours, but no one knew exactly where. Hugh had mentioned that we might be going to Kettletown State Park, or Candlewood Lake. Most of us, however, didn't know where these places were, and we were all very curious about what camping was like.

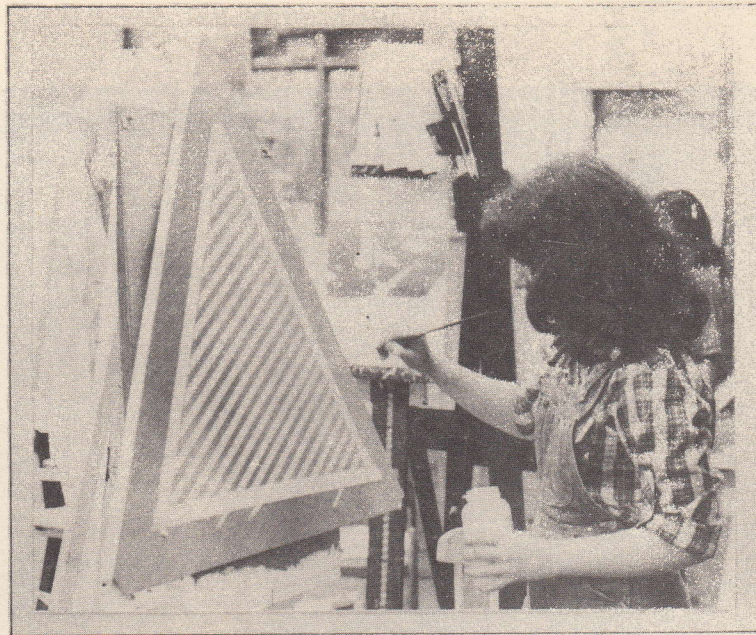
We took the van to the lakeside, and then unloaded our gear into three canoes. We canoed to an island on the lake, and set up our tent. Afterwards, we had lunch by the side of the lake.

In the afternoon we took a canoe trip, and swam for hours from a little jetty near our campsite. In the evening we lit a fire, over which we cooked our hamburgers and hot dogs.

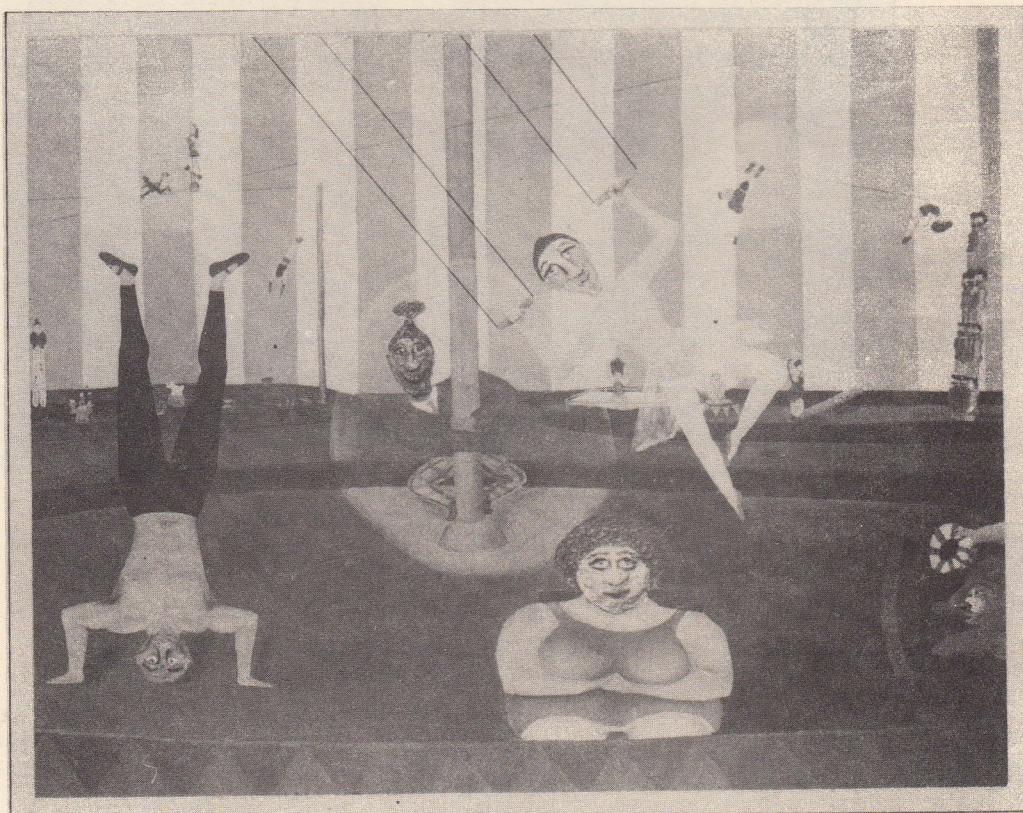
The best part of the overnight was after dinner. We gathered around the campfire, telling stories, singing songs, and making s'mores. We went to bed as the moon was reflecting in the water.

In the morning eggs were cooked four different ways. We then packed up and canoed back to the van, reminiscing about all the fun we had.

Darin Wacs



art

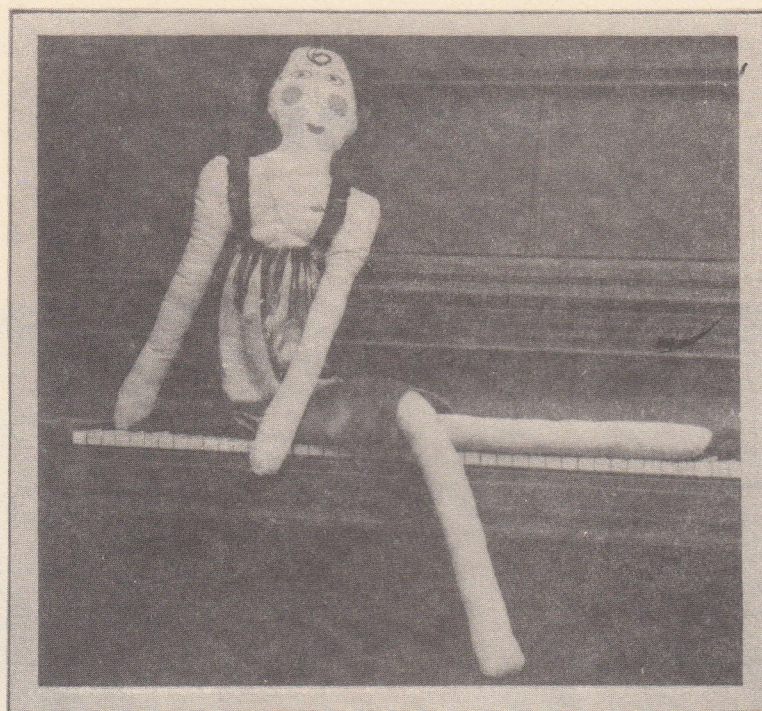


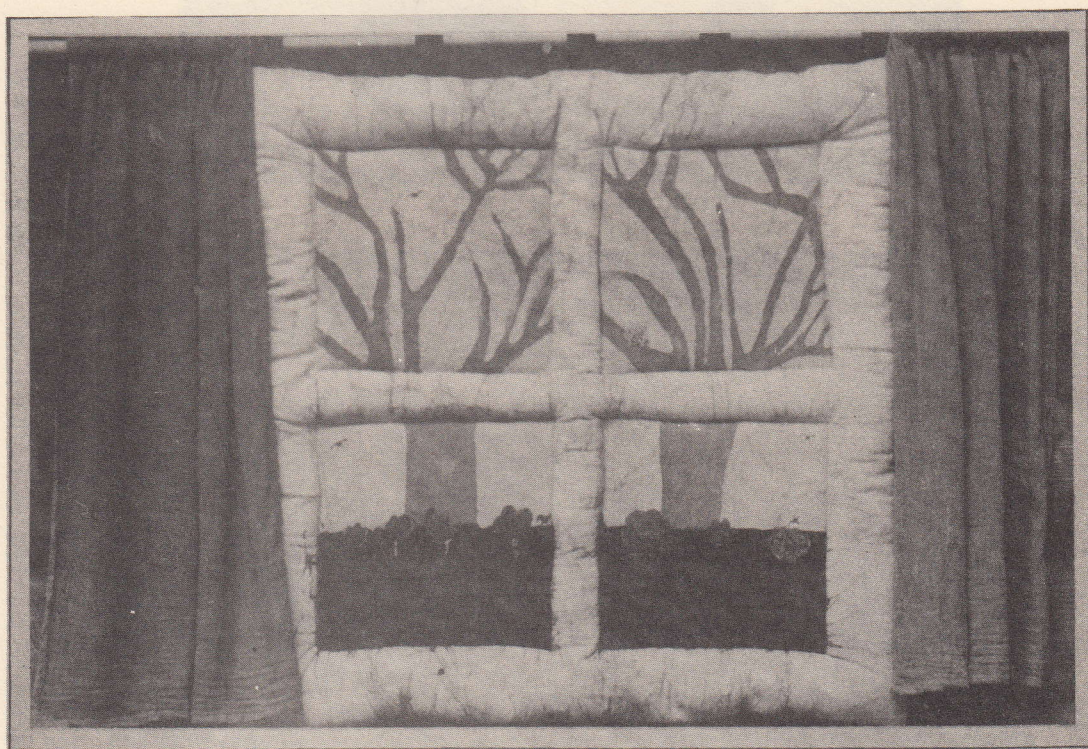






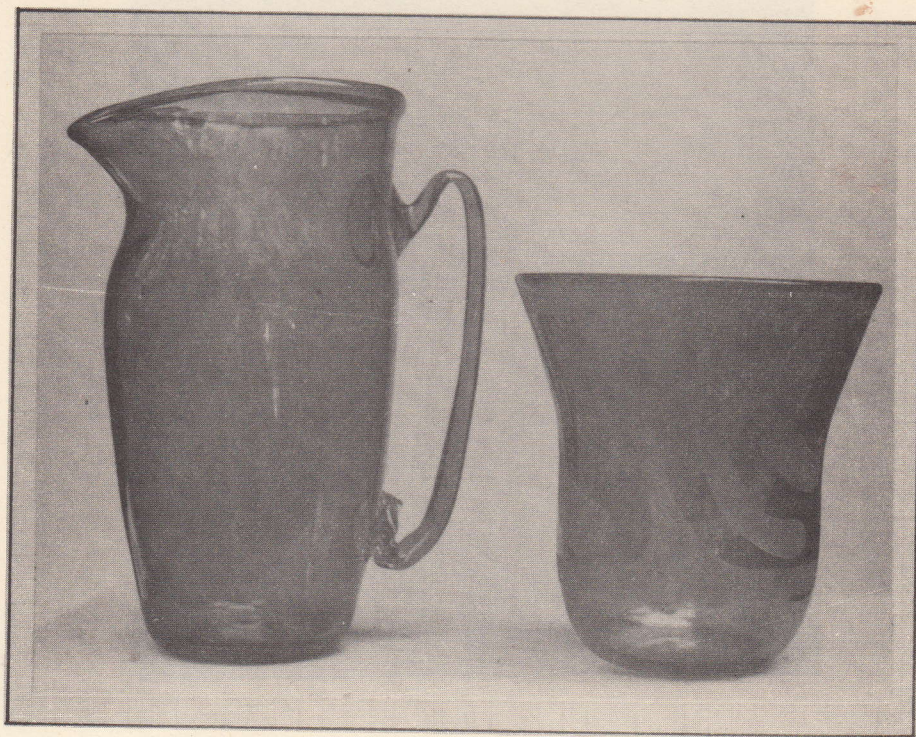
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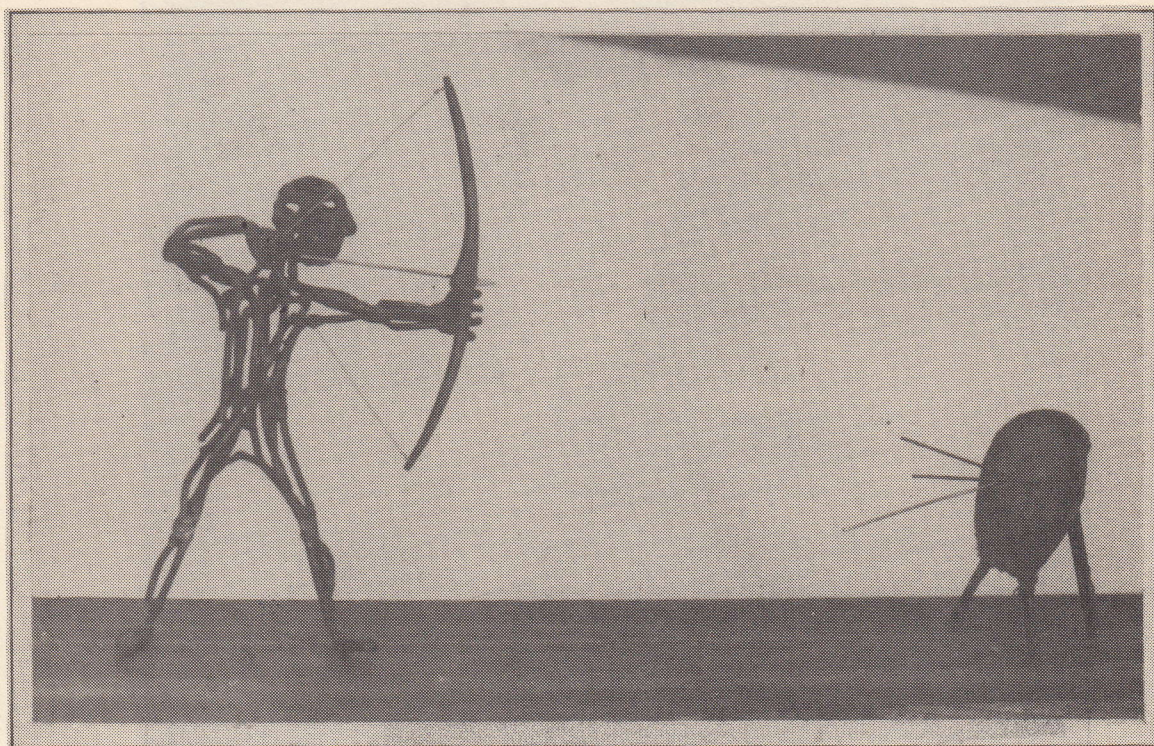
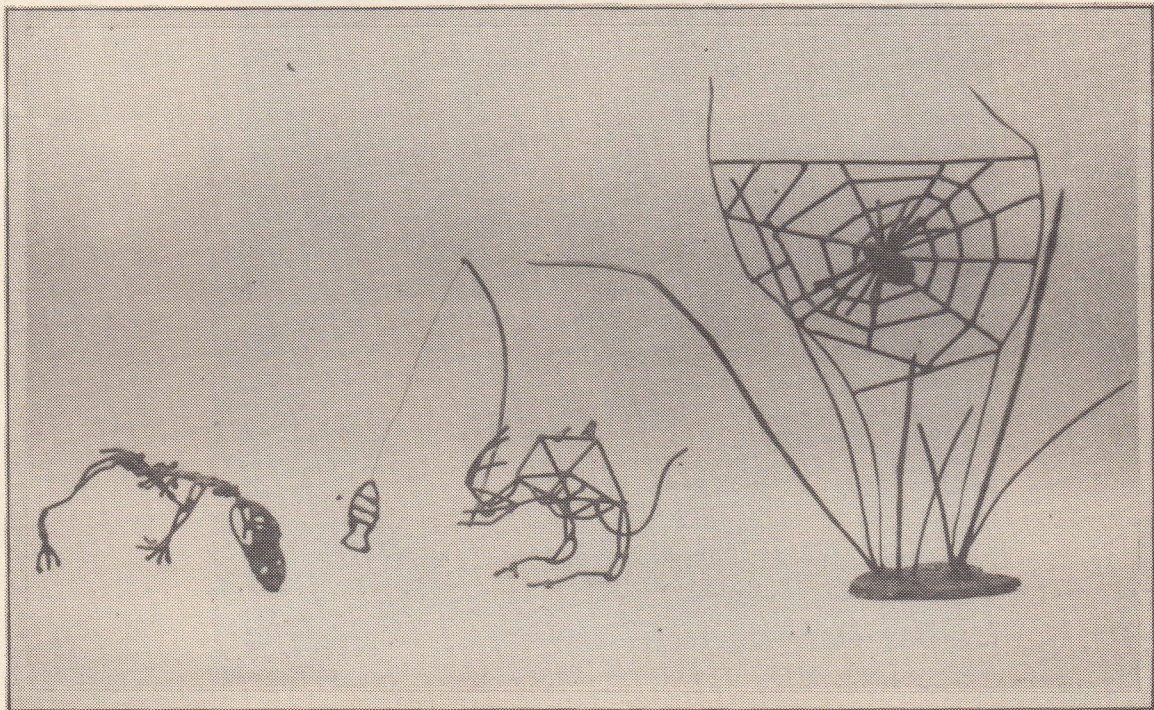
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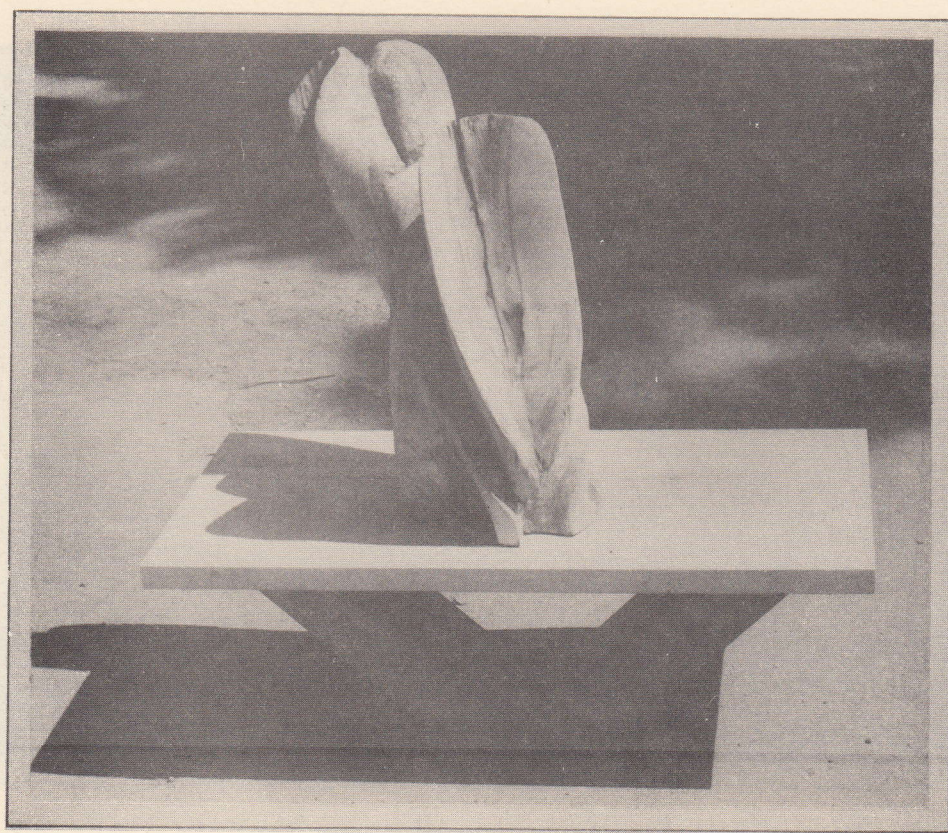
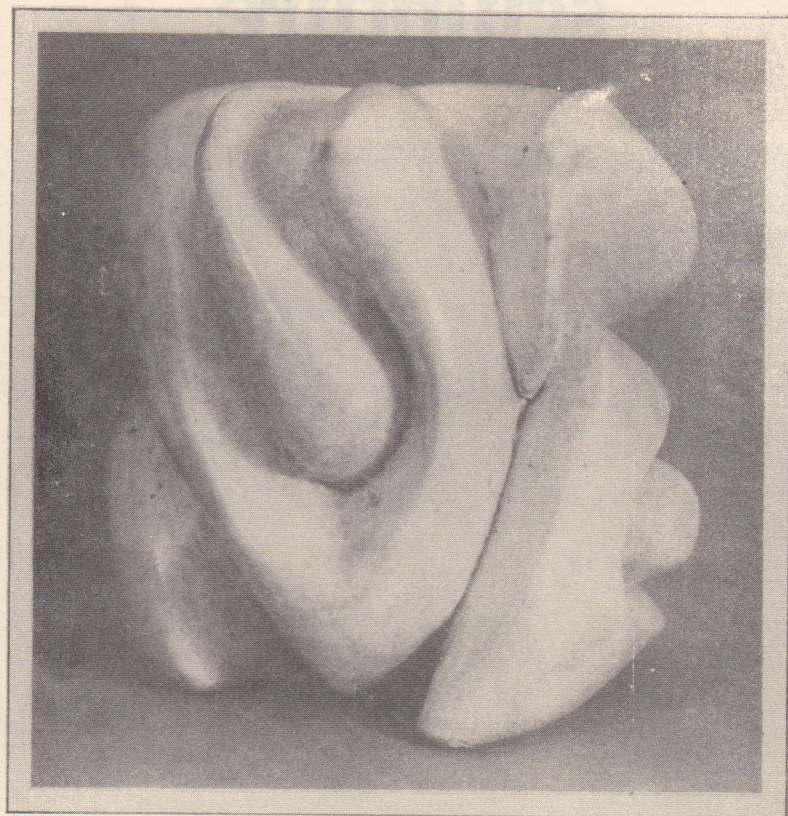


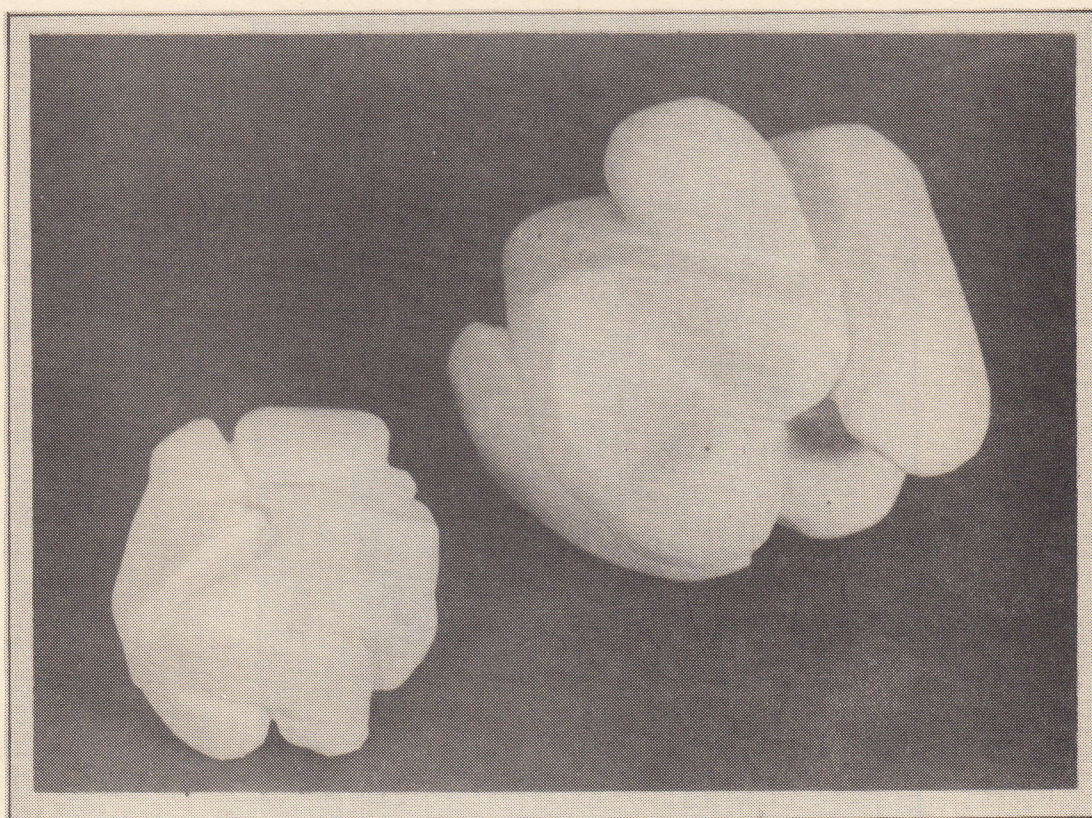
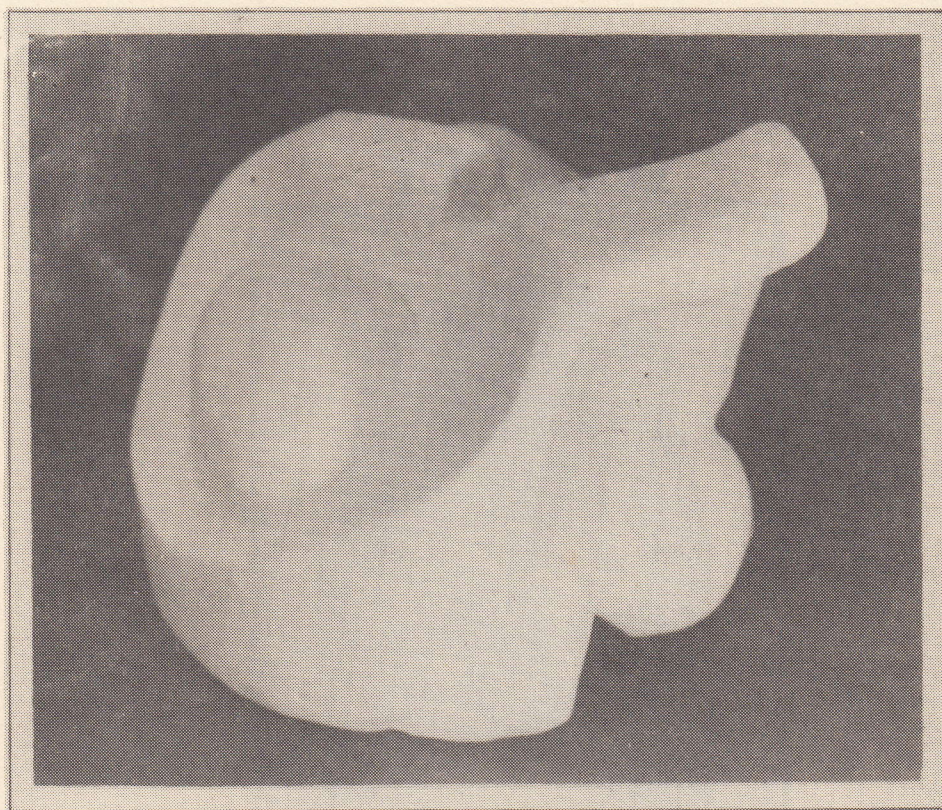




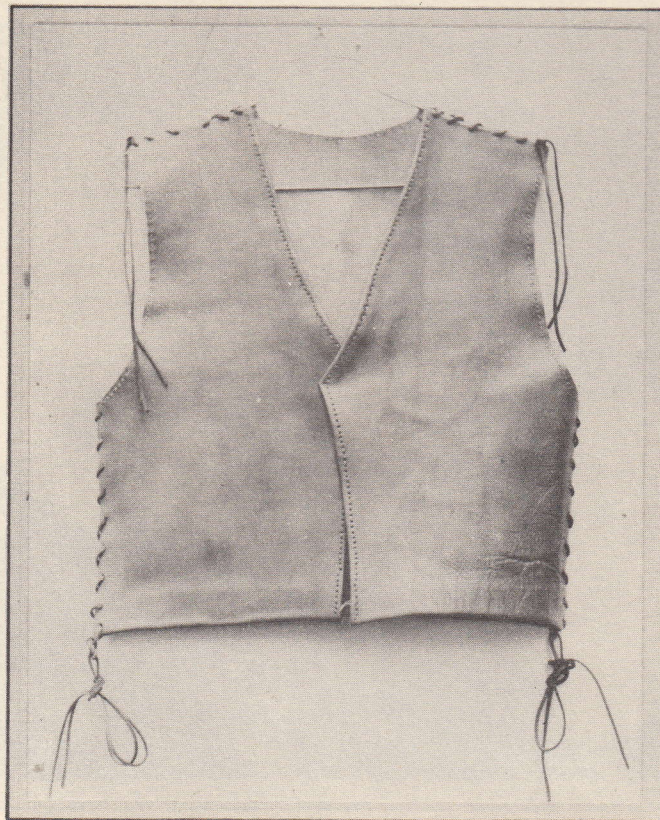
sculpture







leather

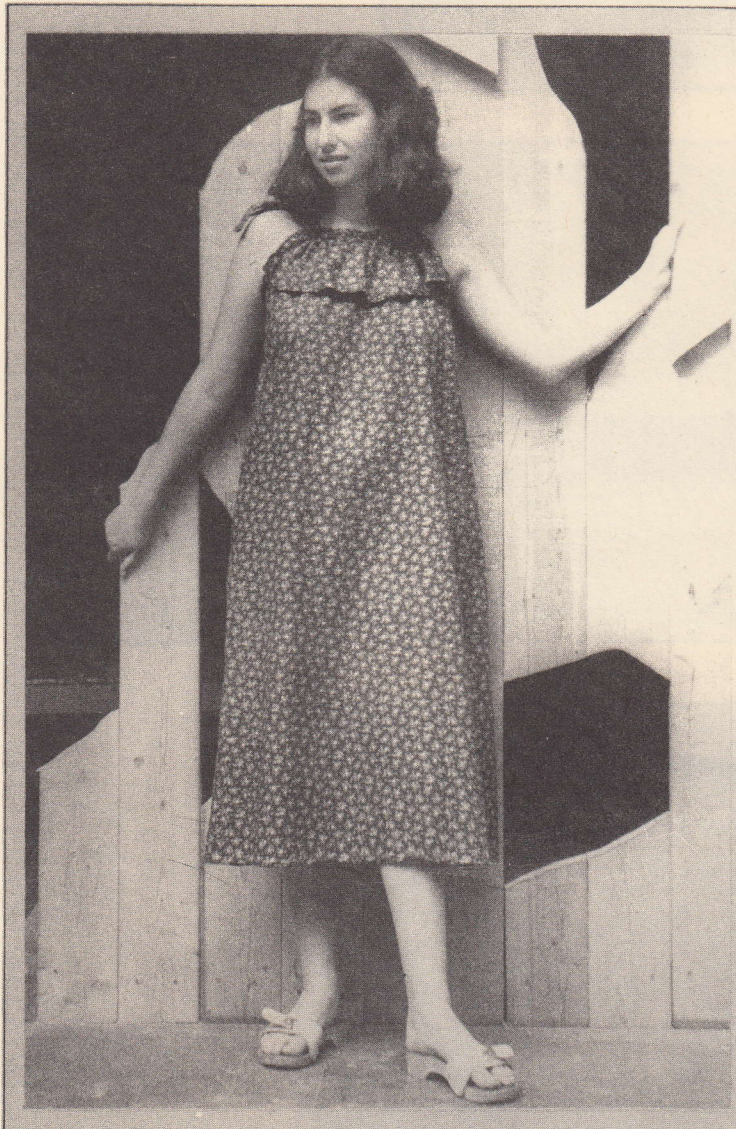


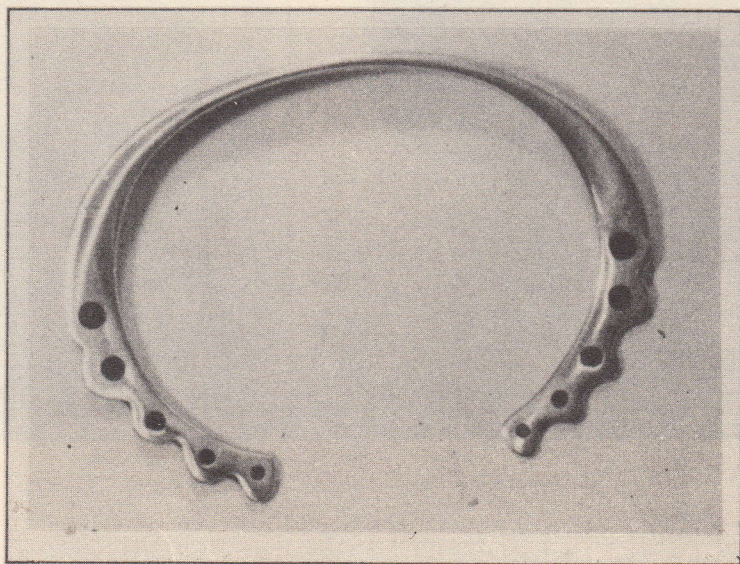
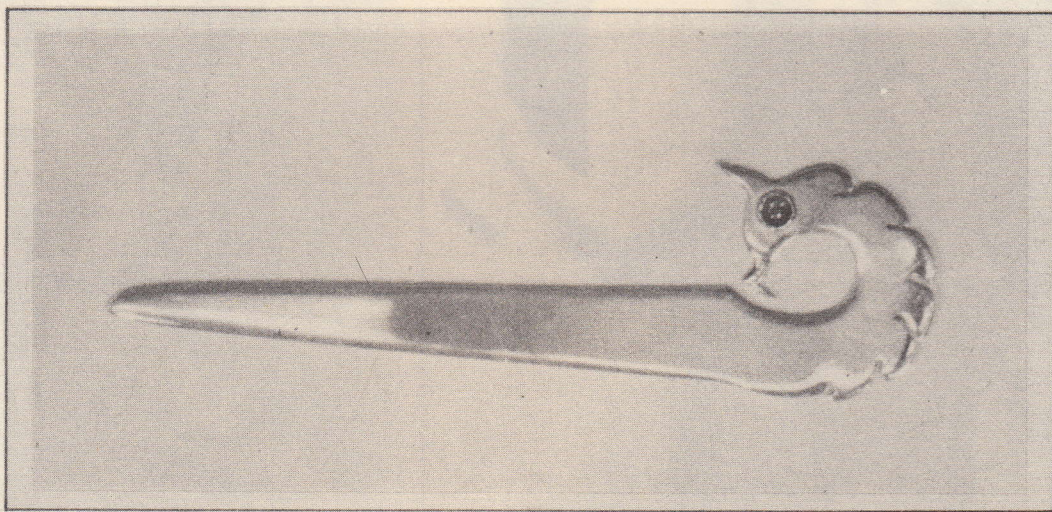
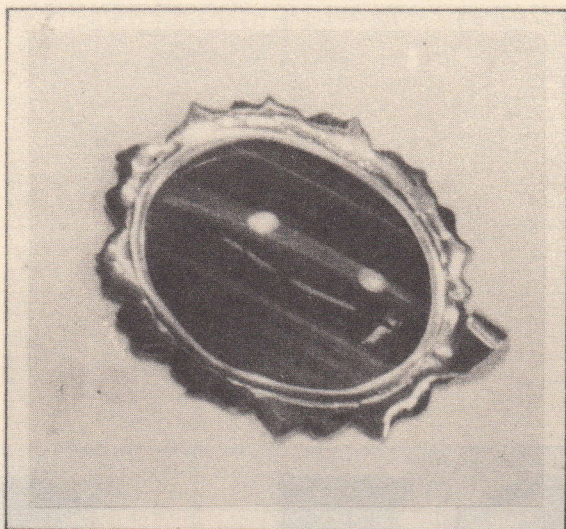
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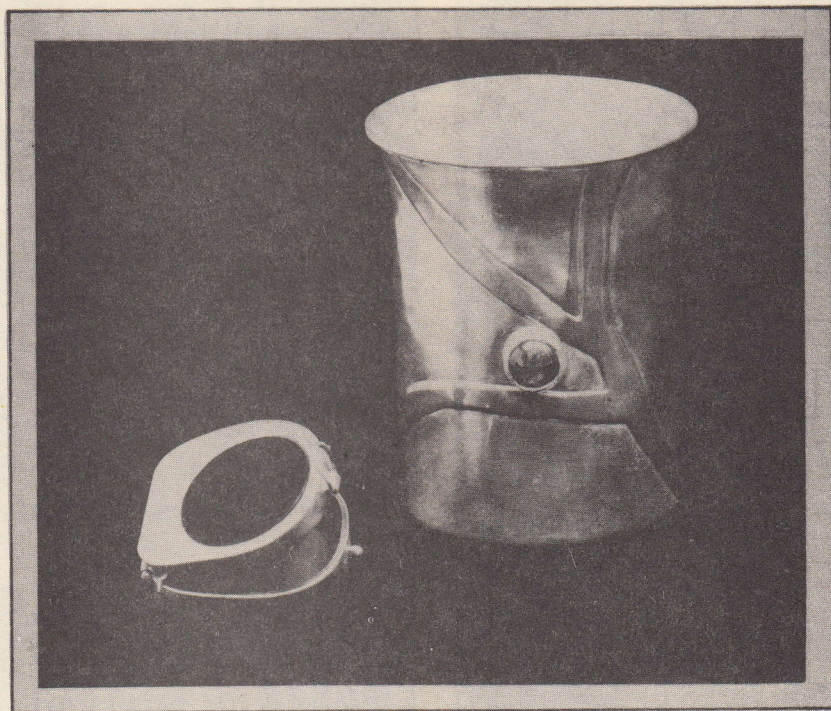
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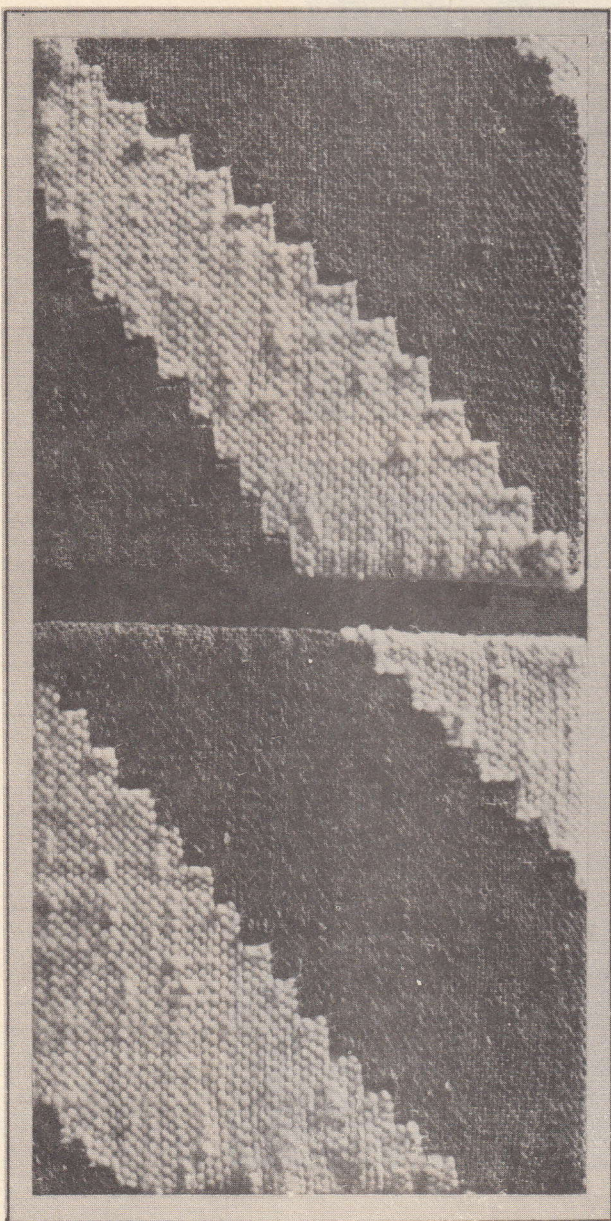


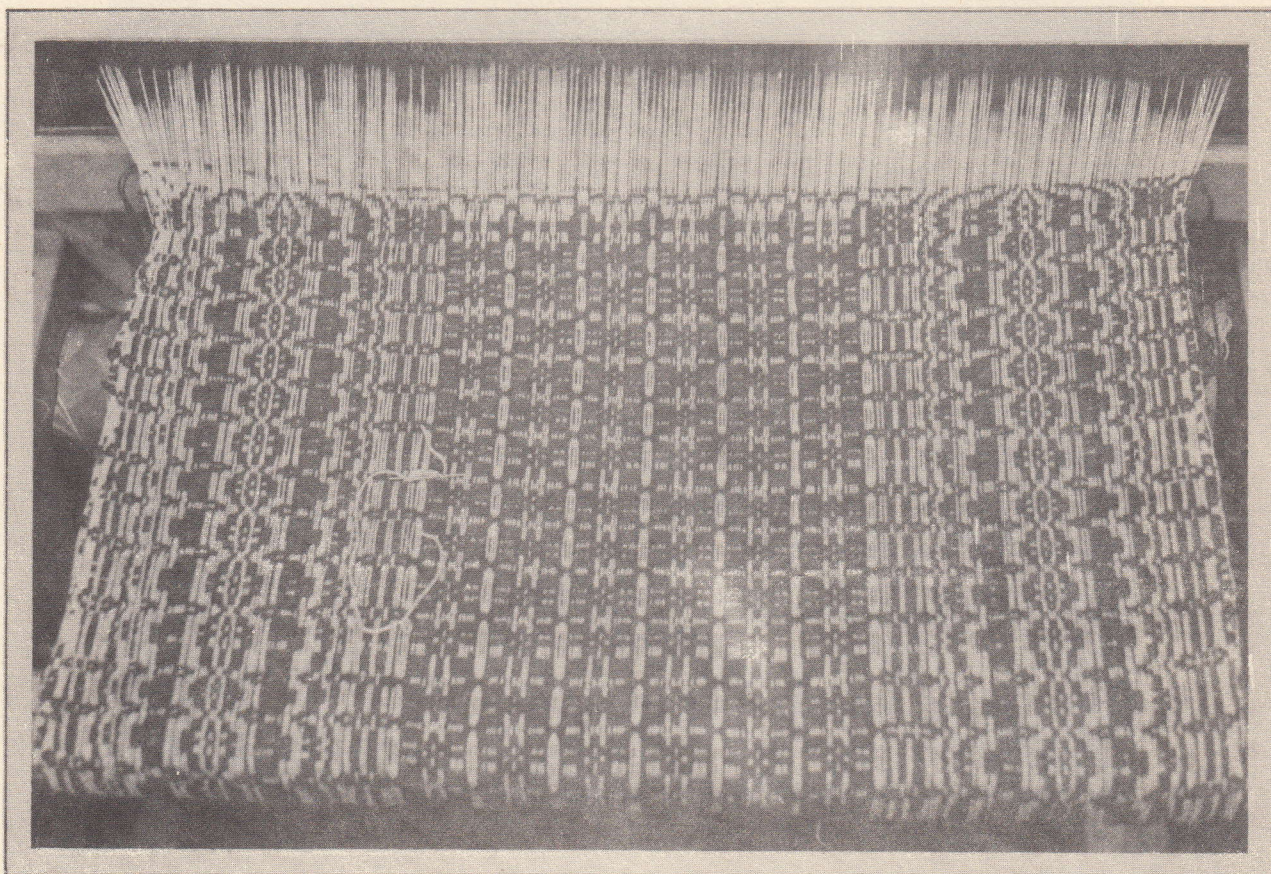
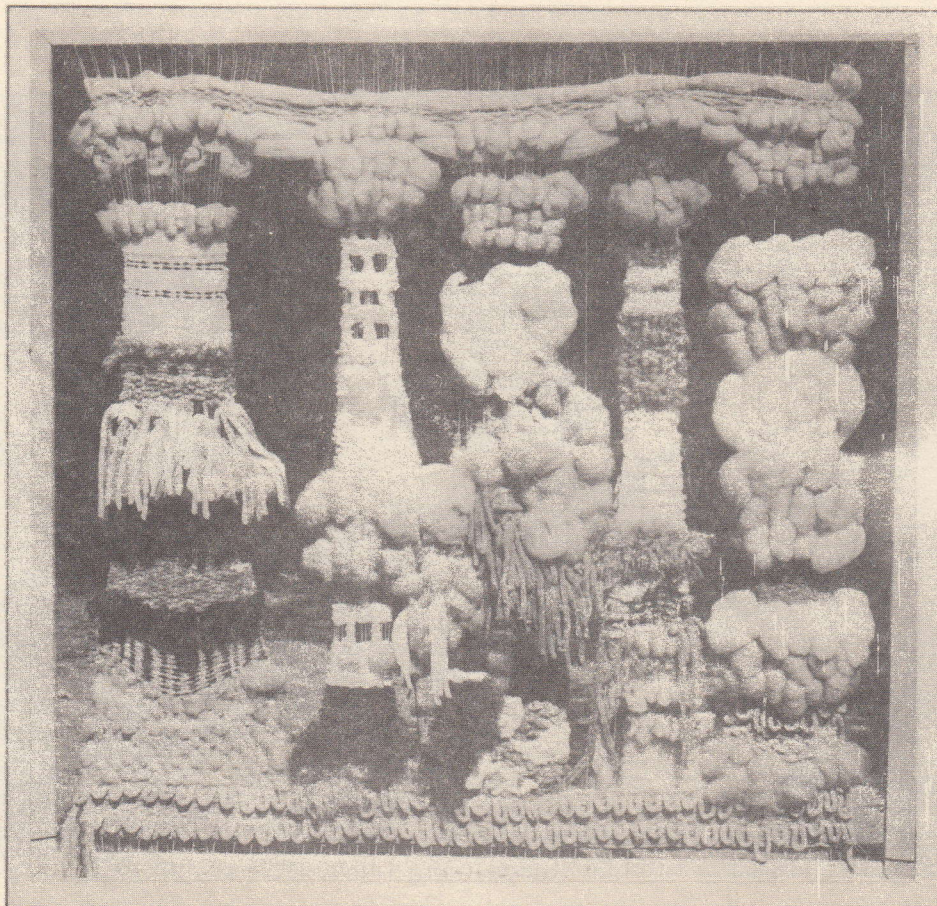
silver

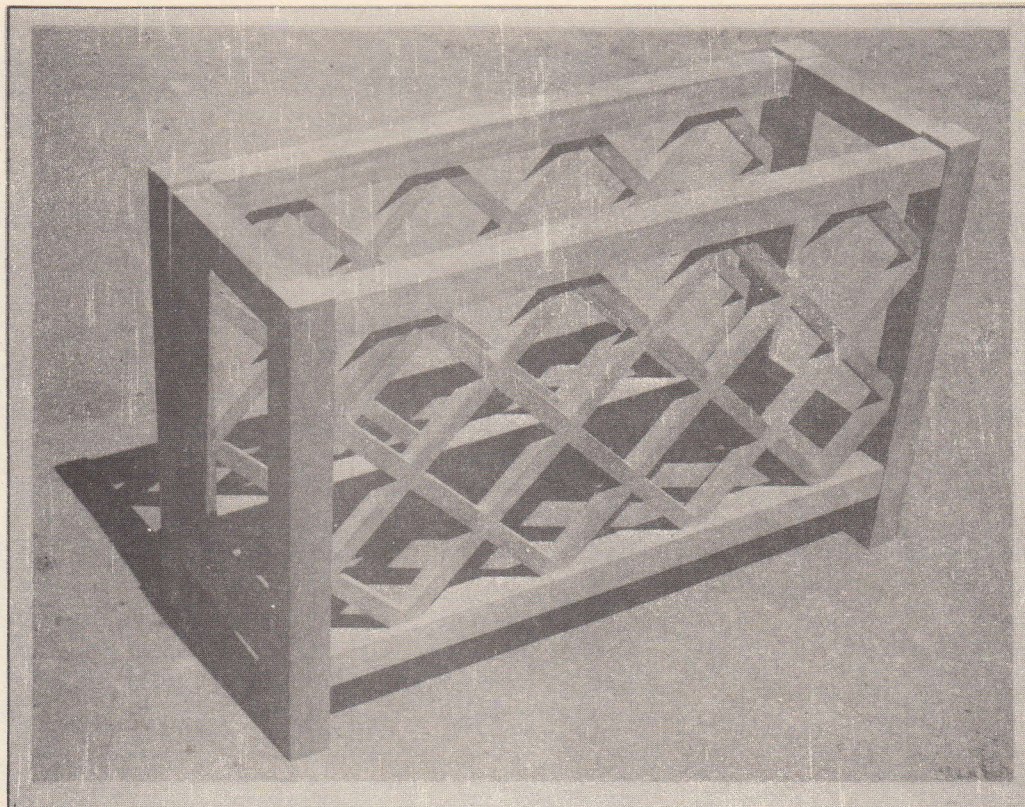
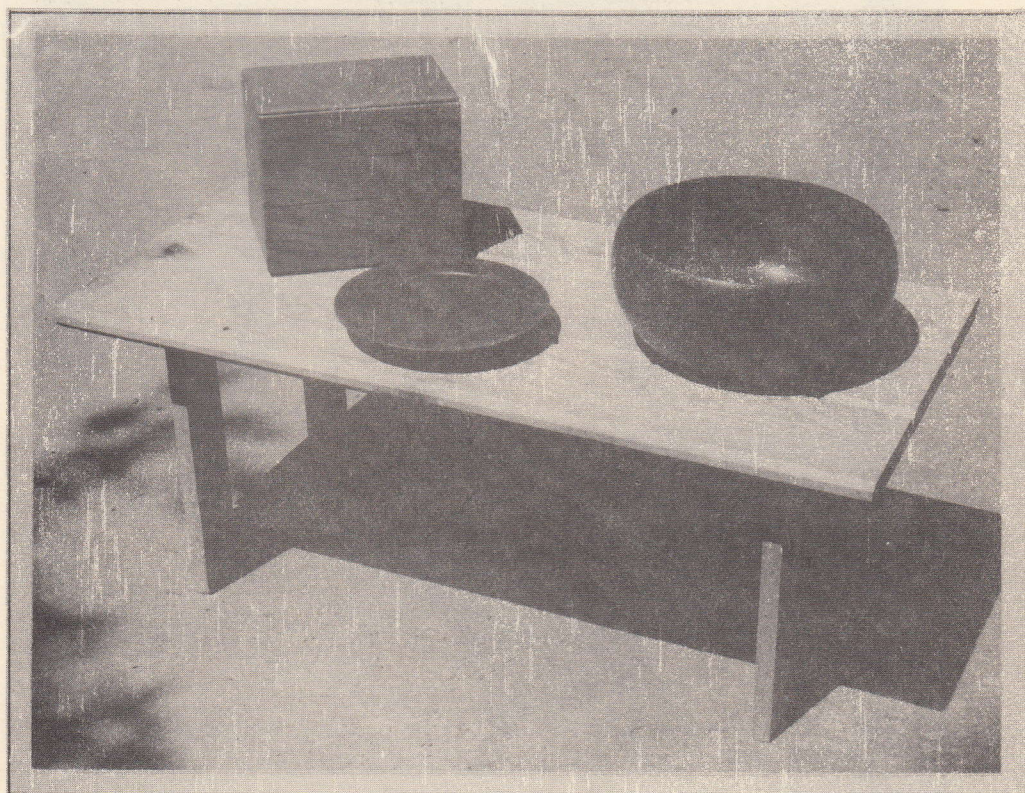


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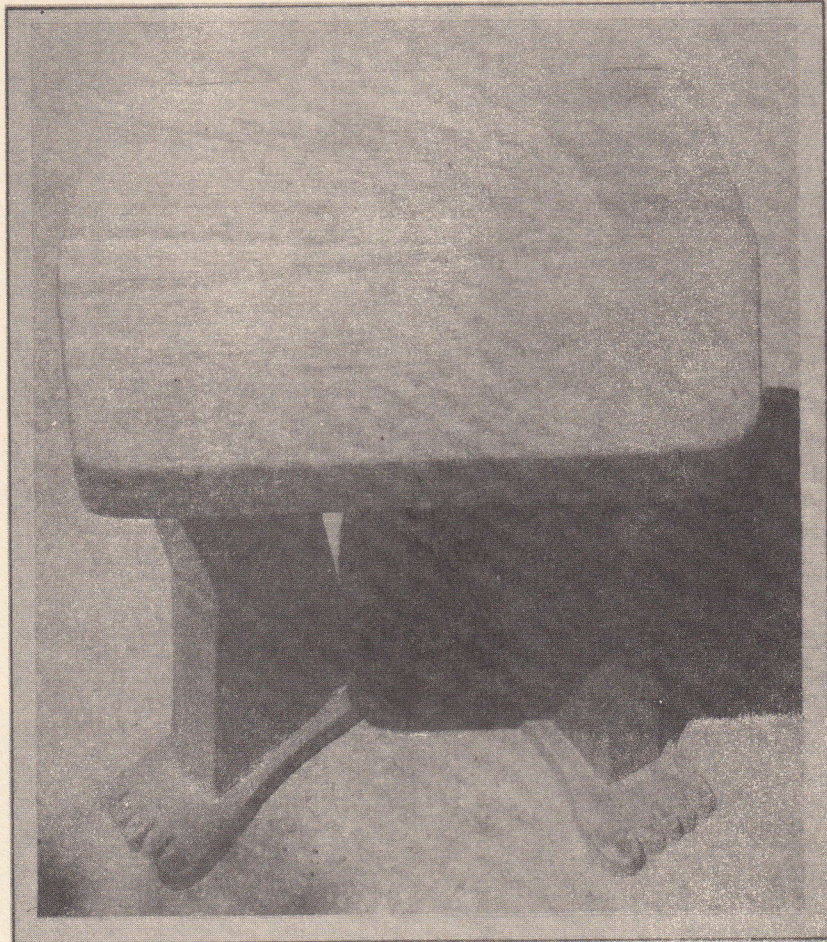
weaving





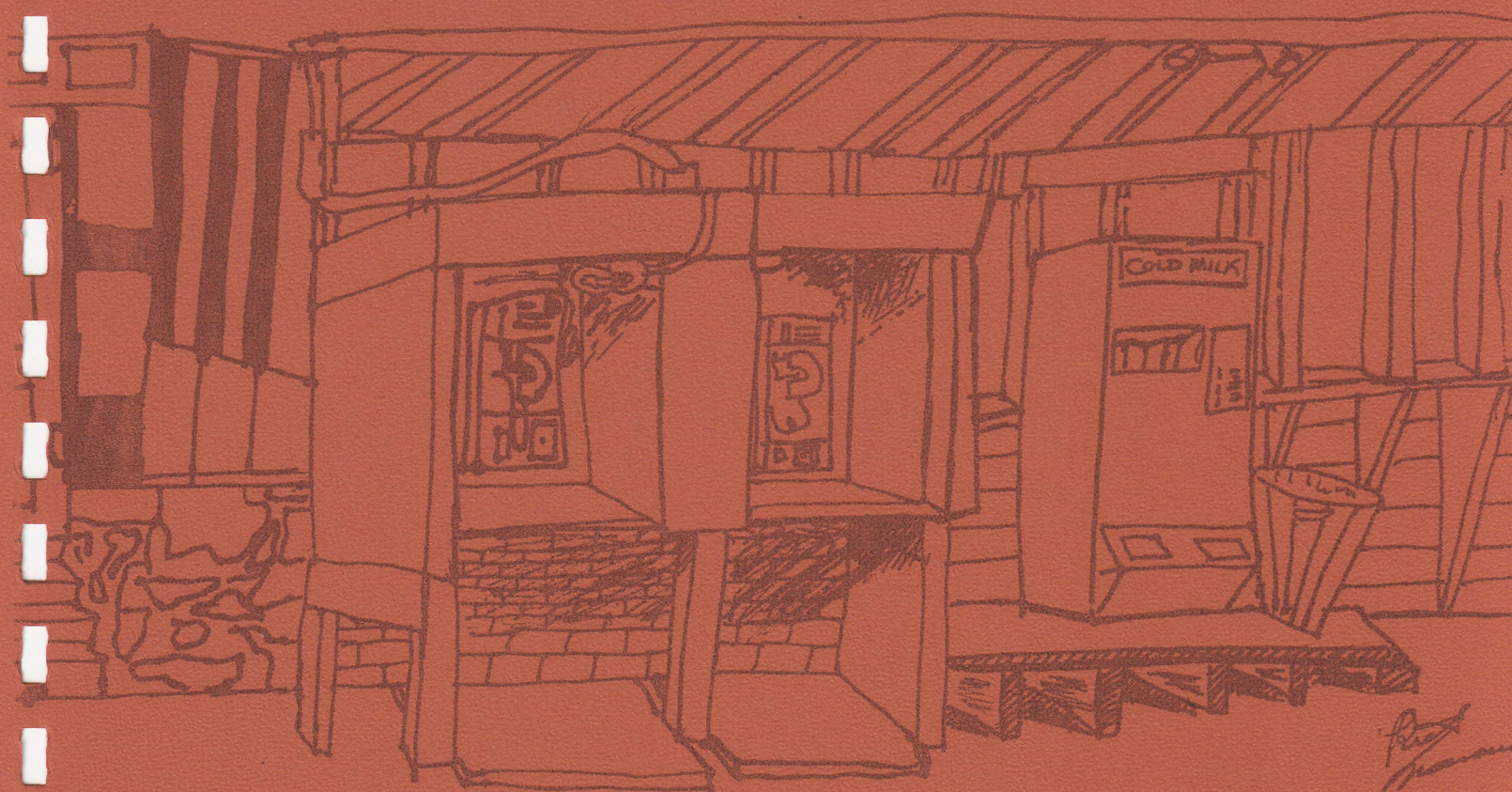


wood



boow





THE MOST CROWDED SHOP IN CAMP.

Act 2*Performing Arts

MUSIC SHED

A typical day at the Music Shed begins with Mike Lirtzman standing ready to conduct the Buck's Rock Symphony Orchestra. His morning cup of coffee not yet having taken effect, He grumpily awaits the arrival of a few more musicians.

We began practicing Schubert's 9th Symphony three weeks ago. We pushed onward, although it resembled Beethoven's 5th Symphony played backwards. Other pieces played this summer were the "Candide Overture" by Leonard Bernstein, and the "Overture to Orpheus," which also includes the famed composition "Can Can" by Offenbach.

Next on the day's agenda is the chamber orchestra led by the infamous maestro, Mike. It consists of string instruments, although there is a flute that supports the first violin section. At one rehearsal we made a wild attempt to change a Scott Joplin string quartet into a chamber piece. It ended in total disaster.

At Buck's Rock anything is possible, even a violin in a jazz band. Strings can play in the band, but they must read from flute and clarinet parts. It's not difficult keeping the jazz tempo with Justin DiCioccio jumping up and down shouting "bounce it, bounce it, 1a 2a 3a 4a!"

After a "delicious" Buck's Rock lunch, we return to the Music Shed. It is filled with the sound of beautiful voices. "The Cries of London" can still be heard emanating from the shed as the BillaBong singers, formerly the Buck's Rock Concert Choir, transport themselves into 16th century songs, as do the Madrigals, another choir group consisting of 8 people. On Tuesdays the Madrigals are forced out onto the sloping lawn just outside Girls House, where they compete for space against the folkies and the volleyball players.

As the day continues, we return to the Music Shed, where jazz improvisation occurs. Here musicians learn to play blues melody notes. This is considered fun by most of the musicians, even when Justin forces us to do a solo, although it's sometimes embarrassing. It's not required that a person play a jazz instrument. Just as with the morning jazz bands, strings participate along with the others.

We end the Music Shed day at four o'clock with Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. No, this is not a newspaper column similar to Dear Abby, it is a medley of Beatles songs. This is the first year that Buck's Rock has had an activity which involves rock music in a large group. From the beginning it has run successfully.

That ends the Music Shed's typical day, although your day is never really finished at the Music Shed!

Phillip Chonigman
Sharon Robbins

SHE LIGHTS UP THE STAGE

Eighty-three pound, thirteen year old Pamela Koffler is one of the most prominent dancers at Buck's Rock. An article about what she can do would be more than sufficient to astound you, but instead, I've decided to focus on how she became the incredibly talented dancer she now is.

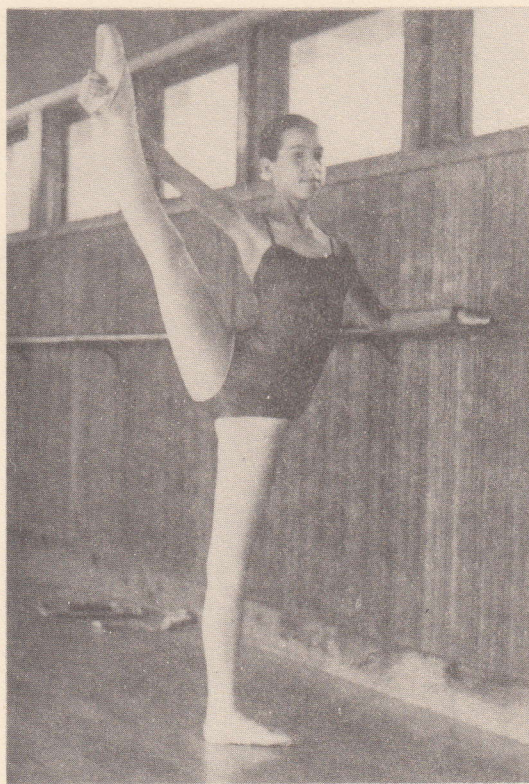
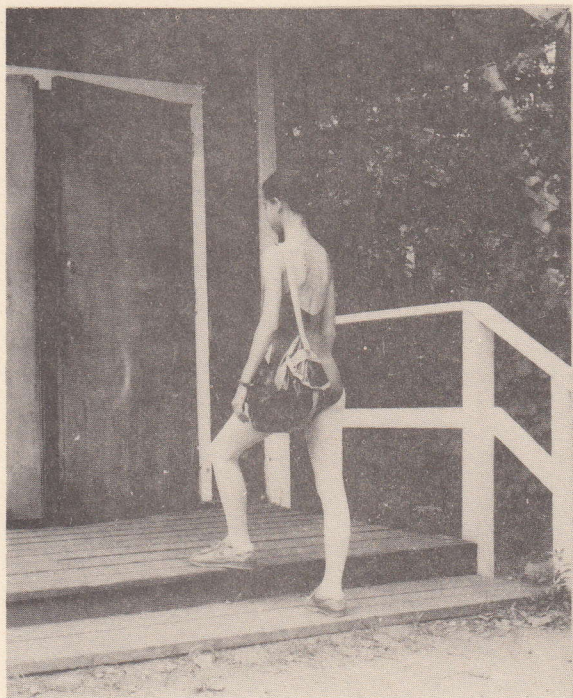
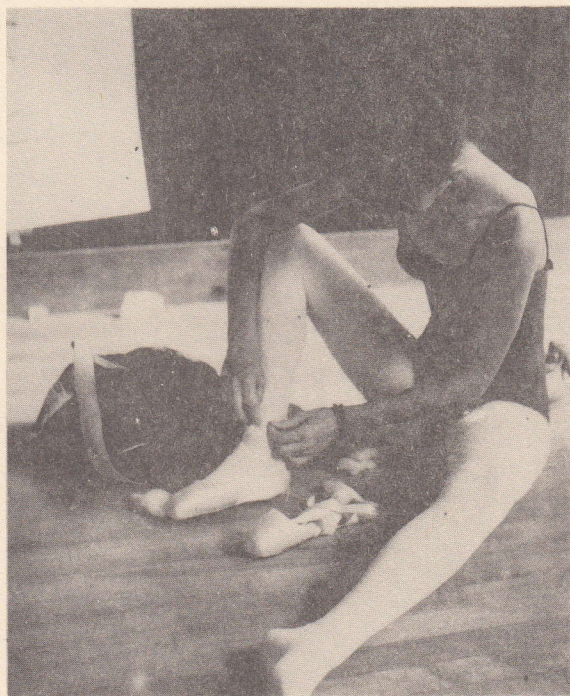
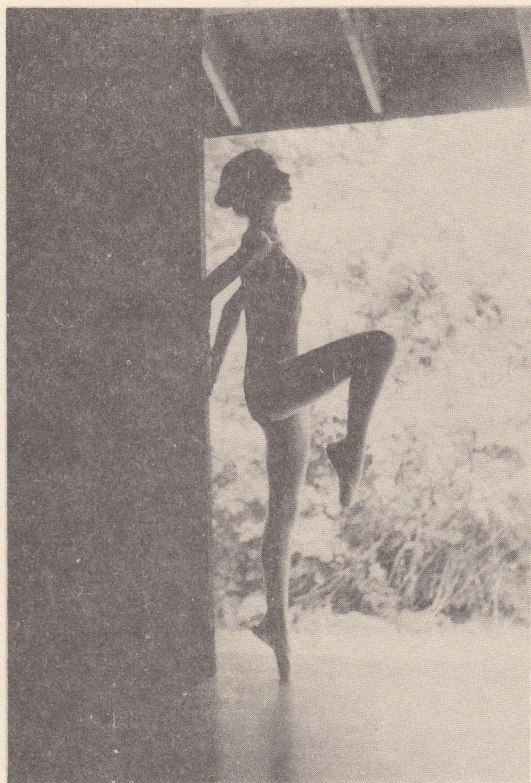
Pam started dancing last summer at Buck's Rock. Her friends, as well as previous yearbook articles, spoke highly of the dance program so she decided to try it. "A number of things inspired me--the dance teacher for one, Jane Tavalin Schwartz; the classes themselves; and I just generally enjoyed all the aspects of dance that were introduced to me."

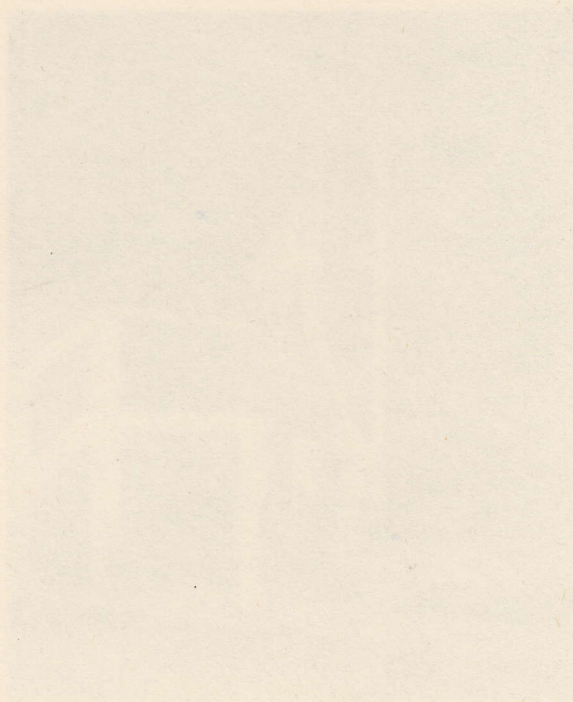
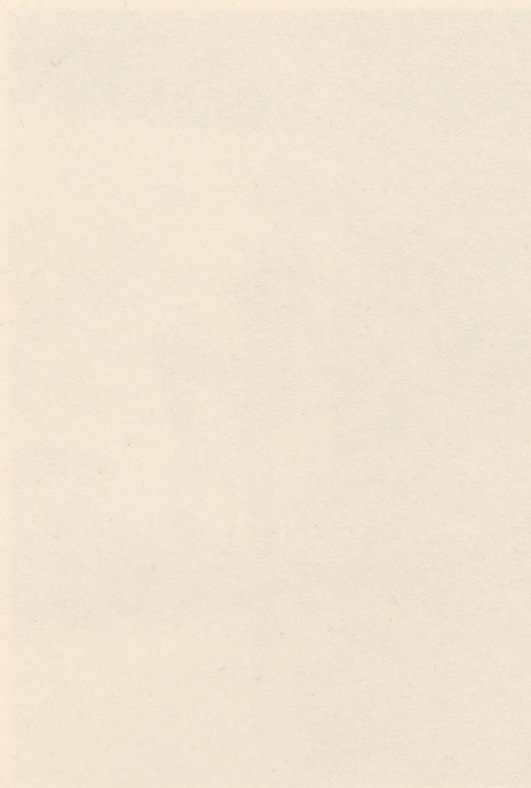
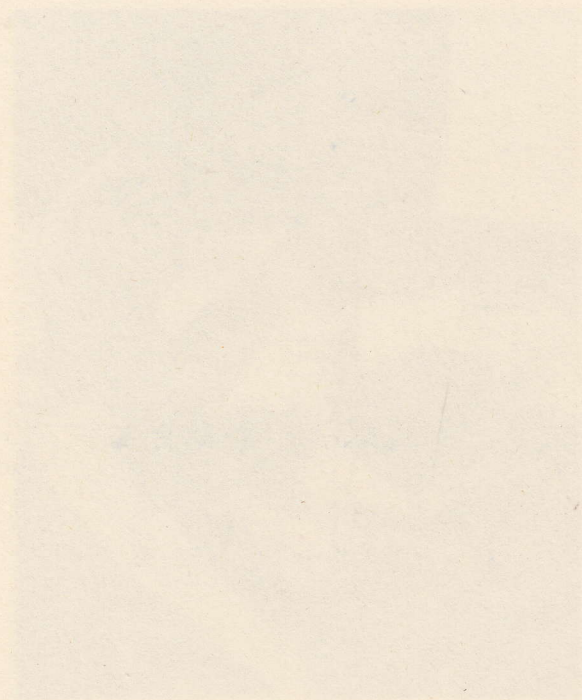
Pam then began taking classes every single morning without fail. Her body, being extremely flexible, enabled her to progress rapidly. On returning home, she looked into various dancing schools and decided to try ballet. She attended classes at The Academy of Dance in Closter, New Jersey (near her residence) on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Soon dance became her love and she began taking lessons four or five times a week, occasionally even twice a day.

This summer Pam was at her best. She took classes regularly, was in seven dances in Dance Night (two of which she partly choreographed), and developed a close relationship with this summer's commendable dance counselor, Kathi Harper.

Watching Pam is truly a revelation. In choreography her ideas are communicated beautifully through her unique style of movement; in class she's incredibly composed and exhibits an excellent understanding of the many steps and stretches; and in performance she lights up the stage...

Robin J. Pogrebin

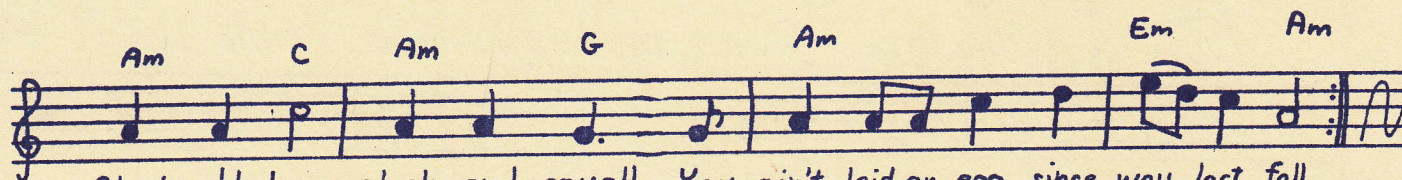




Cluck Old Hen ~ American Traditional



My old hen's a good old hen. She lays eggs for the railroad men.
Sometimes one, sometimes two, sometimes enough for the whole dang crew.



Cluck old hen, cluck and squall. You ain't laid an egg since way last fall.
Cluck old hen. cluck and sing. You ain't laid an egg since way last spring.

My old hen's a good old hen,
She lays eggs for the railroad men;
Sometimes one, sometimes two,
Sometimes enough for the whole dang crew.

Chorus: Cluck old hen, cluck and squall,
You ain't laid an egg since way last fall.
Cluck old hen, cluck and sing,
You ain't laid an egg since way last spring.

My old hen's a good old hen,
She lays eggs for the railroad men;
Sometimes three, sometimes four,
Sometimes she lays a whole lot more.

My old hen's a good old hen,
She lays eggs for the railroad men;
Sometimes nine, sometimes ten,
That's enough for the railroad men.

My old hen, she won't do,
She lays eggs and 'taters too,
Eggs and 'taters, that ain't all,
She laid a peach and a tennis ball.

Cacklin' hen, you cackle quite a lot,
Next time you cackle, you'll cackle in the pot.
The old hen cackled, she cackled in the coop,
The next time she cackled, she cackled in the soup.

I Got the Whiskey~American Traditional

I got the whiskey You got the gin. I got the whiskey.
You got the gin. Come on baby, let's drink until we're
drunk again. It don't make no difference how drunk
you might be, cause it don't hold back, baby. (a)

about your loving with me.

I got the whiskey. You got the gin.
I got the whiskey. You got the gin.
Come on baby, let's drink until we're drunk again.

"Hey whiskey!" "What'cha say gin?"
"Hey whiskey!" "What'cha say gin?"
"Come on baby, let's drink until we're drunk again."

Refrain:

It don't make no difference
How drunk you might be,
Cause it don't hold back, baby,
'Bout Your lovin' with me.

I got the washboard. You got the tub.
I got the washboard. You got the tub.
Come on baby, let's rub-a-dub-a-dub-a-dub dub.

"Hey washboard!" "What'cha say tub?"
"Hey washboard!" "What'cha say tub?"
"Come on baby, let's rub-a-dub-a-dub-a-dub dub."

Refrain:

She Beg She More (High Hills, Low Hills)

~ Irish Traditional ~



FOLK MUSIC

Folk music--an idea, a thought, a tradition. It is not so much a musical form as it is a growing experience shared by all involved. Participation is perhaps the most important element of this widely diverse blend of old and new, foreign and familiar. One can sing, play an instrument, clap one's hands, or merely listen.

Every culture has its own traditional music. At Buck's Rock the two greatest influences are those of Anglo-American and Afro-American music. Within these two general origins are three basic kinds of songs: ballads(songs which tell a story), lyrical(love songs and lullabies) and occupational songs(work songs). Work songs have arisen from practically every type of labor including Mining, Whaling, Railroads, Factories, Sailing, Farming, etc. Naturally, many styles overlap.

This summer at Buck's Rock, there were basically two types of music grouped under the title "Folk Music": Traditional Folk and Blues, and Rock and Popular Music. Each member of the department had his or her own unique musical taste and teaching style; thus, the music taught to students of guitar, banjo, penny-whistle, mandolin, dulcimer, and other instruments was of a varied assortment.

Folk music is a highly personal form of expression; the same song played by different musicians can vary in mood and sound. The bottle-neck, Delta blues style that Sparky Rucker can instill in a traditional ballad, for example, is distinctly separate from the ragtime and country blues sound that is Roy Bookbinder's trademark. And the identical song played with the precise timing and exactitude of C.I.T. Neal Goodman has a personal flair all its own.

This is truly what folk music is all about: taking some music that has been shared with you, adding a bit of yourself to it, and passing it on for the next person to continue the cycle. Folk music is a sharing of something that can never be used up by one person. Instead it is passed down through generations for posterity. This is folk music's true beauty.

Katie Snyder

summer theater

The world is a stage and the Buck's Rock Summer Theater is a world unto itself. The emotions and experience to be had can be found nowhere else, because nowhere else that I have seen has theater been treated as such an effective, all-consuming thing.

During the year, when I heard of the Summer Theater I laughed and questioned its integrity. I couldn't see how 3 major plays could possibly be produced in the span of eight weeks. As the summer began, however, I began to realize that at Buck's Rock nothing is impossible. I accepted this idea in the plays I was involved in this summer and I will keep this idea with me always.

There are many things that make "the impossible" happen. There is the love for the theater and its ideals that is expressed by everyone together; there is the striving to work out the hitches, learn the lines, and follow the blockings--all under the greatest pressure.

Material things contribute much in creating the impossible. Of course, the actual theater site is the main one. However, there is another place that is unknown to most, but to those familiar with its beauty, it is equally important: the rehearsal stage. Here auditions and rehearsals leading up to the show take place. It was at this rehearsal stage, situated back in the woods, that I lived for the first month of camp. Here, along with the other cast members, I experienced the excitement of developing a play in two short weeks. In the intense pressure that this situation demands, the wooded area around the rehearsal stage seemed to absorb some of the tension. From this point is radiated the magic of the Buck's Rock Summer Theater.

Then of course there is the performance itself. Preparation begins with "getting into character" and checking props two hours before the show. Then, as the makeup and costumes are donned in the Costume Shop, electricity and excitement begin to flow through everyone. This excitement explodes as the cast and crew make the final invocation to Pawaba, the friendly ghost of the Buck's Rock Summer Theater. Then everyone quietly waits backstage and prepares in their own way for what is about to come. The audience hushes, the lights begin to rise, and you are the character you've worked so hard to become. The magic that is Buck's Rock happens, and in the end, the audience returns the love that the actors have just given them. It is a wonderful feeling for all.

Of course, no Buck's Rock Summer Theater performance is complete without a "strike." The cast and crew pitch in and finish what they started by tearing down every nail and board of the set. This is very important to me because it cures what is commonly referred to as the "post-play blues." In the end, everyone is very tired, but also very exhilarated by having fulfilled the demands of the theater.

When I leave Buck's Rock at the end of the summer, there are two things that I will have that are more important than any project I could ever make. These are the new outlooks I have developed and the knowledge that the impossible is not impossible at all.

Philip Miller

CLOWN WORKSHOP

Clown workshop has been really great this season. One of the main things that has made this workshop so successful is the counselor and the way he teaches. Tony Blanco has tried to pass on all the things he knows to us. Mime has been our main occupation in the workshop, and we worked on improvisation until everyone could pick up a pole or dustpan, and use it as anything but a pole or dustpan. We also worked on isolation, practicing by leaning on a non-existent table or by keeping one part of our body (such as our hand) in place and moving around it. In order to improve our isolation we also worked on robot movements.

We have been working on juggling, and many C.I.T.s (clowns in training) are juggling for their first time. We have also been learning magic, such as how to vanish sponge balls, vanish silks, perform simple card tricks, and do many other illusions.

Helping Tony with much of his teaching is his C.I.T., Alan Ball. He has worked hard with the clown workshop, and along with Tony put on a show in town this summer.

We have also had two guest workshop counselors, Michael Enserra, and Lorenzo Pierri. Michael Enserra helped us with mime, and Lorenzo Pierri showed us different yoga exercises.

This summer the clown workshop performed at "Carnival Galactica," doing different mime skits. We also had a clown workshop show, with the workshop doing juggling, mime skits, magic, acrobatics and a puppet show.

Tony has very strong opinions on what makes a good clown. He knows that a clown is more than somebody made up with a white face and a red nose, wearing a "clownsuit". He feels that a clown is a performer with many different talents, who can do a little of everything.

Clown workshop '79 has been a lot of fun, and taught me things I never knew. I have enjoyed the workshop immensely, and I'm sure everyone else who participated did also.

Suzy Soffler

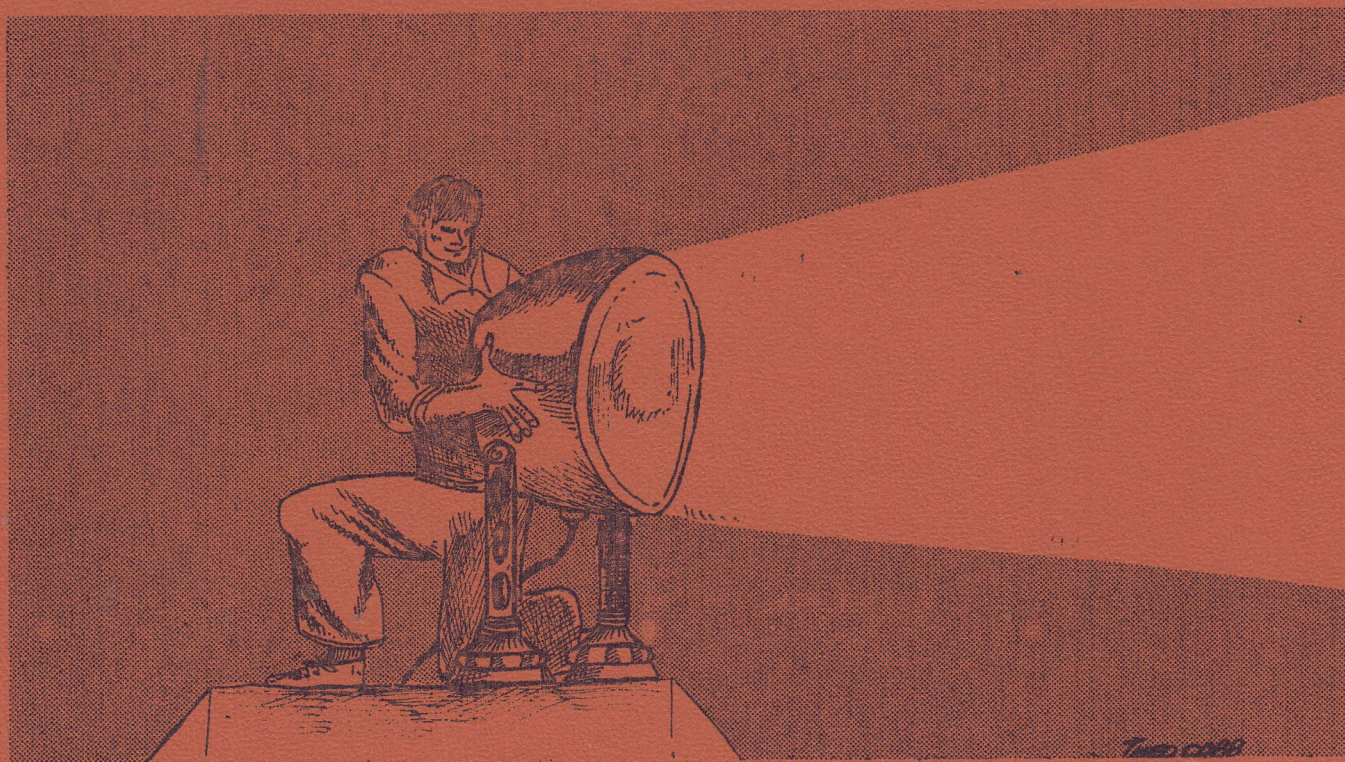
□ Lighting □

Being on the lighting crew is something special, but not as easy as it sounds. The not so easy parts are hanging, focusing and jelling the lights. Hanging the lights is first. This is just what it sounds like. But there's more. There are special poles in the theatre on which we hook the lights. Then comes focusing the lights. Someone goes up on the scaffolding and aims the beam of light where the counselor tells them to. This is done so the light does not splash on other areas of the set which could wreck a performance. So, finally we come to jelling a light. This involves putting a piece of tinted plastic over a light to make colored light for special effects.

Then the real fun begins--doing the actual show. Working in the booth is a great reward for all the hours of work you put into a show. After the booth manager says "go lighting cue," there should be silence in the booth for the rest of the show (but there never is). When you turn up your dimmers, see the lights go on and hear everybody clap in anticipation of the performance, you think that it was all worthwhile.

From the time you step into the lighting booth, you must remember that you play a part in the success or failure of the show. And there, my friends, is the real meaning of what a techie does.

Aaron Kromash



classical response

"Do you like classical music?"

"Blecch! Classical music is for old fogies!"

That was my impression of classical music, an impression which is shared by many others of my generation....

This June, after numerous months of frustration, summer vacation had finally arrived. I was packed and ready to come to camp. In the previous summer I had achieved many goals. During the drive up to camp, I wondered what goals I would attain this summer.

The second day of camp, while I was eating my daily mush (alias lunch), I heard the following announcement: "At one o'clock on the porch there will be a meeting of all those who would like to be in the chorus." I had not enjoyed chorus at my school, because it felt like all we were singing was Christmas carols and nursery rhymes. Yet, even after this and other such bad experiences with music, I still loved singing, so I decided to join the Buck's Rock chorus.

In the beginning I was slightly overwhelmed, but as the hour progressed, so did my enjoyment. By the time the meeting was over, I was hooked. Active participation such as singing always enables me to enjoy any kind of music more. That was exactly what was happening to me with classical music.

Now I can answer my own question; I know what goals I have achieved this summer. One of the more significant goals that I have achieved is the realization that I can enjoy classical music.

"Do you like classical music?"

"Yes, I love it. It's magnificent!"

Karen Weintraub

DANCE

On the night of August 4th, Dance Night 1979 came alive on the Buck's Rock stage. Sure, you've heard frequent comments on it, and read articles on it, too. But have you ever wondered where the dancers learned the dances or spent their days? This year, most of the dancers were choreographers, too. They worked through the monotonous routine of an every-other-day schedule for two or three weeks before the Dance Night lights went up.

And then there were the classes, which were held every morning for an hour and a half. There were three technique classes, each of which had a beginning and intermediate level:

Ballet I--Taught by Julia Weck, a C.I.T. in dance, who did an excellent job.

Jazz I--Taught by Gabby Machinist, also a dance C.I.T., who did a superb job. Her classes combined hard work with the essence of jazz.

Modern I--Taught by counselor Liz Berger. The modern dance world is full of many techniques; the one taught by Liz was a slow-moving, body-stretching technique. Liz created a fine modern class, working in all areas of the dancer's body.

In addition to the beginning and intermediate classes, there were advanced classes in jazz and ballet, which were taught by our dance director Kathi Harper. With ballet, Kathi taught a rather difficult, slow-moving class. Since this was an advanced class, Kathi taught a long bar exercise first, which was followed by dancing. Her jazz classes, on the other hand, were fast-moving and consisted of some jazz combinations in addition to her own combinations. The class was a whole lot of fun.

Throughout the summer Kathi stressed not only that the dancers come and go to class to learn combos, but that each dancer be in touch with their body because if dancing is not done correctly it can be harmful. She brought a sensitive awareness to all of us.

As preparation for Dance Night progressed, classes became less frequent. Of course, the dancers were glad to have reached their goal and to know where the classes brought them: to the glory of Dance Night.

Joanna Colbert

ACTORS WORKSHOP

It's definitely been dynamically different working with Dino and the Dirty Dozen at the Actor's Workshop this summer. Dino, alias Bob Blumenfeld, is a former member of the board of the "Society for the Preservation of Turtles," which went bankrupt nine months after Bob joined. He went on to a succession of jobs, including acrobat, gymnast, lion tamer in a circus, unsuccessful comedian telling Jewish jokes, and, finally, a bird stuffer. But, for Bob, success was to be found in acting. So, after years of successful acting all over the galaxy, Bob found his way to Buck's Rock.

Having amassed a large body of knowledge from his infamous exploits Bob has held us fascinated for hours on end with his strange jokes, complaints about the curtains, and, on rare occasions, his cosmic insights on acting and stage techniques.

Heading up the rest of the cast for Actor's Workshop are Ann Kreuse (J.C.), and C.I.T.'s Jessica Meyer and Dara Diamart. Somehow, amidst the craziness and above the petty squabbles, Bob and Co. managed to produce a fine array of plays. The first two productions were Anton Chekov's Jubilee and Terrance McNally's Next, two most amusing comedies. Two monologues were also performed, and the third major production, Dracula, written by camper Nick Gould's father, Hayward Gould, was brilliantly performed by members of the workshop, who demonstrated their ability to perform masterpieces of the macabre as well as classic genres. Two George Bernard Shaw plays, Poison, Passion, and Petrifaction, and A Man of Destiny, rounded out the season a week later. These two melodramas made it apparent that Bob and the actors involved could present a seemingly limitless number of plays in a relatively short time and still attain a very high level of quality. In addition to their initial performances, both plays were presented at festival.

Looking back on the season beyond production and the classes, one man stands above it all: Bob Blumenfeld. Bob took casts made up of the inexperienced and semiexperienced, and produced several fine plays. The actors and actresses who worked with Bob left Buck's Rock with a deeper and more informed understanding of what acting is really all about.

Jeff Salamon and A.J. Bakalar



Sgt. Pepper's

I decided to try out for Sgt. Pepper's as soon as I heard about it. Friends promised that I would love it. I went to the Music Shed on the day of the tryouts, excited, but not too sure what to expect.

I was in for a pleasant surprise. Although my only non-chorus effort was a short duet, (while other people had three or four long solos) it was fun to sing. For our concert on August 12th we sang a grand total of 46 Beatles songs, mostly from later albums.

We started off with "Hey Jude," which included my duet, and ended with Richard Marcus's solo version of "A Day In the Life." Altogether we covered nearly five years of Beatles songs, beginning with "Sgt. Pepper's" selections, and ending with "Abbey Road."

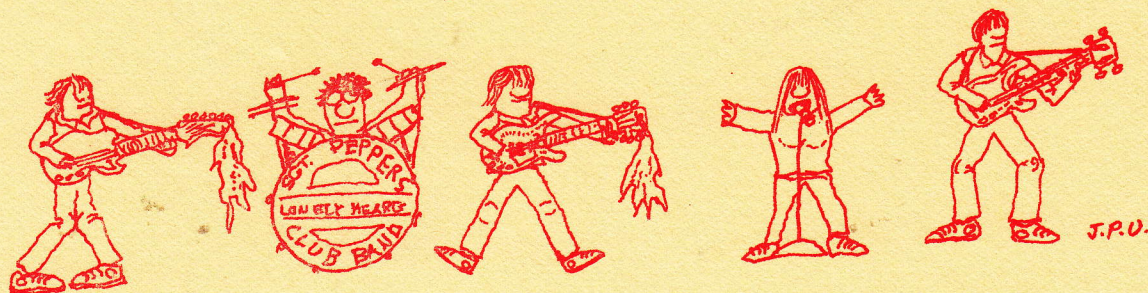
Working with Mike Lirtzman was both fun and rewarding. With his help (within a very short period of time) we learned all the songs, and the difficult staging processes. He gave everyone a solo or duet who wanted one.

For the first two weeks of Sgt. Pepper we practiced two hours a day, but toward the end we lengthened practice to three and one-half hours. During the last week we learned mainly staging. The soloists came in at scheduled times to brush up on their parts. We made up dances and mime acts for some of the songs, such as "Your Mother Should Know" and "Maxwell's Silver Hammer." During each rehearsal we learned four new songs, and then went over our program. Our electric guitarists, Tom Shadrowfsky, Danny Holt, and Simon Stack, learned the chords as we went along. Our solo drummer was Robert Cohen.

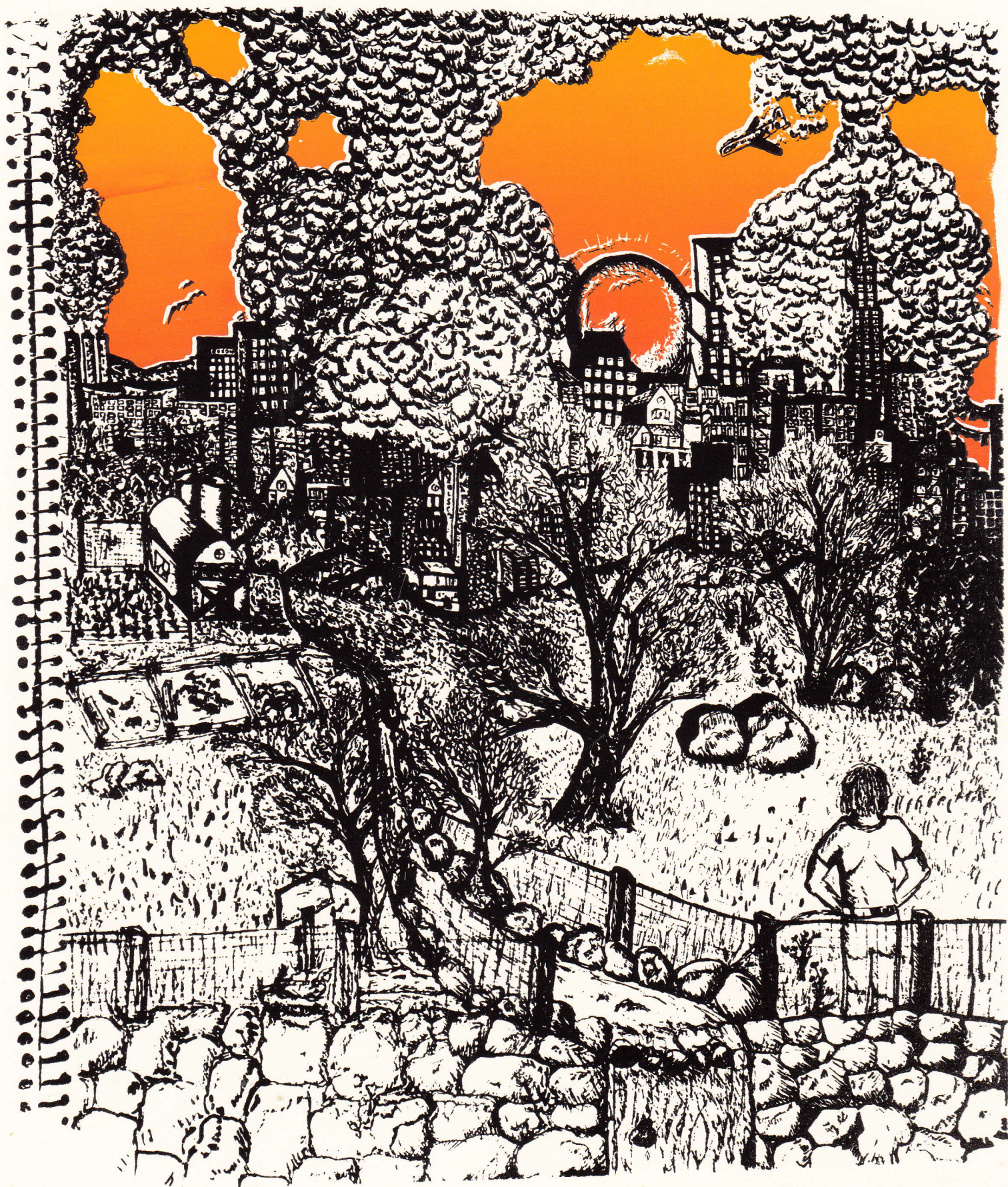
We tried to please all kinds of Beatles fans, with selections as diverse as "Helter Skelter," "I Will," and "Yellow Submarine." Some of the songs were familiar, but there were almost no songs that everyone knew. With the help of Mike and fellow Pepperheads, newcomers like myself learned the songs easily.

I'm sure everyone who participated in Sgt. Pepper enjoyed it. I certainly did!

Jennifer Fleissner



Act 3 * Fine Arts



Rehove 79

SWIRLS OF WHITE

The sky fades,
and I begin to run.
The wind lifts.
I watch the leaves fall
burying the leftover grass
from the summer before.
The tail of a bird gradually vanishes.
The storm is coming,
I run faster.
The roofs of houses point at the sky.

Rain rolls down my face,
spilling off my chin.
I am alone and frightened.
Tears mix with the rain--
I taste salt.
Finally reaching my house
I slam the door.
On the inside the window is misty.
I run my finger along the dampness, to see out:
The rain falls through the trees
and washes up at the bottom of the hill.
The storm is here.

I slowly pour milk
into my cup of black coffee.
Swirls of white
sink in and out
dyeing everything light brown.
Across the room, the drizzle
sprays in through the screen.
The angry drops are dying,
the storm is moving.

The sun rounds the corner of a cloud.
I am not afraid anymore,
I run out the door.
Birds come back.
The roofs of houses are still there, waiting.

Nina Schafer

POEM

a small boy sits on the doorstep
of an old building
its grey wood splintering
his hair shimmering
in the threads of sunlight
allowed to weave themselves through
the cracks in the smoke-filled sky

he plays a game of marbles
disregarding the sidewalks
of paper and cans,
closing out the wailings
of cars and people

the smell of grime lying thick in the air
goes unnoticed
but still he is vulnerable
to all he tries to ignore

the curtain of death slowly pervades
the aged buildings
coming nearer and nearer...
able to corrupt
even the secluded world
of a child

Laura Duberstein

AUGUST BUNK

Closets stand quiet
their hangers, dressless.
limp duffles are fed,
sit fat in the hallway.
Piles are removed leaving
shelves vulnerable for a web.
Striped squeaky mattresses
lie depressed
on rusty springs.
Pillows are stacked,
damp from last night's tears.
A breeze slides through a hollow room
as dust drifts to bureau and floor.
Summer tapers as
the family car drives onto the highway.

Abigail Pogrebin

DAY

A ball of light
Coasts the mountains,
Brushes the water,
Rises, heat-spreading.

Yellow erupts in the air
Snowflakes of light rain down.

Grey balls of clouds
Settle the waning horizon.
A ruby pancake falls
Into an ocean, pink

Weaving an orange wake.

Jennifer Fleissner

OCEAN

ripples
in a silver blanket

white electric bananas shoot over
spraying snowflakes
as they take their swim.

miniscule fish glide
leaving an invisible trail.

Jennifer Fleissner

NOT BEFORE DINNER TIME

hands
sneak along the ridges
of the cupboard
like snakes

child removes the forbidden candy
chews and swallows
this secret is hidden
in folds of the stomach

the mother reaches for a weapon
her tough fingers on
the hard paddle

she smacks down
a red mark like a new sun
appears on her daughter's skin
the child cries

forbidden
she rushes to her room
wanting to get away
from the stinging punishment

still crying.

Jennifer Fleissner

THE CAT

Every morning,
a gigantic orange cat climbs quietly,
lighting the dark sky as she ascends.

Once she has reached the top,
the cat stretches out,
grooming her blazing fur and purring warmly.

By midday,
the cat lies across the sky,
showering bright heat.

When a cloud floats by,
the cat plays hide and seek-- hiding
and sometimes peeping through one fiery eye.

Late afternoon,
the cat curls up in a ball and sleeps,
slowly drifting down.

She wakes up and drowsily slips behind the day
as a silent gray cat slides in.

Liz Berger



beginning of spring

sparks of emerald
dot the flagging lengths
of dusty brown
covering them
with a spun-sugar ceiling

the gentle transformation
from a hard pink ball
to a lacy red rose

the yellow cookie
in the sky
populates the ground
with stalks of candy

crumbs fall as sunshine.

Jennifer Fleissner

anger

The leaves howl.
Rocks bury themselves in the ground--
Branches dance wildly
pushed by little men running through
the air.

Plants skyrocket, afraid
of anger shooting down
in the shape of lightning.

The sun runs away.
Leaves speak sad thoughts
of death and murder.
Trees frown at angry clouds.
The house floating on water, sinks.

Saul Streit

FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

Leaves silently arguing.
The sun speaks some warmth
Over the farmer's fields.

A hyperactive hammock
Waits for its master.

Angry clouds scare the sun.
Paint runs away from cans.

The ten years a book has been alive
Makes it sick and tired.
The book releases his pages.
Day begins.

A particle of dust breaks its leg.

Saul Streit

POEM

Rat-tat-rat.

One soldier fights,
The bullet-proof vest
Keeps his heart alive.

A mine explodes;
He falls motionless.

Strange, isn't it?

Hit in his head.

Henry Adler

SOB STORY

Lois Ettinger

Little Miss Ladybug
with her red and black coat
has eyes for Sir Inchworm
who sails green leaf boats

As she brushes her lashes
and dabs on the rouge
she thinks of Sir Inchworm,
his muscles so huge

Coming out of her house
she looks left and right
and sees that her man
is just in clear sight

At the end of the lane
Sir Inchworm was waiting
for his mistress, Lady Moth,
would be coming and staying

When Lady Moth arrived
she was greeted with a smile,
she smiled back an open mouth
he tasted like a tile

Sir Inchworm had a funeral
Miss Ladybug was there
crying for her love—
they never were a pair

APPEARANCES

I saw her in the city
She walked carefully
With the cool grace
Of the rich
Her long hair
Like a field of grain
Dancing to the tune of a summer's breeze,
Was the color of just ripe corn
Her deep blue eyes
Were big and wide
And seemed
Like a child's
To marvel at the world
In its beauty
And harshness
Something in a store window
Caught my eye
And when I turned back
She had disappeared
As though
She had never really existed.

I saw a picture in the paper today
And recognized the eyes
So big and gentle
The caption
Said she had been killed
In a cheap motel
On the other side of the city.

Marcy Berger

October Morn

I walked down to the lake
with my stick and worm.
The clouds had just spread aside,
leaving cracks for the sun.
It was morning.
Morning.
Freshly moist.
The outline of objects, so defined.
Everything vibrant
yet still a lying quiet.
Last night's dew still remained
on the blades and in the air.
I wanted to eat the day,
washing it down with rain water.
I reached the lake.
A blanket, yet not as dull:
it shimmered.
The breeze let it laugh.
The sun reflecting.
My worm broke the silence of the water.
Sending ripples
Of morning.
I sat down on a rock
surrounded by pebbles itching to be skipped.

Leaves swallowed my feet
as I pulled out the fish.
My fish.
All mine.
I let it go then.
Watched it wriggle away.
I walked home,
stick in hand.

Robin Pogrebin

MYSTERIOUS MOUNDS

One day, lying beneath a sky of melted blue on a length of green-I was attacked. The creatures advanced from all sides, their ugly little bodies swarming over exposed parts.

HELP! I hollered, but it was useless. Grabbing a nearby stick I rained vicious blows

on the creatures, giving myself many good whacks in the process, but still they came.

Jumping up I ran screaming to the waterhose where I promptly drowned my attackers in a blast of cold water. Back on the lawn to collect my stuff, I stopped by a cluster of flattened sand mounds. Bending closer I caught sight of a forlorn ant swimming its way out. Hmmm, I don't remember seeing those here. I stooped to pick up my suntan lotion standing next to the sand.

Karen Weiss

till at ninety...

She woke with the sun,
twas her family's style.
Her mouth in the mirror,
was wearing a smile.
After freshening up,
and making her bed,
she went down to the table,
and sat at the head.
She ate and she ate,
till her tummy was done.
Then kissed all her family,
each on the thumb.
The schoolbus honked sharp,
her face lit up and glowed.
She ran out in her dress,
and her underpants showed.
And so went her weekday,
so neat, cool, and clean.
The child never tired
of her daily routing.
The years kept on going,
one after two.
Till at ninety she died,
and her life was quite through.

Robin Pogrebin

GATEWAY

the doors to the shop:

drawing the line
of contrast
between the manmade
and the natural

between the inevitable pressure
almost synonymous with
the nature of the shop,
and the tranquilizing air of nature
a step beyond

between the automatic
monotonous machines
with their flaws,
and the unpredictable
natural surroundings
on the other side

between those poor slaves
of pseudo-stimulating
nonoriginal
allegedly industrious
grey monsters,
to the ever changing
spell of color,
the image of nature
itself

yes, the doors
which serve both the building
and the outside world,
two of the most imposing aspects
of our contemporary world--
the gateway,
itself refined wood,
stolen from nature

Daniel Kopel

GETTING UP

The sun's arms pry
his sleeping eyes.

He turns over, groaning, and drifts--
the sun massaging his back and neck.

The clock, angry at the sun's incompetence
screams, and the man begins to wake up.
The clock smiles.

He drags his feet from under the blanket
and lets them fall

into slippers.

They obediently shuffle him
into the bathroom.

Karen Weiss

friends (to karen)

Someone to talk to

to confide in

Someone to think with

to walk with in silence

Someone to call up

to share the latest gossip with

Someone to tell your woes to

to talk of foes and lovers

Someone to call my friend

to know inside and out

her faults and attributes

Nothing more to say but

nothing is more special than a friend

Bruce Edelstein

Ego

Self-confident, cocky

Smirk on your face

Male chauvinist or feminist

Everyone's boss

In your mind only

Insecurity inside

Quivering jellyfish

Macho, arrogant as a peacock

Ready to defend himself

At the snap of a twig

You're as wrapped up in yourself

As a blueberry blintz

by Steve Hartstein

NIGHT FIGURES

The summer evening is as dark
as it's going to get,
yet not very dark.
The air is sticky,
heavy enough to hold.

The grass is endless,
but sits me down here
where I see picture postcards.
The winking stars

centuries away, calling my name,
keep me company as I count them.
The trees, scenic in the daylight,
grow eyes and ears at night.

Others confer on the likeness of dinner,
without as much to do as I.
I see with my ears,
and barefoot feet.

Tonight the dark has picked me
to notice its smile,
to hear stars sing me some sounds.
Tomorrow

They may just be night figures
that won't tempt me at all.
I'll walk right past them,
not listening to their words,
and pass the time of day with a chair.

Diane Debrovner

Ante Meridian

The black trees turn blue.

Star pieces

slip between sky.

I push the covers to my feet
and climb into overalls.

Wet grass stains my boots.

I stroll up the mountain
past dark windows.

Crickets keep the morning's beat

as an egg crawls over the trees
and cracks on a cloud
yoking the sky.

Abigail Pogrebin

Looking Back

I sit here, outside my bunk,
on this cool, beautiful summer evening,
taking in the color, movement and fullness of the trees.
On looking back at my year,

I see the sad times,
but mostly fun and happiness:
like when we took a cab to Adventureland.
my friends taught me many things,
but I learned most from my own world and actions
how to deal and relate with others,
how to give a little more
and live a better life.

Deborah Fortinsky

Untitled

I stood alone

among many people.

Out of fear they withdrew,

although they were my so-called "friends."

As I was pushed,

they stared.

As I was shoved,

they glared.

These?

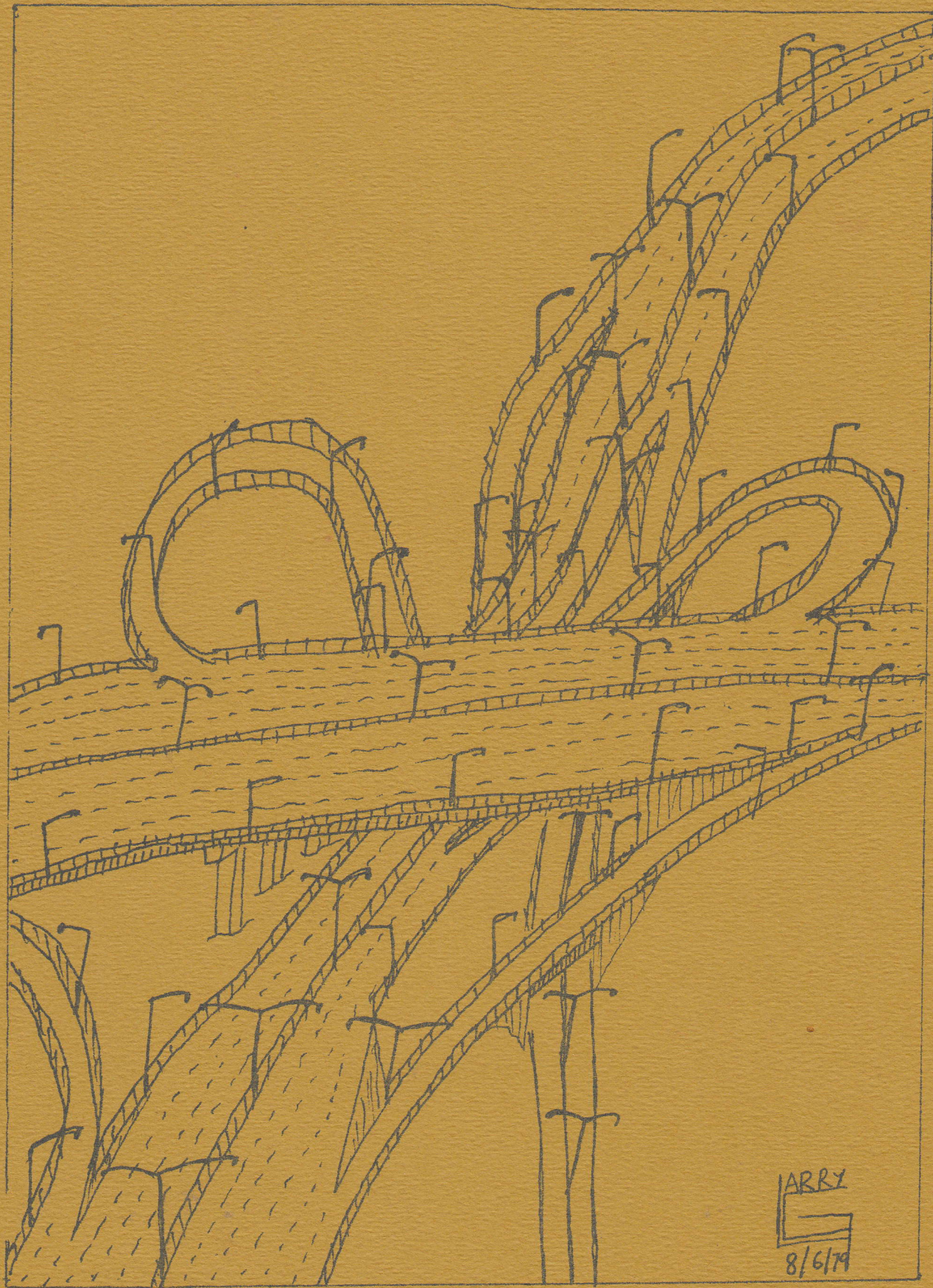
my friends?

I stand alone!

Deborah Fortinsky

Sometimes,
I dream I'm in a land
far far away
just on a beach
all by myself
looking at the stars
late at night
with the noise of the ocean,
and me relaxed
comfortable, safe,
secure, alone,
at peace with the world.

Michael Schrank



SOLE SURVIVOR--GALAXY

"Of course I'm interested in the future--after all, I'm going to spend the rest of my life there."

--Ray Bradbury

I woke up to find that the Earth wasn't there anymore. I flew into a panic--God, did I panic! At first I thought that my station had gone out of orbit, but then I got a glimpse of Mars, Venus, Mercury, and so on. But where was Earth? It was just too much to conceive: the Earth wasn't there.

I couldn't think about anything. My mind was clouded. I was in shock. My family, friends--not there. There was no one to speak to, alone in space. Trying to contact other ships was useless. I was aboard Earth's only manned space vessel. All others were automated. I'd never been afraid of being alone--until now.

When I started to come to my senses, I wanted to know exactly what had happened--even though the answer was apparent to me. Since the end of the twentieth century humans had built up their nuclear stockpiles, and now this was the result everyone had feared and somehow expected. Human beings had finally destroyed everything they had worked for.

I know I was alone--permanently. But I really couldn't comprehend it. I prayed as I had never done before, to a God who had no mercy. Why did this happen? I broke down and cried for hours on end. I tried so desperately not to think of home, but that was all in vain. What could I do? I had been alone in this great hulk of a space station in artificial sleep for years. I didn't even know when it had happened. I couldn't bear to look at the videotape machine that had been filming the Earth, because of what I'd see. No one wants to see pictures of their home being blown up.

I finally got up the courage to ask the computer a few simple questions: What's the date, do I have enough food, etc. The date, as it turned out, was January 1, 2076. The computer had malfunctioned and I had been awakened twenty years late. I had been asleep for forty years! It could have happened anywhere in that time. I then asked the computer the big question: "When did it happen?" The computer answered: "PLANET EARTH TERMINATED BY NUCLEAR EXPLOSIONS 25 APRIL 2049." The Earth had been gone for thirty-three years.

That was the point I thought about killing myself. It was a strong feeling, but I just couldn't do it. There was a certain expectation of being saved running around in my head. It is amazing what hope does. Would I be saved? I had to stick around and see.

Again I started thinking about Earth. Billions of years blown away by mankind's stupidity. I was never to see the sky or blue water or a terran sunset again. Such precious things lost in one explosion. The works of Cervantes, Michelangelo, Mozart and everybody else were lost. It was the human race's final error. It figured. The last existing literature in the universe was a series of technical manuals and a cheap paperback mystery. So much for Shakespeare and Tolstoy. No record of culture was left...unless I made one.

So now I had a purpose in life: to make a final record of mankind. I remembered that the computer on board had a virtually limitless memory bank, so I could keep going on and on about the Earth's history, art, politics, sex--there was enough knowledge of all those, and huge amounts more, that the computer occasionally shut down due to overloaded circuits.

Programming the computer became an obsession with me. I didn't even bother to stop to eat. The only thing I fed was the computer. I programmed everything from King Tut to Waterloo to Watergate; dinosaurs to moonshots; the birth of a planet to the death of one.

This task kept my mind away from memories--and insanity. All this was done in the hope that some being would be able to use the information someday. I still feed in enormous amounts of material every day.

Food and water are no problem--I have enough to last me for a hundred years. It was the only time NASA didn't lack insight.

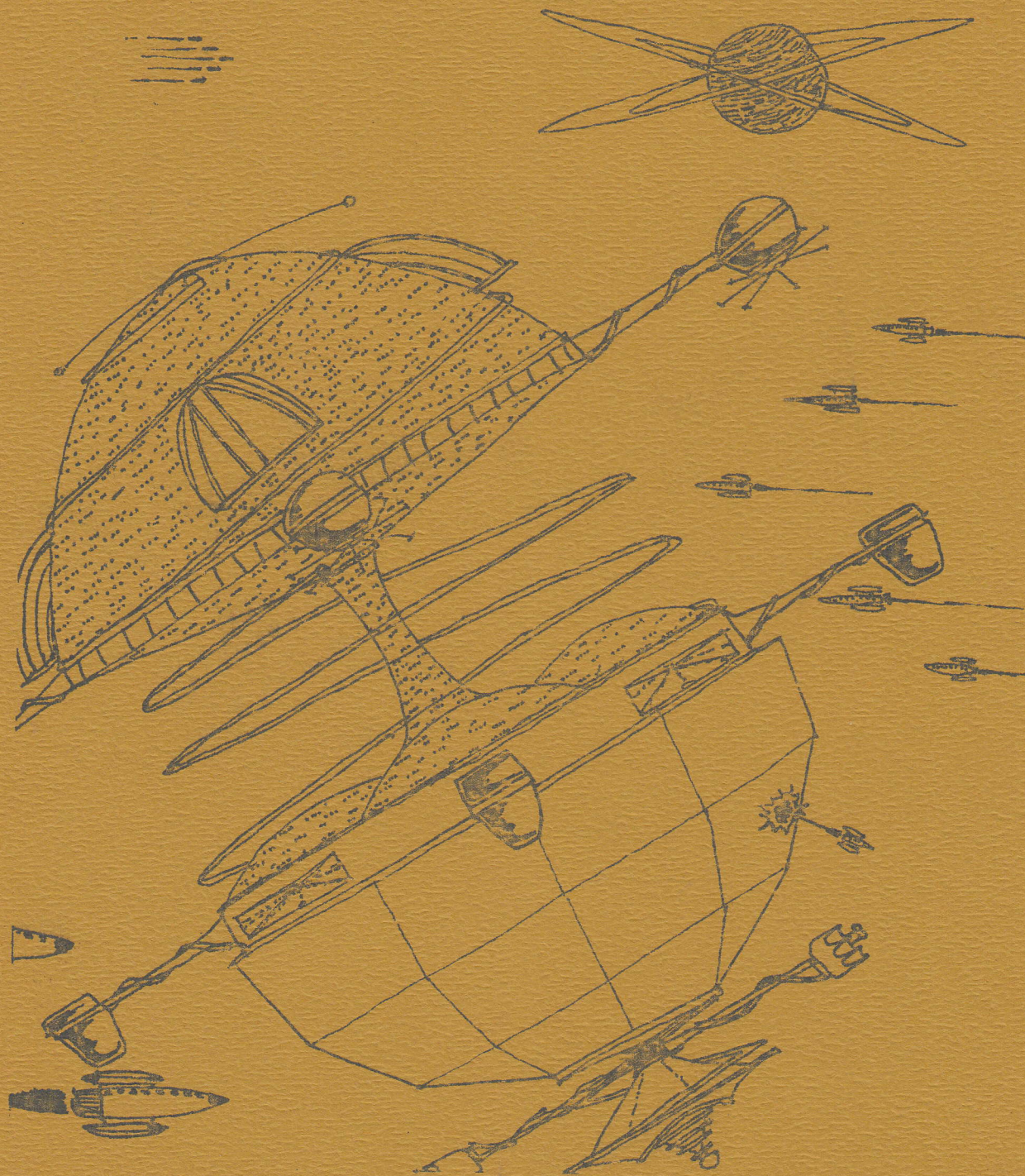
I've also started another hobby--writing fiction. It's part of my new philosophy: Pack in as much as you can today--don't worry about yesterday or tomorrow. It's the best way I can live my life.

I am the sole survivor.

Steve Hartstein

I AM THE SOLE SURVIVOR.





This bloody biography is about Betty B. Brewster the banker. But before I begin, a bit of warning to bankers - Beware!

One day Betty was beginning to get bored with the bar business. She bribed the boss to bring beer to the bank where Betty's buddy Barbara B. Bingham worked busily. Betty bargained with Barbara to barter the bank for the bar. They agreed, and begged the bar boss, Bill Benjamin, and the boss at the bank, Bobby B. Bernard. They asked if it was a bit of a bother. The bosses said it would be a big bother, but Betty and Barbara could barter the business any day.

Betty couldn't believe it, and was having trouble breathing because she was suffering from a bad case of bronchitis. Because of the bronchitis Betty died and was buried in the best cemetery in the Bronx. Betty's cousin Bixby brought begonias to Betty's burial.

Barbara could barely believe Betty was dead. Betty had never said anything about having bronchitis. As for Big Butch the bully, he became a blackmailer, and did banking only as a hobby.

From Mrs. Florence J. Smithson To Sarah, Perhaps

Mrs. Smithson walked slowly out of her room on the third floor of her mansion. She shook off her maid's offer to help her down the stairs and pulled her yellow terrycloth robe more tightly around her. Once downstairs, she poured herself a cup of coffee with her old but steady hands and sat down at the table. Patting her bouffant hairdo with one hand, she reached across the table for some writing paper, a pen, and an envelope. She pushed up the sleeves of her robe, straightened her glasses and addressed the envelope:

To My Great-Granddaughter
On Her 13th Birthday

She pushed the envelope to one side and began to write on the paper:

Dear Sarah,

I am your great-grandmother and I am going to die today. I have no way of knowing whether your name will be Sarah, or whether, for that matter, you will even be born. I have a feeling your name will be Sarah, though. I hope so. It was my mother's name. Nice woman, my mother. Too worried about what other people thought, though. Never worry about what other people think, Sarah. It's not important.

I am writing this to you for several reasons. First, and perhaps most important, because I like the idea of someone discovering me after I'm dead. It satisfies my ego. And I have a very big ego, my dear--very big, indeed. One needs a great ego to be remarkable. And to be perfectly candid, I am a truly remarkable woman. The second reason I am writing this letter is because I know you are going to be like me. I can feel it. I want you to read this when you are thirteen--this is going to be a very difficult year for you. It was for me. This is the year you are going to have to assert your individuality. It's tough not to be like everyone else. The thing to keep in mind this year, Sarah, is that out of all the girls you know, you are going to be truly remarkable. They aren't. The third reason I am writing this letter is to remind you from where you descend. Always remember where you came from, Sarah.

Mrs. Smithson put down her pen to take a sip of her coffee and collect her thoughts.

I am going to tell you my life story. I am not sure whether I am going to tell this to you because I think it will benefit you or because of my enormous ego. I rather think the latter.

I was born in New York in 1907. I've lived here all my life. I've seen the city grow, Sarah. Remarkable place, New York. The epitome of our failings and the zenith of our accomplishments. Our family was very poor. I'm not going to spend much time on my childhood. That would bore you. At the age of twenty I scandalized my family by marrying a young man of a different religion. Our life together was good. We loved each other very much, had three lovely children, and he made me very rich. There were problems, of course. My parents took years to accept him. And John had a terrible temper. But I loved him, Sarah. We made it work. After twenty-five happy years, John died and I was crushed. But I wasted too much time being crushed. Let that be a lesson to you, dear. Life goes on. It took me three years to get myself together. And I did. I went back to college, got a degree, and became a teacher (although God knows I didn't need the money). That's right, Sarah. At the age of fifty-three, I started a new career. And I was a damn good teacher, too. But they retired me when I was sixty-five. I don't know why. I was brighter and more alert than many of the thirty-year-old teachers. But I didn't let it get to me. Do you know what I did then? I fell in love again. Harry was a wonderful, patient man and we lived together for seven glorious years. He died three months ago. And that is my life.

I told you I was going to die today. I'm ready, Sarah. I'm an old woman. I want to die while I still love life. And now, having written this letter to you, I've given the world something to remember me by. They call me an eccentric old woman, but dammit, I'm a happy one.

Enjoy your life, Sarah. Live it the way you want to. I did.

Your great-grandmother,
Florence

Mrs. Henderson put the letter in the envelope and sealed it. She felt a sudden, searing pain in her chest. Florence J. Smithson died with a smile on her face.

Sarah Florence Smithson was born a year later. The whole family agreed she had her great-grandmother's eyes.

Laurie Gould

dialogue of ideas

--I would like your opinion on something.

--Proceed.

--Is getting to know someone, starting a relationship, and eventually having to say goodbye worth the pain and feelings of regret one sometimes feels?

--I don't know. That is a very personal decision. Some people are willing to become close to someone, knowing very well in advance that they will have to say goodbye, whereas others prefer to avoid situations that force them to make a choice.

--One friend of mine is able to shrug off a close relationship without showing any feelings of disappointment. She will never consider the negative effects that could possibly arise at the end of a relationship.

--You have just been in camp. Think of the different people you have met. Most of them you will never see again. You have become close to some of them and hope to stay that way. Even though you have both agreed that you will keep in touch, are you prepared to face the possibility that this may not happen?

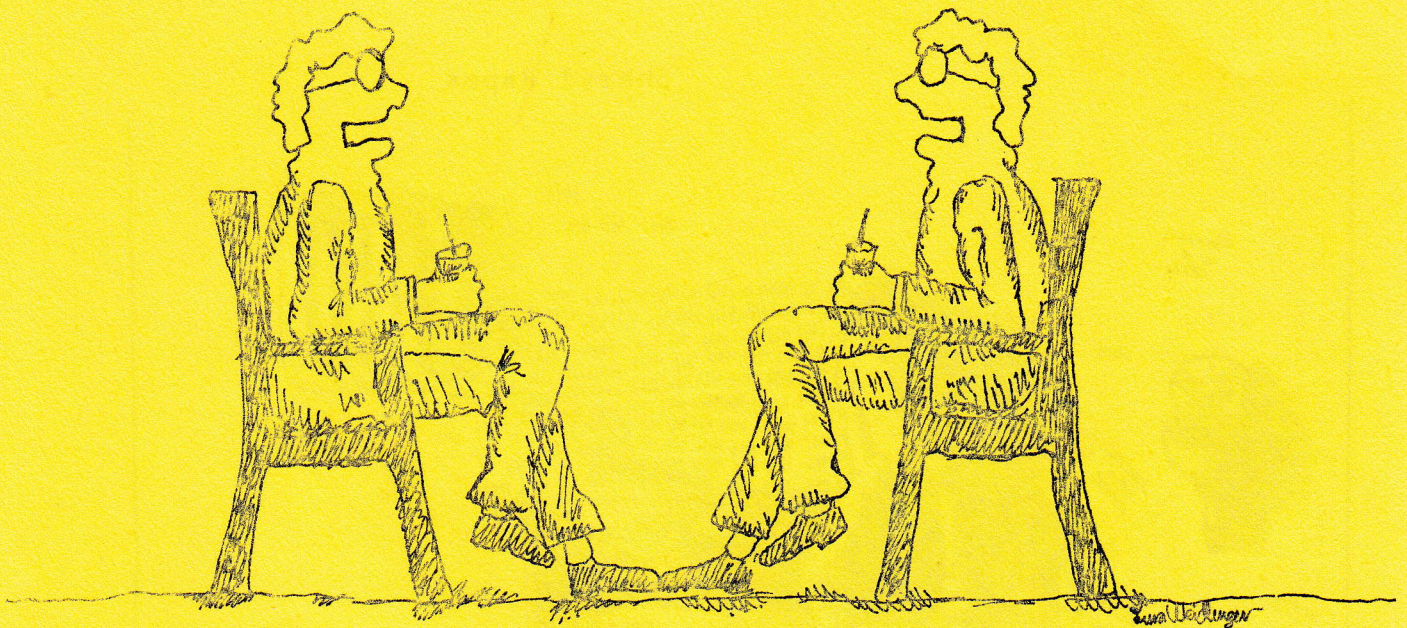
--It is a question I have been contemplating for a long time now. True, I am scared of getting hurt--but I do not want to close myself off from possible friendships for fear that I will at some point be hurt.

--There, you see? You are having a clash of your own ideas--just like two different people can have different ways of looking at the same situation. You say you do not want to get hurt. Yet, you do want to get involved. That leaves you with some difficulties. Now, if you decided to be daring, today you might consider opening up to one of your friends. You could tell them that you are a little worried about the outcome of the relationship. This would help you understand each other's expectations of the relationship. It could also possibly bring you closer together. Do you see that your question does not have a single answer?

--Now I am more confused than ever.

--Life was meant to be confusing. Decisions are a part of life.

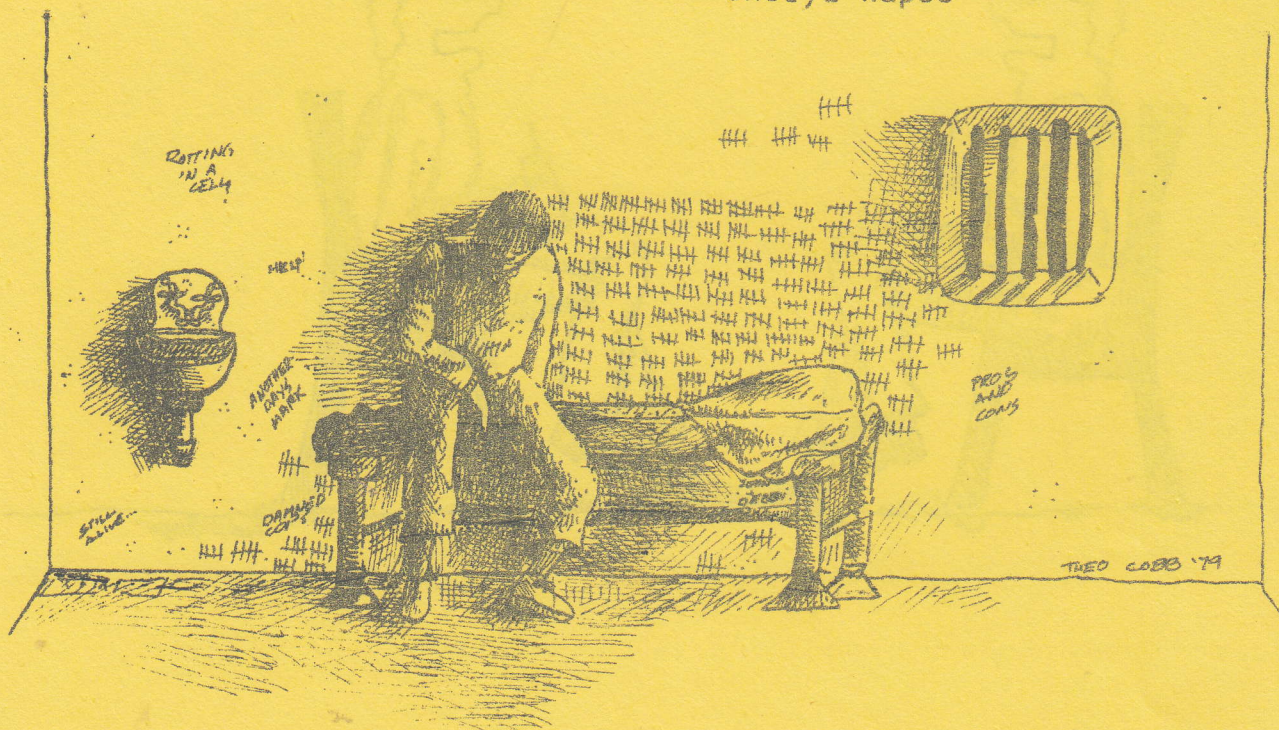
Lina Weidlinger

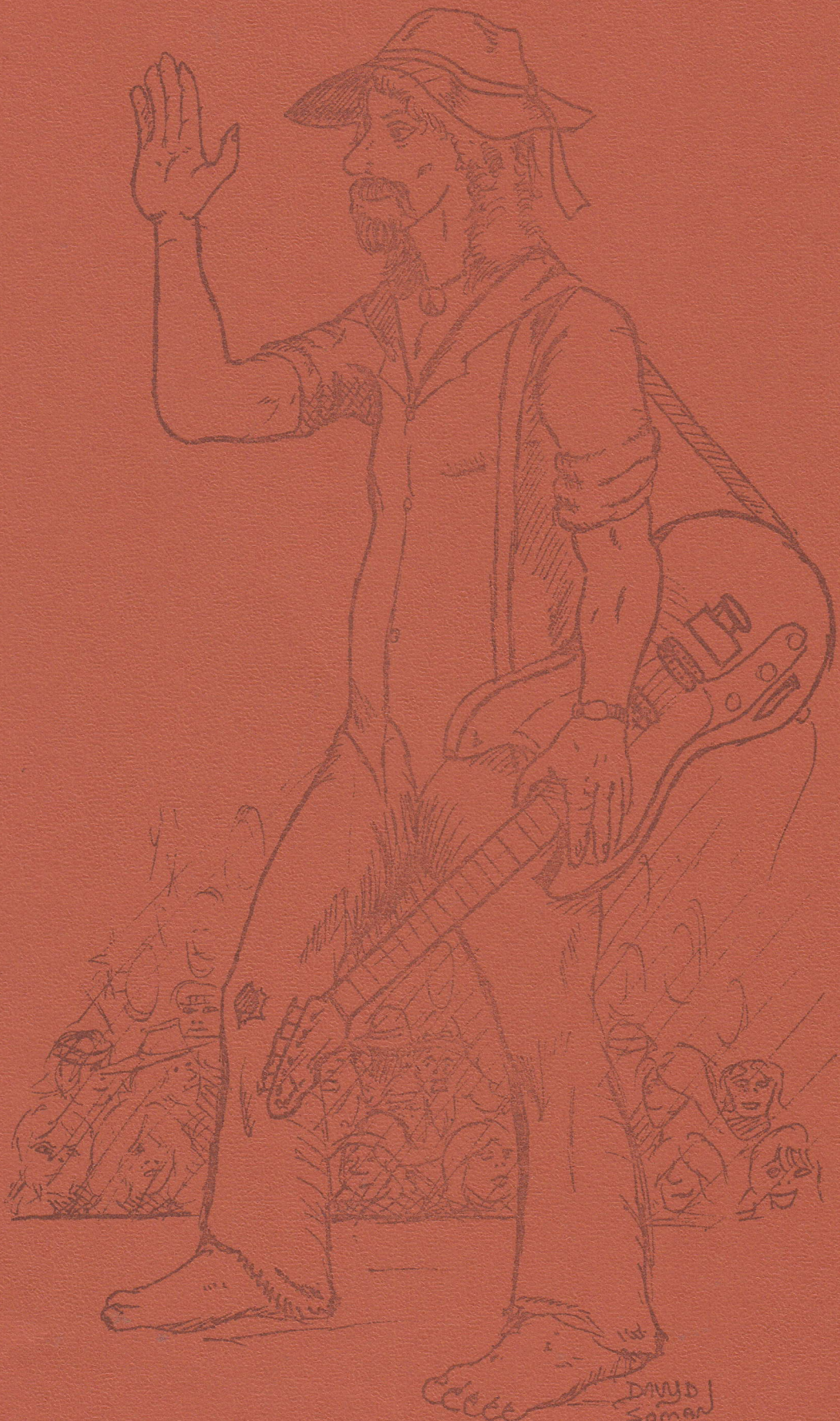


graffiti

The broken stub of pencil with a deadly point on the end defaces the nearly blank stone walls with another day's mark. There were 4015 of these marks on the wall now. Eleven years is a long time. By this time, life was just a mass of waiting to die. About eight years ago I gave up any hope of ever getting out. A life sentence was forever. I guess it's better than capital punishment, though. I'll have a long time to make that decision. Now I think to myself, if I had only run to the left instead of to the right, the damned cops wouldn't have caught me...If I had broken in five minutes earlier, no one would have woken up...but it's too late for that now. The biggest occupation of my time right now is writing out the pros and cons of whether or not I should rot out the rest of my life in a cell or just go to the electric chair. That would be so easy. Just to end it all. Never worry how much longer I would have to sit here and wait for my life to end. But while I'm alive, it's hard to willingly say "end my life" to anyone. So, I sit here in the dank cell day after day, deciding whether or not to end my pain forever. Suddenly, that seems the best idea. I'll call the guard right now and tell him I want to die. No worrying. Everything would be perfect. Except, I'll never be able to think again. All of a sudden, the cons again slip ahead of the pros.

Sheryl Rapee





DEDICATED TO DANNY HOLT.

An Opinion

Nuclear power is the power of tomorrow. It is safe, clean, efficient, and run by professionals who have devoted their lives to it. Nuclear reactors are the safest machines built today. They are equipped with sophisticated, efficient machinery and several backup systems for every function.

Nuclear reactors and the companies that run them provide jobs, much more than solar or wind power can provide.

Though nuclear energy has been considered a controversial issue for many years, a 1977 poll revealed that more than two-thirds of the American people were in favor of it. This poll was taken before the Three Mile Island incident, yet Three Mile Island and the Brown's Ferry incident have been the only major nuclear accidents in the last five years. All the others happened before many of the new safety features were put into effect, and when nuclear power was new.

But now nuclear power is safe. Every nuclear reactor has many controlled features. Each core is a graphite block with control rods stuck through the block at set intervals. The radioactive uranium is put into control rods so that the amount of heat generated can be well controlled.

Water is passed through the hot core to generate steam and to turn electric generators. The Emergency Core Cooling System (E.C.C.S.) was put into every nuclear reactor built from 1970 on, to reduce even further the chance of a meltdown. The E.C.C.S. is yet another example of the efficient safeguards built into nuclear reactors in order to prevent any radiation from contaminating communities nearby a nuclear reactor.

With everyone's bad-mouthing the oil companies and the Federal Government for more gas and lower prices, it would be most advantageous for Americans to resort to nuclear power. Nuclear fuel is cheaper and more abundant than conventional fuels, and just as safe.

Larry Gutterman

ALL IN A DAY

"Marnie, you'd better come down and eat. It's almost 8:30."

"I'm not hungry," Marnie replied. She lay back on her bed and switched off her clock radio, munching a bag of Fritos.

"Sandy, get your sister down here!" Mom looked irritated, and not in the mood for one of Marnie's dumb games.

Sandy swung around on her stool and hollered, "Dummy, get down here now!"

"Shut up, fat slob!" Marnie said.

"Sandy," Mom said, gritting her teeth, "I said to go get Marnie. Even I can yell."

Sighing, Sandy started up the stairs, still eating her bagel.

"Sandy, please don't let that cream cheese fall on the rug," Sandy stood munching in Marnie's doorway.

"Sandy, don't you dare come in here with food. And by the way, how many bagels have you eaten? Ten? Fifteen?"

Sandy chewed and swallowed what was in her mouth and replied: "I can come here any time I damn please. It's my room, too!"

"Not if you're a pig, which you plainly are. Sandy, you really are gross. Wipe that junk off your face."

"Oh, be quiet, you show-off," Sandy said, while reaching for a pair of pants.

"Oh, and by the way, Marnie asked, what happened to those Fritos I had in the bag on my bed this morning?"

Meantime, Sandy patted and tugged until the pants were on. As she zipped up her fly, a loud rrriiip! was heard.

Marnie tried to stifle her laughter by shoving her face under the pillow, but it didn't work. Between giggles she said, "I guess you ate them."

"I hate you!" Sandy cried. As she rushed down the stairs she called behind her, "and I hope you get detention for being late for school."

Sandy arrived at school shortly afterwards. Although in order to escape Marnie's clutches she'd taken a detour via Park Street, she made pretty good time.

Miss Hawthorne, Sandy's fifth grade teacher, soon rounded up her class, which was in the buzzing school yard. The class chatted all the way down the hall. Finally, the group arrived in their room, and took seats. A lot of shuffling and whispering followed, until the class decided to give full attention to Miss Hawthorne.

"Good, I see you've gotten yourselves settled. Now we may begin. Johnny, you lead the pledge please, and Myrtle you--"

Suddenly the principal's voice came over the loudspeaker.

"Please, everyone!" she warned, hysterically. "Nobody move or leave this building! Don't open any windows or doors. There--there is a--a tragedy at the nuclear plant on Three Mile Island. A lot of deadly radiation has escaped. I will keep teachers informed as the reports come in."

As soon as the principal got off, there was a stunned silence, followed by the quick action of some desperate students. On cue, Eva and Betty started screaming, and others soon joined them.

Sandy shivered. What would it feel like to--die? She bit her nails as she ran down the hall.

She just had to get down to Marnie's classroom. Even though the principal had said not to move, she probably wouldn't mind if Sandy quickly rushed down the hall.

Sandy dodged the gaze of the two secretaries in the principal's office. She kept running until she reached Room 28.

"What are you doing in here?" Marnie screamed above the chaos.

"I'm scared," was the reply.

Marnie put her arm around her trembling sister's shoulders.

"Don't worry. You'll be fine."

* * * * *

Evacuation in Hershey, Pennsylvania started early. As soon as the horrifying news spread, frightened parents took their children out of school in order to go south or cross country, to a place where the dreaded radiation wouldn't spread.

But no one came to pick up Marnie and Sandy, and as the day wore on, they wondered what had become of their parents.

As they walked along the street toward home, Marnie said:

"Sandy, stop whining!"

"Why should I stop now? I've been crying all day. We'll never see them again. Never again!"

"Okay! If it makes you feel better. Keep on crying."

As they walked along, Marnie began crying too.

* * * * *

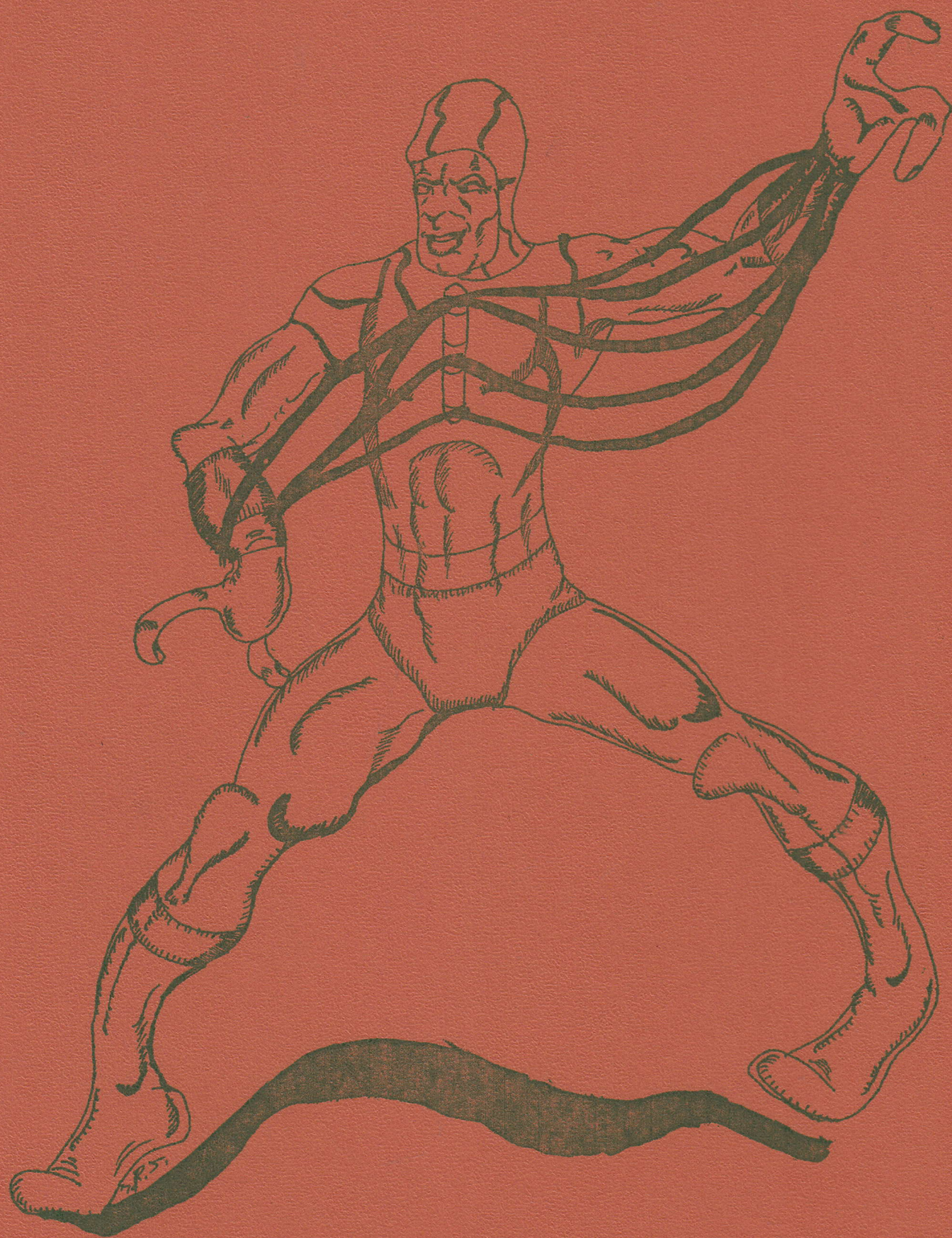
All over the United States, people gossiped about what might have turned out to be a nuclear meltdown. Radio reports were heard continually, each successive one predicting more and more radiation poisoning. The world prepared for a devastating nuclear holocaust.

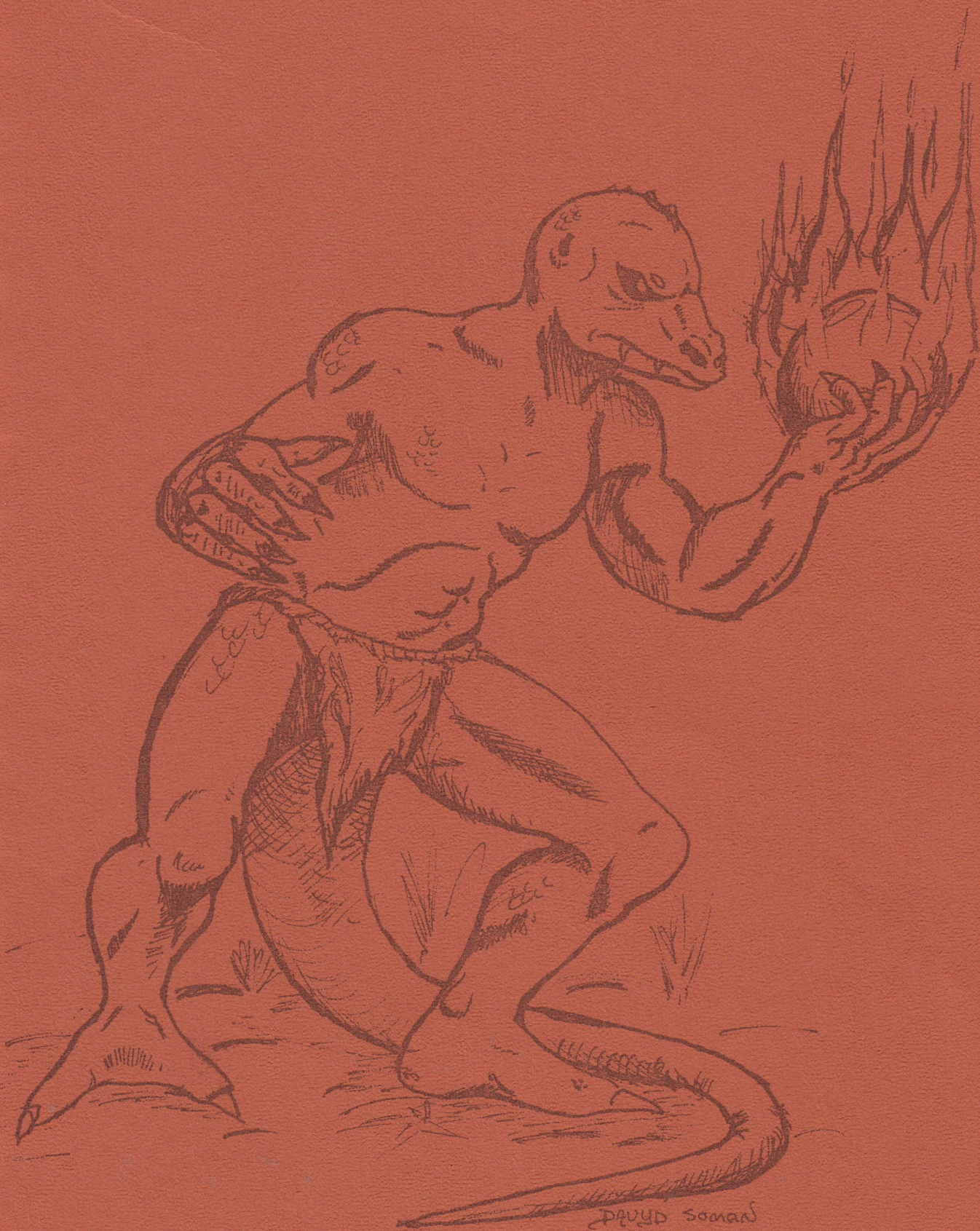
A muddy blue station wagon with Pennsylvania plates drove through Fort Lauderdale. It pulled into a Sunoco Station. While the driver momentarily got out, the two girls in the back seat stretched. The smaller girl sought out her sister's dark blue eyes with a look that seemed to say "For now, at least, it's over."

Suzanne Trott



"HEY FRANK, YOU BETTER QUIT WORKING AT THREE MILE ISLAND."







View of an Ant

A sandstorm was blowing up, but I kept crawling. There was a large, blue plastic thong in which to take refuge. A friend was also seeking haven in the thong. The storm grew worse, and large streams of water began to plummet from the sky. But we had our thong to protect us. The rain also brought feet seeking protection from the wet. Feet that had possession of our thong. We huddled together, acutely aware of what would next occur. The foot rose above us. We had no choice but to remain. Crawling off the thong and into the storm would mean instant death. The foot began to descend upon us. We crouched and prayed, waiting for the moment which would be our last. Suddenly, the foot lifted up and away. Relief filled our tiny bodies. But the reprieve was only granted in order to give the foot time to scratch an itch. It began to lower itself again. Its shadows fell across us. I thought of my home, my brother and sisters, and our newly established friendship with the moth family. All this was worthless to me now. I remembered my childhood and parents. The foot grew closer, now inches away. Suddenly, a resounding crunch echoed throughout the thong. I thought no more.

by Sheryl Rapee





BRACES

The bell rang. Another boring day at school. Marcy Kahn couldn't wait until the day ended. She always looked forward to Fridays, but **this one** was special. Today at 3:30 she was going to get her braces removed.

First period was gym. Ugh! Marcy debated lying to the gym teacher by saying she had hurt her foot. She decided not to. Then things began to go wrong. Her best friend, Katey, was sick and went home. Marcy was hit in the face with a softball. Finally, gym was over. Marcy gathered her things together and headed for science.

After science was lunch. Marcy ate with her friends Wendi, Ginanne, and Mindy. They discussed recent episodes of Saturday Night Live. Mindy did her imitation of Mr. Bill. Then Marcy took the floor.

"Guess what?" she said. "I'm getting my braces taken off today. I've waited five years for this day."

"That's great," Ginanne said enviously.

Just then the bell rang, and everyone scattered. Marcy went to social studies, and got a detention for talking to her friend Lisa. She got out of it by saying she had an appointment with a tutor.

"Whew," she said to herself. "That was a close call."

The rest of the day went surprisingly well. When the bell rang at 3:15, Marcy ran out of school to meet her mother. Her brother, Darren, was also in the car. As Mrs. Kahn sped off to the orthodontist, Marcy and Darren discussed Saturday Night Live. Marcy was telling Darren about Weekend Update.

"And then Roseanne Rosannadanna...."

Their mother slammed on the brakes.

"Damn" she screeched. "I can't concentrate."

"Sorry, Mom," Darren said. Her mother remained silent. Ten minutes later they arrived at Dr. Mouser's office. Marcy led the way to the door.

"Your name," said the receptionist.

"Marcy Kahn," replied Marcy, as she took a seat. Since Darren was reading the latest Mad magazine, Marcy picked up a copy of People. Just as she turned to an article about John Travolta, the receptionist said "The doctor will see you now."

Marcy skipped in, leaving Darren and her mother in the waiting room.



An hour later, Marcy came out grinning. She was followed by Dr. Mouser.

"Your daughter has fine teeth, Mrs. Kahn," said the orthodontist.

"Thank you." Mrs. Kahn took her grinning offspring and herded them out the door.

Marcy couldn't wait to call her friends. The very minute she set foot in the house she dashed to her room. She picked up her Mickey Mouse phone and dialed Katey's number. No answer. None of her other friends were home either.

"Marcy, Marcy!" shouted Mr. Kahn as he came through the front door. Marcy ran to greet him. Of course, she was grinning.

Mrs. Kahn proposed that they celebrate by seeing a movie and going out for dinner. They went to see "Manhattan" and dined at Mama Leone's. They came home at 1:30 A.M., and Marcy slept until 12 noon.

Marcy invited Lisa, Ginanne and Katey to come for dinner, and to stay over. They watched Saturday Night Live. It was the one with Kate Jackson. They decided it was a dull show, so they went to bed.

When her friends had left, Marcy felt bored. Just then her mother came in, saying that Dr. Mouser wanted to recheck her teeth. This time, on the way to the office, Marcy was silent.

"Hello, Marcy, Mrs. Kahn," said Dr. Mouser. He led them into the office and inspected Marcy's teeth. "I'm afraid the braces must go back on," he said. As Marcy groaned, her mother set up an appointment for next week.

When they returned home Marcy went shopping. She noticed a "Braces are Beautiful" T-shirt in a window and decided to buy it.

"Everyone has braces," thought Marcy. "I guess they aren't so bad after all."

Emily Stern



Josh sat in a corner of the playground watching a kickball game. He shaded his eyes from the sun with one hand and clutched his book with the other. Mrs. Simmons approached him.

"Are you sure you don't want to play, Josh? All the other children are having so much fun."

He silently shook his head. Mrs. Simmons decided not to pursue the issue and walked away. There was something strange about that boy. Something very unusual.

Josh watched the retreating red polyester. Mrs. Simmons didn't understand. No one did. Josh himself wasn't sure he did. He was--different. His mother said he would grow up to be something special. His teachers said he was distant. The other kids said he was weird. Josh shrugged and opened his book.

Josh was what many people called brilliant. Whether or not his classmates could give it a name, they sensed his uniqueness and it made them very uncomfortable.

The kickball game broke up and the kids began to look for something else to do. A group of boys formed in the middle of the playground after the wreck of a game of tackle football by Mrs. Simmons. They spotted Josh in the corner. A tall and thin boy, Tony, pointed to him. "Let's go have some fun with Josh," he said. The other boys followed eagerly. Tony always had such fun ideas. You always felt great when you were around Tony.

The boys formed a circle around Josh, who didn't realize they were there until Tony spoke.

"What's the matter, Josh? Why don't you want to play with us?" Josh looked up.

"I think he's scared!" squeaked a small, scrawny boy who was standing next to Tony.

"I think you're right," said Tony. "Josh is scared of us, aren't you, Josh?" Tony signaled to a fat boy who was standing behind Josh. The fat boy grabbed him, hoisting Josh to his feet. His book crashed to the ground. One of the children grabbed it and began to play keep-away. Josh made a futile attempt to get his book back, but the fat boy grabbed him again and turned him around so that he was facing Tony.

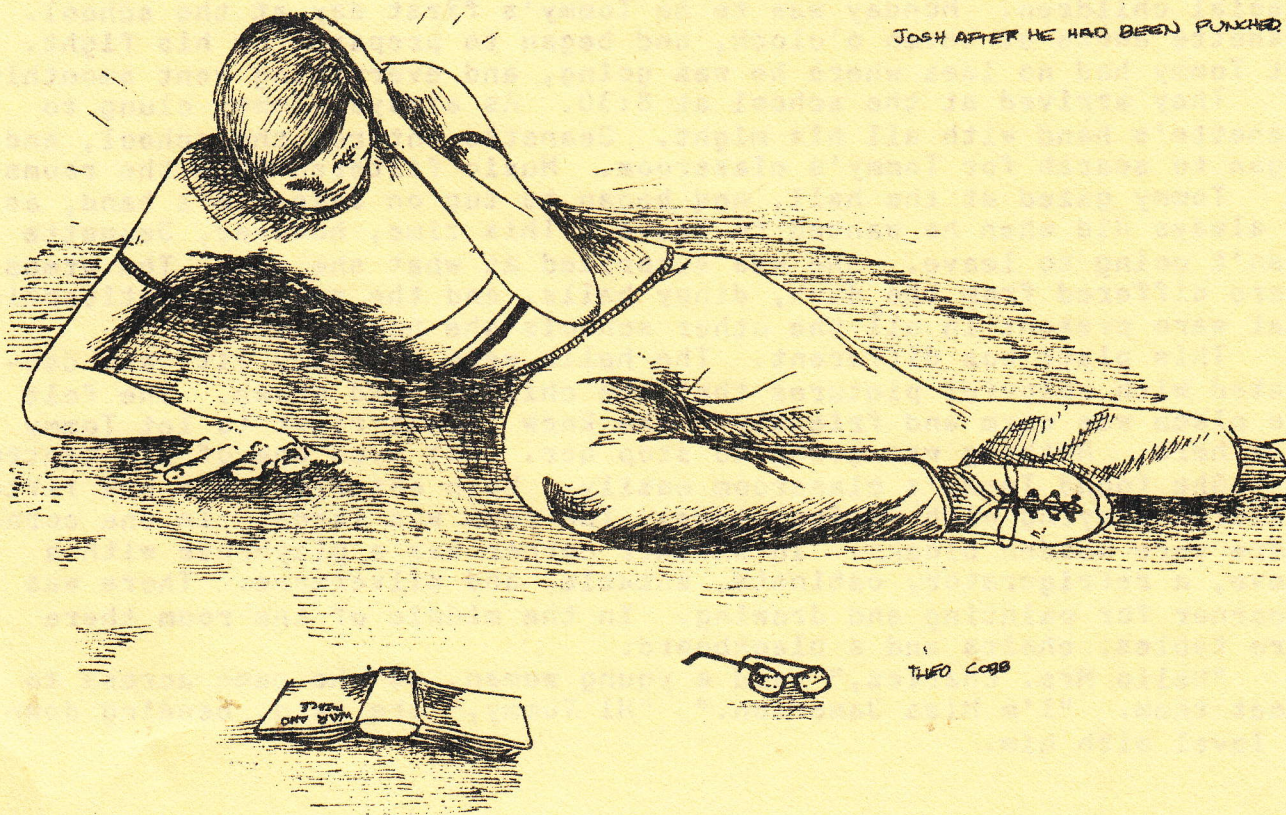
"Yeah, Josh is scared of us, all right." Tony began to shove Josh. By this time, a few giggling little girls had pushed their way into the circle.

"Aren't you scared of us, Josh? Aren't you, Joshie?" Tony shoved Josh harder. He fell backwards onto the fat boy, who pushed him back up. Josh, still half occupied with trying to recover his book, had made little attempt to defend himself. Tony began to get frustrated with Josh's lack of response. He wasn't used to silence in his victims. He shoved Josh still harder and his voice became louder and higher with a note of desperation in it.

"You are scared of us Josh, aren't you?" Josh still remained reticent. Finally driven to an extreme with a strange mixture of frustration and determination to provide entertainment for his friends, Tony drew back his fist and punched Josh as hard as he could. Josh crashed to the ground. When he recovered from the shock of the blow, he groped for his glasses. Finally finding them, he saw Tony being restrained by Mrs. Simmons. Josh broke away from the group and ran into the school building.

Once inside his classroom, Josh reached for his book and realized that it was still outside. He debated going to get it, and rejected the idea. What had gone wrong? Everyone had always told him to ignore people when they bothered him. But it hadn't worked. Why him? Yes, he was different, all right. But why did it have to be him who wasn't like everybody else? Josh ran to the cabinet and grabbed a book. Any book. It hurt too much to think.

Laurie Gould



JOSH AFTER HE HAD BEEN PUNCHED

breakthrough

Jeanette Charles had been told for months by psychologists that Tom was "special," but she still refused to admit it. Tommy was her baby, her little boy. She still loved Robert and Jill, but Tommy was her youngest. Being "past her prime," as she put it, she wasn't about to have any more children.

She had wanted her last child to be perfect in every way. And he was, almost. He had sandy blond hair, and the most exquisite baby blue eyes. His chin had the same firm, determined look as his father's. When Tommy said "no," you couldn't change his mind.

There was another problem. Although he was 6 years old, he hardly spoke at all. He would mutter words like yes, no, Mommy, and Daddy, but that was all. Sue's Bill was a couple of month's older than Tommy, and was already reading. Sue's kid was extremely bright; however, Rob and Jill were babbling on at age 4.

"That does it," she decided. "I can't delay any longer. Tommy's going to...to that school." It still hurt to say the name.

"Tomorrow," she decided. "Tomorrow."

The next morning, over her cigarette and coffee, she picked up the phone and dialed a number.

"Montessori School for Special Children. May I help you?"

"Ah- well- yesss. This is Mrs. Charles and..."

"Yes Mrs. Charles, we were expecting your call. Would you like an appointment?"

"Yes please," she said, almost pleading.

"How about tomorrow at eleven o'clock?"

"Yes. Tomorrow then. Thank you."

Within the week Tom was enrolled in the Montessori School for Special children. Monday was to be Tommy's first day at the school. Jeanette awoke at seven o'clock, and began to prepare for his fight. But Tommy had no idea where he was going, and everything went smoothly.

They arrived at the school at 8:30. As always, Tommy clung to Jeanette's hand with all his might. Jeanette entered the school, and began to search for Tommy's classroom. Music filtered from the rooms.

Tommy gazed at the hall, and began to tug on Jeanette's hand, as he always did when he wanted to leave. This time, however, Jeanette wasn't going to leave. She was surprised at what she saw. The atmosphere differed from the dark, dingy halls, and the smell of antiseptic, that were present in all the other schools she had visited.

This place was different. The halls were brightly lit, and decorated with colorful pictures that the children had drawn. She felt the place was warm and friendly. She knew it was right to let Tommy stay here. Nothing was going to stop her. Not even one of his tantrums.

She found Tommy's classroom easily. Upon entering, she saw fifteen children playing with various toys. The room was large. In one corner there were wooden blocks. In another corner was a playhouse with a stove, a refrigerator, cabinets, a table, and silverware. There was a corner for painting and drawing. In the middle of the room there were tables, chairs and a blackboard.

"Hello Mrs. Charles," said a young woman, as she came across to greet them. "I'm Miss Jamerson." "Hi Tommy," she said, bending down to level with him.

At this point Tommy started to cry hysterically. He then proceeded to go through the stages of a tantrum. His crying turned into shrieking, and soon he was pounding at the floor.

Mrs. Charles began to comfort Tommy, but was stopped by Miss Jammerson. "Please let me handle this." Mrs. Charles began to say something, but was once again stopped by Miss Jammerson. "It would be best if you left us now."

"But my baby needs me," Mrs. Charles cried.

"Mrs. Charles." The tone in Miss Jammerson's voice made Jeanette back off.

Jeanette left the room, followed by the calls of her son. She was so plagued by them that she ran out of the school shaking, and did not calm down until she finished half of her cigarette.

Back in the classroom Miss Jammerson let Tommy scream and pound the floor. As she expected, he eventually stopped and picked up his teddy bear. He then proceeded to look around the room in awe.

"This place isn't bad," he thought to himself, "There are so many things to do."

"Come Tommy, let me show you around." Miss Jammerson stuck out her hand. But Tommy only clutched his bear, and retreated under the table.

Miss Jammerson let out a sigh. He was just like all the others she had seen. She just had to handle it the same way. Today she'd leave him alone, but tomorrow she'd start to work with him.

The next morning the same thing happened. Once again, she dismissed a reluctant Mrs. Charles, and let Tommy have his cry. This time when he finished she took his security, his teddy bear.

Tommy went into hysterics. "All you have to do, Tommy, is say 'Can I have my Teddy bear back?' and I'll return it to you." Tommy just cried louder.

For three weeks Miss Jammerson went through the same routine. If Tommy would just ask for the bear, thought Miss Jammerson, that would be the breakthrough I need. He could learn after that.

One day, while taking away his bear, she heard a faint "No!"

"What?"

"No!" he said more clearly.

"No, what?"

"Me want bear," he said, smilingly.

Suddenly Miss Jammerson started to cry. Tommy didn't know why, but he too started to cry.

A day later, Mrs. Charles received a telephone call.

"Mrs. Charles?"

"Yes," she replied.

"This is Miss Jammerson."

"Ah, yes, Miss Jammerson, what can I do for you?"

"Mrs. Charles, I'm happy to inform you that we're done it, we've made the breakthrough...I should say Tommy's done it!"

Robin Gallant



THE PUBBY'S NIGHTMARE

It was another of those nights of partying until 2:00 A.M. and then heading for the beach. Cold pizza and warm beer settled in my stomach. It was a perfect night for the "Pubby's Nightmare." This was a threat to every publications worker who dared to party. It came to you in the night, when you least expected it. You could be lying in bed after a wild night of concert hopping, and BOOM! it would hit you like an atom bomb. Tonight was going to be one of those nights.

I was lying peacefully in my soft, warm bed, with six blankets piled high on top of me. It was a cold, bitter night. Under my aching head were piled fluffy feathered pillows. Things couldn't have gotten worse. As sleep started to descend upon me, I began to experience sensations.

Instead of my dresser in front of the bed I saw a mammoth Gestetner anxiously waiting for me to attach a black stencil to it. Instantly, the black ink on the silkscreen changed to the color of dried blood. Now, as any pubby knows, it takes at least an hour to do a color change, so I knew right away this was a dream.

That giant Gestetner then opened its huge mouth and swallowed me whole! Well, I had never seen the inside of a Gestetner before, and I hope never to see one again. All those gears and levers turning and moving, bouncing me around like a tennis ball. Suddenly, the paper platform rose, and the feed button went on. Someone very incompetant was operating the machine because the paper began to go through ten sheets at a time.

I then began to panic. Coming straight at me was the worst horror I could imagine. It was a giant slipsheet! First one, then another, then another began to propel itself through that mighty Gestetner.

Slipsheets to the right of me, slipsheets to the left of me, slipsheets, slipsheets, slipsheets! I was helpless. After all, who could fight against the attack of the deadly slipsheets?

I was spit out of the Gestetner and into the collation pile. But by no means were my troubles ended. Led by Mitch Schear, clad only in a slipsheet, the slipsheets were taking over. First they would conquer the Pub Shop, then Buck's Rock, and then the world!

The most enormous slipsheet I had ever encountered came sailing towards me, about to slice me in half. Just as it hit me, I awoke. I was on the floor, almost covered with slipsheets.

Slipsheets. Slipsheets? How did they get into my bunk?

Wait a minute. There are no Gestetners or IBM Selectric typewriters in my bunk. What time is it, anyway? 4:00?!!! I've been working in the Pub Shop since 12:00 noon, and its high time I went to sleep. I slowly hauled myself out of the shop and crawled back to my bed for a nice (peaceful?) sleep. Good night!

Sheryl Rapee



when pubbies speak...

"This shop is utterly insane."
"Where's paper?"
"Saaaandy, proof!"
"Shut up, Kopel!"
"Anyone wanna do a run?"
"Turn up the radio!"
"What are you, on vacation? Let's get going!"
"Where's Debby?"
"Let's go man, let's go!"
"Robin, calm down."
"What time is it?"
"Don't worry Mitch, I'll edit it out."
"You're the production manager, find the tape!"
"I refuse to do a color change!"
"Let's have a staff meeting."
"I'm gonna kill that kid!"
"Is Liz on her hour off again?"
"Someone go get snack."
"Are you J.C.'s colorblind?"
"How do you break up Michelangelo?"
"Stu-art, get it? Ha ha."
"DUMMER!"
"Tacky."
"That's poetic with a capital P."
"Sandy has it."
"Close the door!"
"Hey Hartstein!"
"Oh my God!"
"Where's Danny?"
"Turn that down, some of us are trying to think!"
"Maris, who's cleaning up snack?"
"Check the ink."
"Can you type?"
"Jenny, help us with the editorial."
"Stop flirting and work, Rapée!"
"Give it to a C.I.T."
"Dina, placement."
"Tired?"
"Tony, shut off BBC."
"Slipsheets."
"Portfolio or no portfolio?"
"Start working. We're not here to have fun. We're putting out a yearbook."
"Miiiiitch!"
"Cliché!"

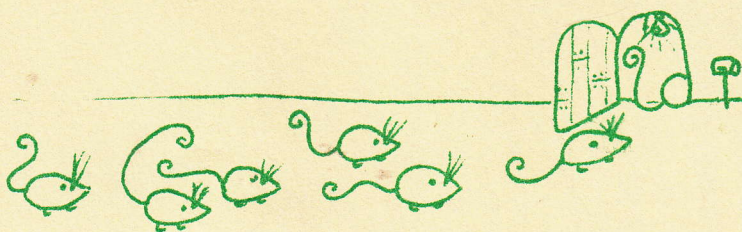
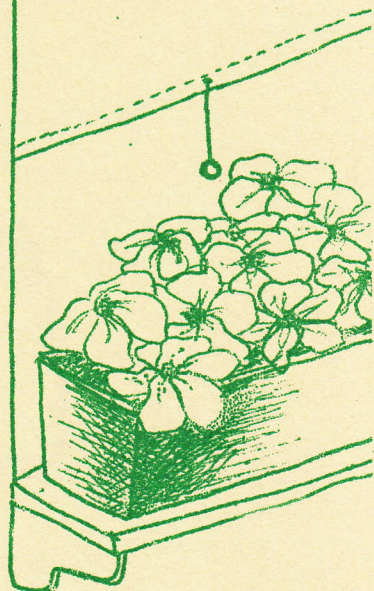
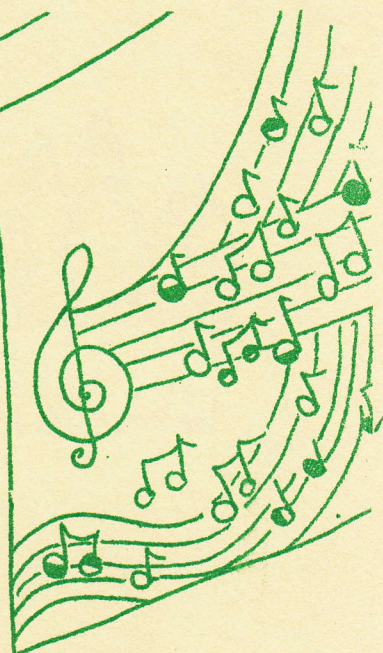
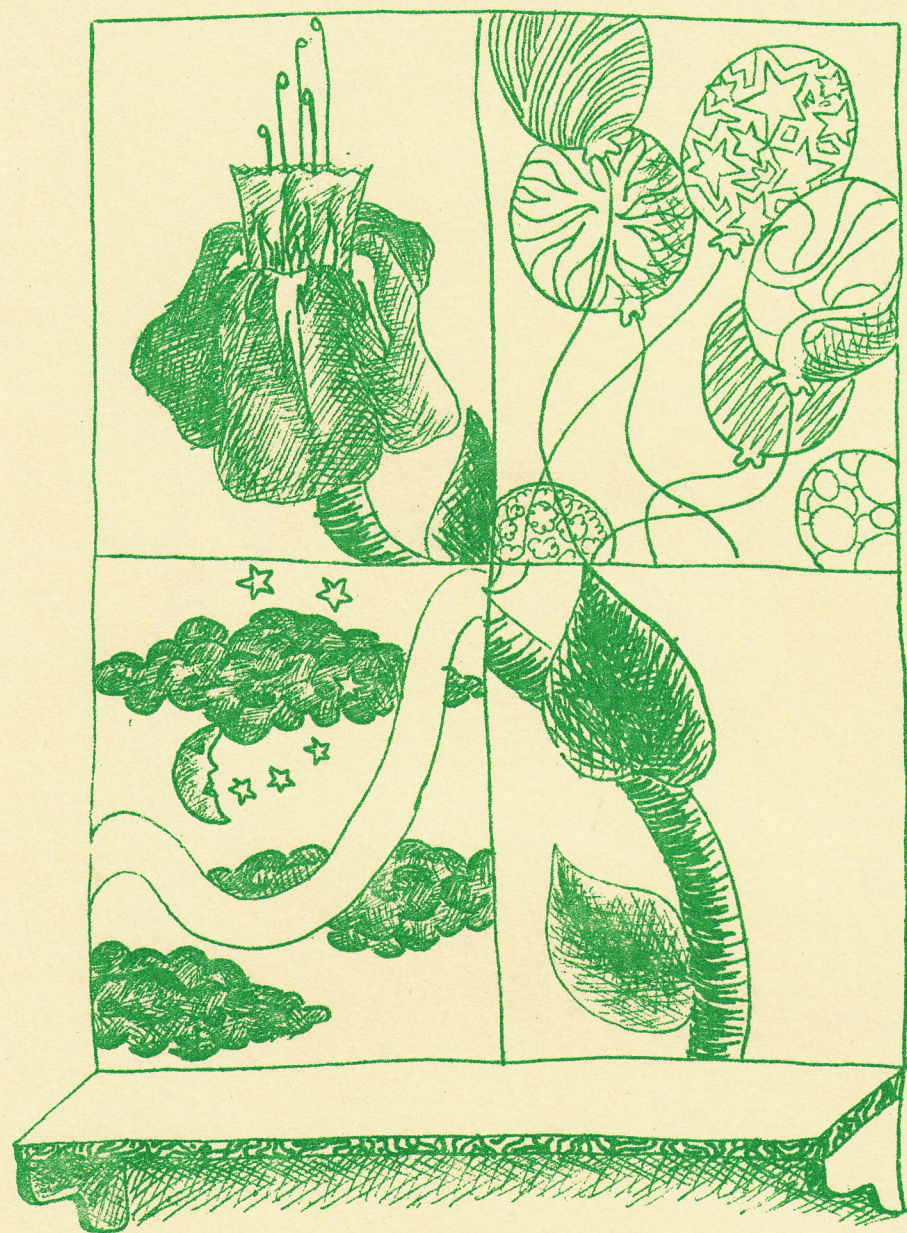
Confessions of a Non-slipsheeteer

Congratulate me! Although I have been at camp for eight weeks, and I have spent many hours at the Pub Shop, I have managed not to "do a run" once. It hasn't been easy. It has meant dodging desperate counselors, making pretenses at being busy elsewhere, and inconspicuously leaving the area when the need for a slipsheeteer arises. I am now an official non-slipsheeteer.

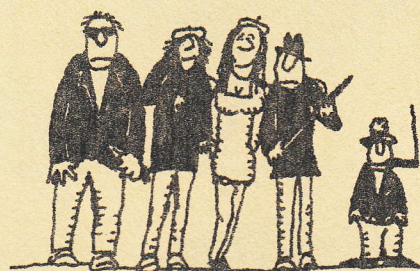
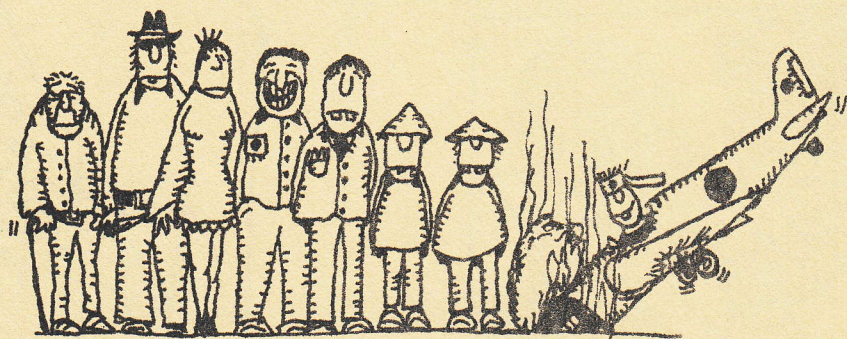
What does my title mean? It means I have experienced the joy of writing for "The General Store" while watching my less fortunate friends slaving over their Gestetners. It means that I have happily typed up my "trends" while other pubbies wearily de-slipsheeted their 500th copy. It means that I have eyed with great pride the stacks of poems printed from "Fingerprints" ready for collation, because I know that I didn't run them off. It means that I can iron "The Midnight Buck" on my T-shirt, knowing that I had no part in the producing of the iron-on.

Being a non-slipsheeteer has enabled me to reap the benefits of the Pub Shop's wonderful literary staff, as well as the shop's atmosphere, without doing any actual work. It has also enabled me to write this article without dwelling for a second on the fantastic people who have worked the Gestetners and produced for us four beautiful magazines and an even more beautiful yearbook. Non-slipsheeting (and writing) for Pub has been a lot of fun, and has given me a tremendous feeling of accomplishment.

Laurie Gould



Giselle Simons

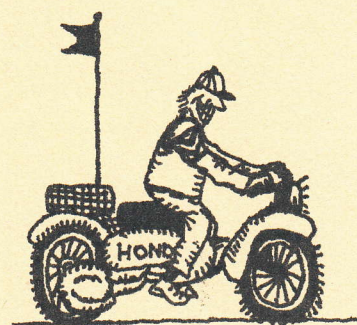
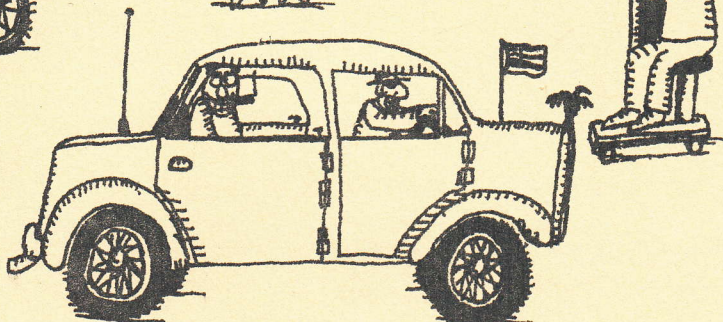
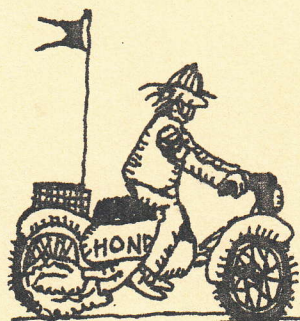
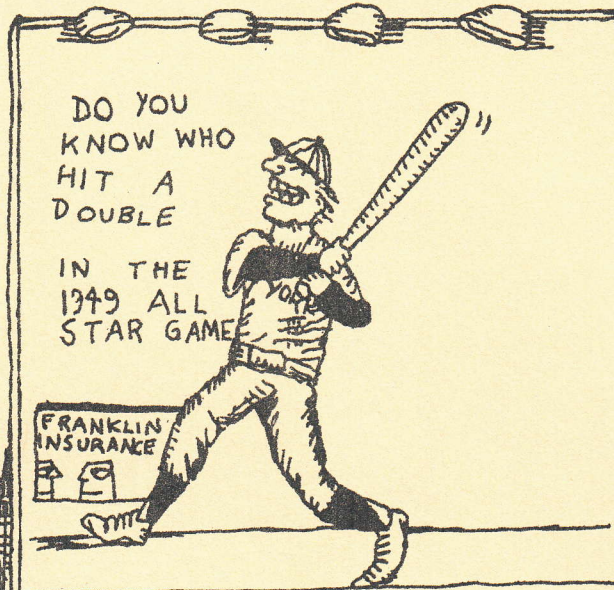




**Ben
Rosenberg**







Harvey the Elephant

and His Friend John



One fine day in the jungle there lived a depressed elephant named Harvey. Harvey was lonely because no one liked him. That same day a little fly landed on his back. He was so overjoyed that he jumped up and down, across, and anyway else he could think of. The fly shouted, "Calm down, calm down! I know you're glad to see someone, but you don't have to do this much!"

Harvey stopped, breathing heavily. He said, "You mad my day. I didn't think anybody would want to associate with me." After he said that he was so overwhelmingly happy he just passed out, with the fly still on his back.

The next morning Harvey awoke and saw the fly resting on his back. "Did you have a nice sleep last night?" he asked.

"Oh yes. I had a very good sleep," said the fly, "and you?"

"Yes, me too," replied Harvey. "And what is your name may I ask?"

"Jonathon. Call me John for short," answered the fly. "And your name?"

"Harvey, Harvey's the name," he replied. They both wandered off into the woods to find some breakfast. Harvey found some delicious fruit and shared it with John.

"This is scrumptious!" said John. "I have never tasted anything better, other than Mom's home cooking of course!"

"I admit it is good food," Harvey replied.

They ate until they were stuffed. Harvey then asked, "What are we going to do now?"

"Let's go for a walk," John replied.

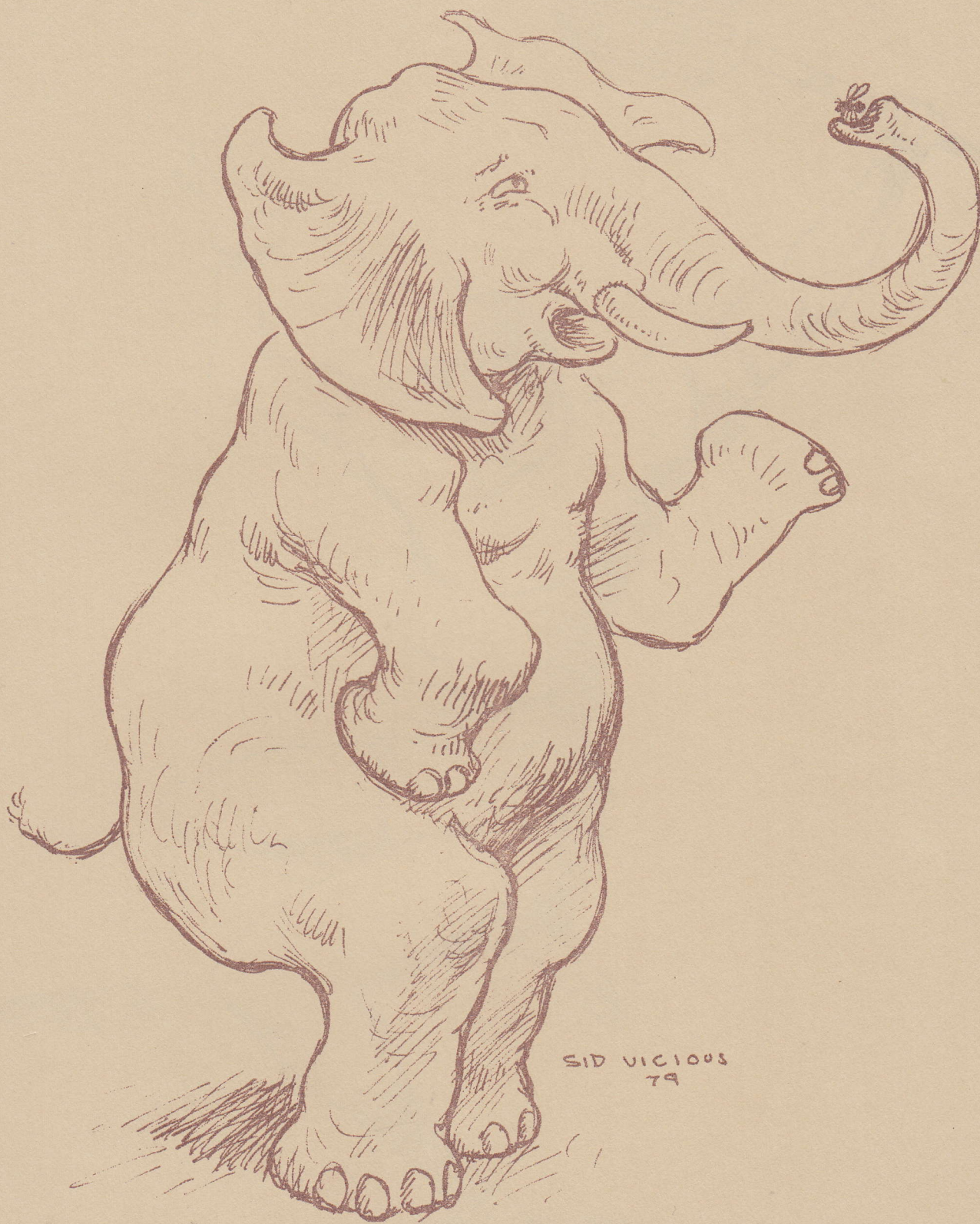
"OK, fine with me," Harvey answered. John flew up on to Harvey's back and they started to wander off into the woods.

After a long walk Harvey became exhausted. The two friends decided to take a nap in the middle of the woods, under an oak tree. While they were napping a boy and his father came along. The boy had never encountered an elephant before, and wanted to get a closer look. As he walked towards Harvey he didn't see John, and accidentally stepped on him. John let out a loud scream.

Harvey jumped up to see what happened. John was dead. Harvey became furious at the boy, and decided to get him. Just before Harvey made a grab for the boy the father reached for a gun. BANG!! Harvey crashed to the ground and lay still.

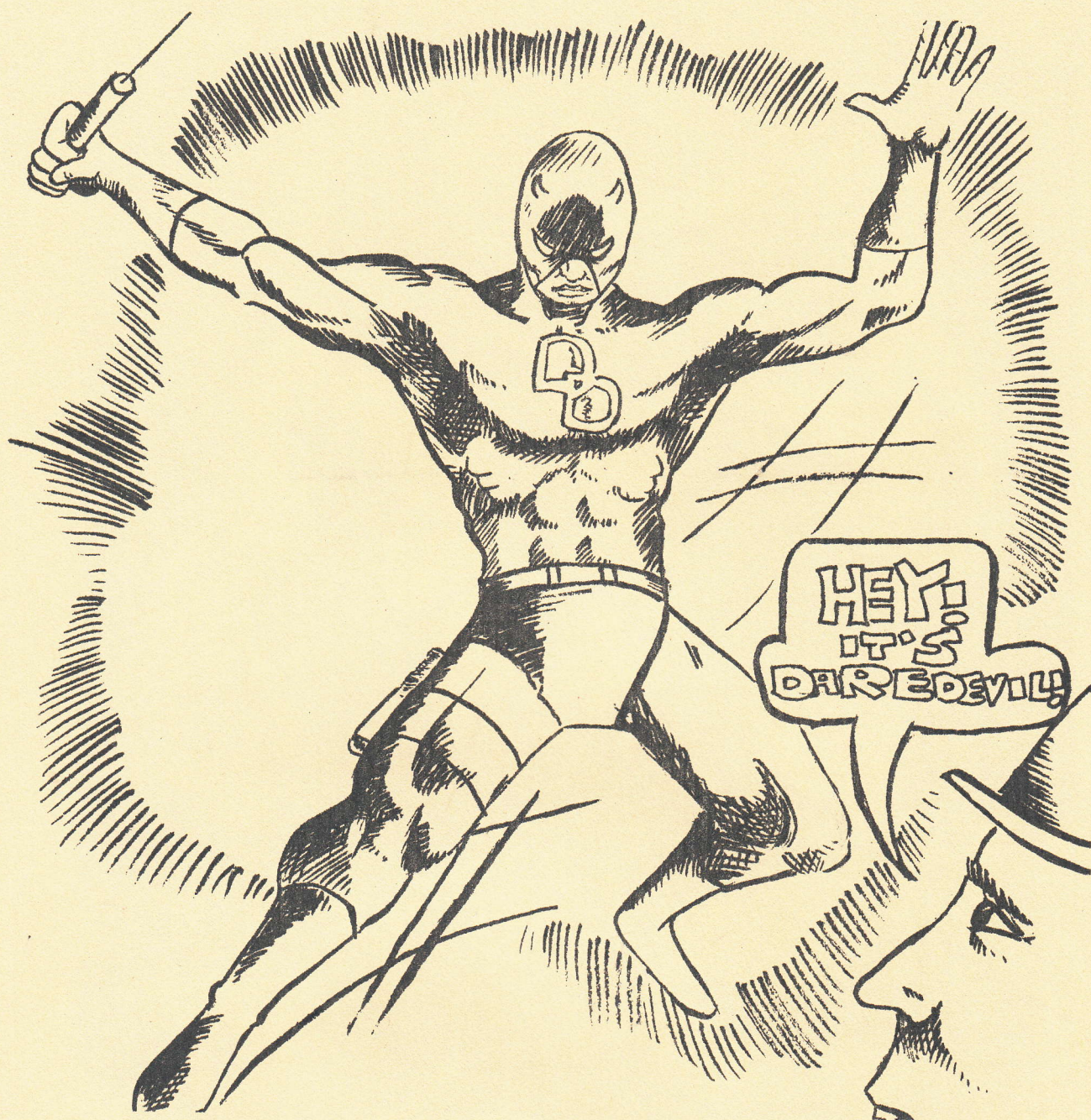
The two friends lay dead, side by side. The boy and his father disappeared into the woods...

Ben Young



SID VICIOUS
79





Theo Cobb

A HUNGRY BARBARIAN
DEDICATED TO MARK DAVIS





A HIGH STANDARD OF LIVING.





WHAT, ME
WORRY.

SELF-PORTRAIT

THE
COBB 79

the shadow

I have been a Shadow fan since last summer, when Charlie Smith, the Print Shop counselor, introduced me to The Shadow's feats. "The Shadow" was a radio program about a man who uses hypnosis to solve crimes that baffle the police. Your parents probably remember this long-running show, which originated during the early 1930's and was on the air until 1954.

For the yearbook, I decided to write a story in the style of Maxwell Grant, creator of "The Shadow." But before I present my story, let me give you the background on The Shadow which was read to the audience before each radio show:

*Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?
The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. Crime does
not pay. The Shadow knows...*

*The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order,
is in reality Lamont Cranston, a wealthy young man
about town. Several years ago, while in the Orient,
Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret...
the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they can-
not see him. Cranston's friend, the lovely Margot
Lane, is the only person who knows who the voice of
the invisible Shadow belongs to.*

Today's story...

...MAX THE CLAW

Suddenly a horrible shriek of alarms was heard within ten blocks of the International Museum of Art in New York City. The first to arrive on the scene was Commissioner Weston. Upon arrival, he blurted out, "Oh my God, the Peruvian Scepter--it's missing!"

"Yes, and apparently some sort of claw ripped through the two foot thick walls," replied Sgt. Johnson.

"Incredible, just incredible," added Commissioner Weston, "but this time I want to solve the case myself, without that Shadow."

That night in his Madison Avenue penthouse, Lamont was sipping coffee after a lavish meal with Margot.

"Look at this," exclaimed Margot. "The newspaper says that the Inca king Axlotl's royal scepter was stolen last night. Some sort of claw-like tool ripped through the safe. Just incredible. The police say that they have it under control. Lamont, do you believe they really have it under control?"

"No, but we'll just have to wait and see what happens before we call out The Shadow."

At the same time, across town in a rundown, rat-ridden warehouse, Max the Claw sat planning his next move. "Now that I have the Peruvian Scepter, I can remove its 102-carat diamond and use it to finance my smuggling ring. But first I must take care of my girl--she knows too much!"

...Later that night, as the clock's chimes were heard throughout the city, a scream issued from the warehouse.

Next morning, at Commissioner Weston's office, the Commissioner was not in a good mood. "I have absolutely no idea who stole the prize scepter. Not only that, but to top it off the museum directors are on my heels. Oh, dammit!"

"Ha ha ha haaa!"

"Who's that?" the Commissioner asked.

"The Shadow."

"Oh, you. What do you want, Shadow?" said the Commissioner with disgust.

"The scepter was stolen by Max Joseph."

"What!"

"You heard me, Commissioner, I said that the scepter was stolen by Max the Claw."

"Impossible!" screamed Weston, "he's dead!"

"Ha ha, that's what you think."

"Come now, Shadow, he was killed in the explosion two years ago."

"No, Commissioner, he escaped it."

"Impossible. How do you know?"

"The Shadow knows. Goodbye."

The following morning, while Lamont was reading the morning papers, he exclaimed, "Another murder. It says here that the victim was reportedly Max the Claw's girl. And no trace of any weapon or any fingerprints were found, just a gash in her chest. And the victim's body was found soaking wet...Why--that gives me an idea!"

Later that night, Lamont drove to the hospital closest to the scene of the crime. After walking in, he asked the head nurse if they had treated any frostbite patients in the past two days.

"Why yes," she answered. "How did you know?"

"That's not important," replied Lamont. "Tell me, did the man have a claw for a left hand?"

Amazed, the nurse responded, "Yes, he did."

"Thank you very much. That's all I wanted to know."

After she was sure he was out of earshot, the nurse mumbled to herself, "That man is weird."

But The Shadow heard: The Shadow hears all...

That night, Lamont sat in his room thinking of his next move, his ring glowing in the dark. After awhile, he made up his mind. He decided to appear as The Shadow in front of Max the Claw. Within minutes, he was at Max Joseph's residence.

"Now that Jane is out of the way, my ring is safe," mused Max.

"Ha ha ha haaa!"

"Who's that?" exclaimed Max.

"The Shadow."

"Impossible, I'm the only one in this room!"

"No, Max, you're wrong. I know that you stole the scepter. Even more, it was you who killed Jane."

"You're right, Shadow, but you'll never get me!!"

Suddenly, Max picked up a bottle of kerosene and poured it all over the room. He then set the room on fire. "I've got you now," he shrieked madly. But suddenly Max tripped and was caught in the flames.

The next morning, Lamont and Margot sat reading the papers.

"And the Peruvian scepter was recovered," Margot remarked, as she finished the article. "Lamont, how did you know that Max murdered Jane?"

"Simple, since there was no trace of a weapon found, and he had frostbite, he killed her with an icicle."

"Why Lamont, that's ingenious!"

...The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows...

Toby Delightish



Act 4*Special Events

TEPID TEMPEST

A fair production of Shakespeare's The Tempest was enjoyed by some and slept through by others on July 18th. Buck's Rock's first trip to Stratford set out at 12:30 p.m. to arrive at Stratford in time for the 2:00 matinee.

The story of The Tempest is full of magic. Prospero, Duke of Milan, is banished by his brother and establishes rule on an enchanted island. Prospero's study of magic enables him to wrest the island from the control of the witch Sycorax and her son Caliban. Caliban and Ariel, a flighty spirit, are held captive by Prospero and his lovely daughter Miranda.

The story opens as Prospero creates a tempest to wreck the ship carrying his former enemies. Refugees from the sinking ship make their way to Prospero's island. Miranda falls in love with Ferdinand, son of Prospero's enemy Alonso, King of Naples. Caliban and two servants of King Alonso plot to kill Prospero, but they are caught and punished. Ariel foils a plan to kill King Alonso, and Ferdinand and Miranda are eventually betrothed. In the end, Prospero mends his wounds with his former enemies, breaks his magical staff, throws his books into the sea, and returns to the world of men.

The reason that some campers may have slept through this production of The Tempest is because of the underacting of the lead role of Prospero, played by Kenneth Haigh. Prospero was meant to come across as wise, powerful, and gracefully majestic. Instead, he came across as dull, conceited, and almost stupid.

There were a couple of bright spots, however. The flighty spirit, Ariel, was portrayed beautifully by Ray Dooley; and Caliban, the deformed servant, was played convincingly by Joe Morton.

After the production was over, Ray Dooley came out to answer any questions the campers had on the production or on acting in general. Mr. Dooley had to perform not only in The Tempest, but in Julius Caesar and Twelfth Night as well. All three productions are presented from June through September this year, so Mr. Dooley had three very demanding roles to fulfill this summer. Ray Dooley surprised many of us when he revealed that he found Shakespearean plays relatively easy to memorize because they were written in rhythmic verse.

Discussing The Tempest and acting as a whole with such a talented person as Ray Dooley proved for many of us to be the highlight of our trip. At the end of the discussion, we concluded the day with an enjoyable picnic on the Stratford lawn before boarding the buses to return to Buck's Rock.

Sheryl Rapee

Harlequinade .. CIT Play 1979

Many plays were performed at Buck's Rock this summer, but in my mind Harlequinade stands out. It was the only play this summer that was done entirely by amateurs, the Buck's Rock counselors-in-training.

The play, set in 1940's Britain, concerns actors' problems only hours before a performance of Romeo and Juliet. The lead roles of Arthur Gosport and Edna Selby were excellently portrayed with cheer and panache by Jeff Remson and Margie Altman. Other fine performers were Tony Wolf as Jack, the stage manager, Sharon Robbins as Dame Maud Gosport, and Gwynne Robbins as Arthur Gosport's secretary.

Harlequinade, written by Terence Rattigan, has a distinctly 1940's British flavor. As Americans in 1979 we could not interpret the humor as it was meant to be. Because of this, co-directors Marc Goodman and Dina Steinberg had us do the lines unchanged, but made these scenes look funny without being totally slapstick.

Rehearsals took up much of our free time, but in the end it was worth the effort. At times rehearsals went until almost three in the morning.

The performance had been scheduled for Friday, August 10. As nature usually has it, however, there was a violent storm that caused a twelve hour long blackout. Thus the play was cancelled. The performance was then rescheduled for the next night. All went smoothly and the play was generally well-received.

So goes the story of fifteen rising stars...

- Steve Hartstein

jacob's pillow

On July 19, a group of Buck's Rock campers attended the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, in Lee, Massachusetts. Various dance companies come to Jacobs Pillow to perform for a limited engagement. When Buck's Rock attended, The Asakawalker Dance Company performed.

The Asakawalker Dance Company made its debut at Japan House, New York City, in September 1977. In 1978 the Company again appeared at Japan House, now its home theatre. Of the six dancers currently with the company, two are from New York and the others come from Trinidad, Texas, Illinois, and California. The founders and Artistic Directors, Takako Asakawa and David Hatch Walker are Japanese and Canadian, respectively, and are married.

The first dance we saw was a dance for men performed by Norman Walker, the director of Jacob's Pillow Dance School, and four other male dancers. It was a dance to a Rhapsody by Brahms. The next dance was performed by David Hatch. It was a fairly modern dance, in three parts: The Plastic Reality, Time/Space Travel, and Cycling to Infinity. The third dance, performed by Takako Asakawa, expressed the life of a flower longing for fulfillment. The fourth dance, performed by Francesca Corkle and Winthrop Corey, was a selected section of Swan Lake, which was beautifully executed.

The following dance was called "Ecstasis" and was performed by Takako Asakawa and the Company. The sixth dance was called "Opalescence" and was performed by Takako Asakawa, David Hatch Walker and the entire Company. The last dance was a classical piece from "Don Quixote," performed by Francesca Corkle and Winthrop Corey.

The trip to Jacob's Pillow turned out to be an exciting day for all, and concluded with dinner on the lawn. Buck's Rock campers are probably still talking about the wonderful excursion to Jacob's Pillow.

Joanne Reiter

COOKIE & SON

Every year at Buck's Rock, there is a contribution from the Animal Farm's pregnant cow. This year's cow, Cookie, was adopted by Rachel Simon, Keri Chernuchin, and myself. On August 2, Cookie gave birth to a beautiful little bull named Storeo, who is a basic black, with white belly and hooves.

Many Buck's Rockers look forward to the calf's birth from the first day of camp. A group of kids, together with one of the farm counselors, Bob Curtis, took shifts at night to watch Cookie before she gave birth. This was a difficult job; the two-hour shifts were done through the small hours of the morning, and for the first ten days only six people were on call. The pressure eased when six more people came to watch, making one-hour shifts possible.

The big, eight-person tent was set up. Two boys slept in a pup tent, while all the girls slept in the bigger tent. There was no need to worry about getting hungry during the night. Bob brought food from counselor snack which we sometimes couldn't even finish.

On the morning of August 2, at 5:40, the gong was rung, and Lou went around in his car ringing a cowbell to announce that the calf was being born. Many people watched the birth, but some didn't get up because they couldn't hear the gong. Other said, "Yuc, I'm not going. It's so disgusting. If I go, I'll barf!" For those who went, however, it was a wonderful experience which the others later regretted missing.

As the calf came into the world, many things occurred. At 5:42, a fly touched the calf, making him put a queer look on his face. At 6:05, the calf stood up for a very short time. He took his first step at 6:15. At 7:45, Storeo presented his first "Moo."

Taking care of the calf isn't a difficult job. Cookie, a dairy cow, had to go back to the farm she came from in order to be milked. As a result, campers are feeding Storeo. There are three feeding times: 9:00 a.m., 1:00 p.m., and 5:00 p.m.

On August 7th, Storeo took his first drink of water--quite a feat for a five-day-old calf. At present Storeo is living a pleasant existence and keeping company with another little bull, Dalmation, who moved in with him. Together they make beautiful moosic.

Donna Grossman

New Milford 8 Mile Road Race

"You've got to be out of your mind! We gotta run this hill on the last mile?!"

The seven of us were stuffed into the red Buck's Rock van, and watched in stupified amazement as the vehicle crept slowly up the steep, winding road.

"This hill is the last mile."

An hour before starting time The Striders arrived at Young's Field, where the race was to begin. As there was no one else there, our check-in and receiving of numbers went by very rapidly. We then participated in a number of activities: warming up, running to town to get hats, waiting on line to use inadequate toilet facilities, and as in the case of Michael Benzer, getting his picture taken by the inquiring photographer for the New Milford Times. Asked by the snoopy shutterbug why he runs, Mike replied that he did it to get rid of excess frustrations, and to be with his buddies Mike Conto and Ray Wetzel. Mike made the Thursday edition.

After the fun was over, it was time to get down to business. Approximately four hundred people, including thirteen Buck's Rock Striders, lined up at the starting point, itching to run. Then they were off, and the race had begun.

What a race. The New Milford Eight proved to be the most difficult and frustrating race I have ever run. Beyond every hill which loomed over the horizon, was hidden another. And behind that was another. And another.

There were, however, bright spots. Along the road there were the friendly people of New Milford, ready to spray or hand me a cup of water. There was also a great deal of moving cars, equally ready to spray my panting, sweaty face with noxious exhaust fumes. The automobiles, though, were nothing compared to that one, last hill.

When one reaches the seventh mile of an eight mile race, one likes to breathe a sigh of relief. But not this time. That last mile was murder. It just seemed to go on and on, until...the downhill. As they say, "Whatever goes up, must come down". Boy did this hill go down! I found myself unable to control my speed, as my shins felt the impact of each and every step upon the pavement. Well-wishers who were telling me, "it's not that much longer," along with cars and trees, all fell behind in rapid succession.

Then, before I knew it, I had passed the finish line, and Mitch Shear was congratulating me, telling me I came in fifth for the team. As the rest of the team (yes, all thirteen) filed in rapidly, it became apparent that we definitely had a shot at the team trophy for first place.

The judges, though, were delayed in their decision, so we had to wait around a while. When the winners were announced, however, one thing was clear: Buck's Rock had come in first. As the speaker uttered these words, the fifteen or twenty Buck's Rockers present let out a tremendous cry which blew half of New Milford away.

We all rode home, triumphant, wondering what was in store for us next year.

Jeff Salamon

NO TALENT NIGHT

During the camp, those who are interested in acting, singing, dancing, and being crazy put on two No Talent Nights for the rest of the camp. The first one is presented in July and the second in August. This year, both N.T.N.1 and N.T.N.2 were huge successes.

Very often the people who perform do have talent. Some purposely mess up their acts in order to make them funny. But, all in all, the acts are appreciated.

This year many acts were quite strange, but nevertheless funny. Highlighting the first No Talent Night was Mitch Merback in his hilarious spoof of Mr. Rodgers. Danny Markovitz, as Mr. Mcfeely, added to the skit.

Then came No Talent Night 2. In what seemed to be a straightforward song, Doug Thierman surprised the audience by telling it what to do with "Dead Puppies." Describing the process by which an injured camper is medically treated, the camp's nurses (and their friends) sang a modified version of "Love Potion Number Nine." But by far the most interesting skit of the evening was the male beauty contest.

The First Annual Buck's Rock Male Beauty Contest started with eleven semifinalists. The judges eliminated six of these. Then, of the five finalists, the first runner-up was dressed as a Martian, whereas the winner came off as a John Travolta look-alike reject.

The goal for all No Talent acts is to be original and funny. So if you have any strange or funny acts you would like to show off, sign up for one of the 1980 shows.

Robert Kuropatwa



cit. od.

One night a week at Buck's Rock, put-to-bed becomes the evening activity. On Sunday nights C.I.T.'s take charge of the situation while all counselors attend the staff meeting.

At the end of C.I.T. snack the C.I.T.'s go off to their designated areas and attempt to keep the campers in their beds.

The game begins when the C.I.T.'s enter the bunks. We are greeted with pillows being thrown in our faces, radios blasting, cries of "Yuck, it's the C.I.T.'s," or "We hate the C.I.T.'s." When you turn the radios off they say "Don't you remember what it was like to be a camper?"

Then we walk through the rooms pulling extra people out of beds and taking the missing people count. On occasion you meet up with troubled campers. There are the ones who need to run three bunks away to blow their noses every five minutes. Then there are the campers who find reasons to be carried to the nurse on the spur of the moment, as well as those who need fifteen glasses of water.

Finally, after an hour of being a cross between a nursery school teacher and a zoo keeper, we collapse, things quiet down, and then comes the return of the counselors, who play this game more often and far more skillfully than we can ever hope to.

Maris Wacs

COUNSELOR PLAYS

On August 4th, the counselors of Buck's Rock put on their staff plays. The program consisted of three skits from Harold Pinter's Revue Sketches, two more skits from Beyond the Fringe, and the closing play, Tom Stoppard's The Real Inspector Hound, to round out the night.

The first little ditty, a comedy called "A Trouble in the Works," speculated on the possibilities of the usually humble worker in a factory revolting because he was not pleased with the products manufactured. "The Applicant" followed, displaying the difficulties encountered by a man who applies for a job as a physicist. Problems arise when he undergoes a required test which assaults him both physically and mentally. A paranoid woman next amused the audience in "Request Stop," the short tale of a woman who accused innocent men of assaulting her verbally.

"Words and Things," the first of two skits from Beyond the Fringe, was the humorous discourse of two philosophers who applied their indecipherable philosophy to everyday life. A Monty Python-ish interview, "The Great Train Robbery," followed and had the audience in stitches throughout.

The most publicized play, and henceforth the centerpiece of the evening, was Tom Stoppard's The Real Inspector Hound. The production displayed an interesting, yet always tongue-in-cheek, situation, in which the spectators of a play become part of the play itself. At first the comedy appeared to be a cliché-ridden whodunit. But the writer, director, and actors involved soon had me caught up in the plot as they skillfully moved toward the surprise ending.

The quality of the plays, however, could not hide the fact that the night was plagued with many problems. The first and foremost of these was the inability of the audience to hear the performers. The acoustics were terrible, and some of the actors did not project. Worst of all, people kept on talking or walking up and down the aisles knocking over weights and other noisy objects. Another problem stemmed from the fact that the counselors did not have a stage on which to perform, and were consequently forced to perform on the floor of the Rec Hall.

But despite all the obstacles, director Bob Blumenfeld and the actors involved did very well, evoking laughter and sparking the interest of the audience throughout the performance and making the night a memorable one.

Jeff Salamon



DANCE
NIGHT '79

Photo: 1000 79

DANCE NIGHT

After hours and hours of rehearsing precision, Dance Night finally arrived. I knew that this time we had to be perfect to reflect all our hard work. This was the real thing.

Unsure what it was like because this was my first year at Buck's Rock, I was hesitant about making the commitment to Dance Night. Four of my friends asked me to be a part of their dances, and I said yes. Our first rehearsals were tedious, learning the steps and repeating them until we did them automatically. Once we could do the movements fault-free, it was exciting and fun for all.

My choreographers, Robin Pogrebin, Adam Barrett, Abigail Pogrebin, and Joanna Colbert, worked incredibly hard and kept us dancing even though we thought the heat was unbearable. Rehearsals seemed to take so much time. Before we knew it, however, we asked to do more run-throughs than necessary, just for the plain fun of it. Things really came together when all the pieces were completed and polished, and final decisions on costumes were made.

Then came the hectic schedule of Tech Week. All the individual dances came together through the organization of our fantastic director and coordinator, Kathi Harper. We were becoming one big company, all working to achieve an entire show. At first we were extremely overwhelmed with the idea of two full run-throughs a day, but they turned out to be both beneficial and fun. Excitement continued to build as we combined sound, lights, costumes, and makeup. As Tech Week ended, we felt well-rehearsed and confident that Dance Night would be a success:

Then, on Saturday night we heard the gong ring. The evening activity was about to begin. A surge of thrill and panic came over us as we tried to calm ourselves and prepare for the best performance possible. We waited impatiently by the Costume Shop for the first dance to end. All of a sudden, we heard a great surge of applause. They had loved it! This gave us a new sense of confidence.

I had to rehearse the steps of my first dance in my head because I was too nervous to remember them. Standing in the wings, I didn't have any idea of what to do. I heard the introduction and ran onto the stage with the other three dancers.

We performed perfectly, like never before. We never heard the applause for our piece. I guess we were too happy.

The show seemed to get even better. We waited for our next dance, congratulating triumphant performers amongst hugs and tears. Being appreciated on stage and making those watching us happy, made all our work worthwhile.

Diane Debrovner

roy bookbinder

Roy Bookbinder. The very name evokes images: a street-wise, traveling-man/hustler, always knowing what's going on, and never surprised or seen without his finely honed sense of cool.

In person, Roy seems like the above described character in one respect--his sense of being untouchable. Anger, loss of temper, instability--I can't imagine Roy displaying any of these qualities, although I'm sure he does on occasion. This does not, however, create distances between him and people, but creates a stage presence in which Roy can take any illusion and make it a reality.

When Roy goes up on stage, one believes he is a reincarnation of some great thirties blues musician, alive in the seventies and trying to spread the word that good old blues are alive and waiting for people to come and listen to them. And when Roy plays, people listen. The moment he gets up on stage and starts picking, nothing seems more important than lying back and listening to him, or on occasion, clapping your hands, stamping your feet, and just plain singing along.

This summer was not the first time Roy Bookbinder visited Buck's Rock. Roy was a counselor at Buck's Rock in 1969 and 1970. He came back from time to time for one day visits, but it wasn't until 1978, at Jo Jochnowitz's suggestion, that Roy stayed for a week. As the situation won approval from Roy and the occupants of the camp, he came back in '79, following his July whirlwind tour of England, Canada, Tennessee, and Maine.

Roy considers it his mission to go out and put a dent in the mammoth, mega-buck media system which he feels controls the music we listen to. Even if it is a relatively small dent, the happiness Roy can bring to people by introducing to unfamiliar forms of music makes it well worthwhile.

Jeff Salamon

sparky rucker

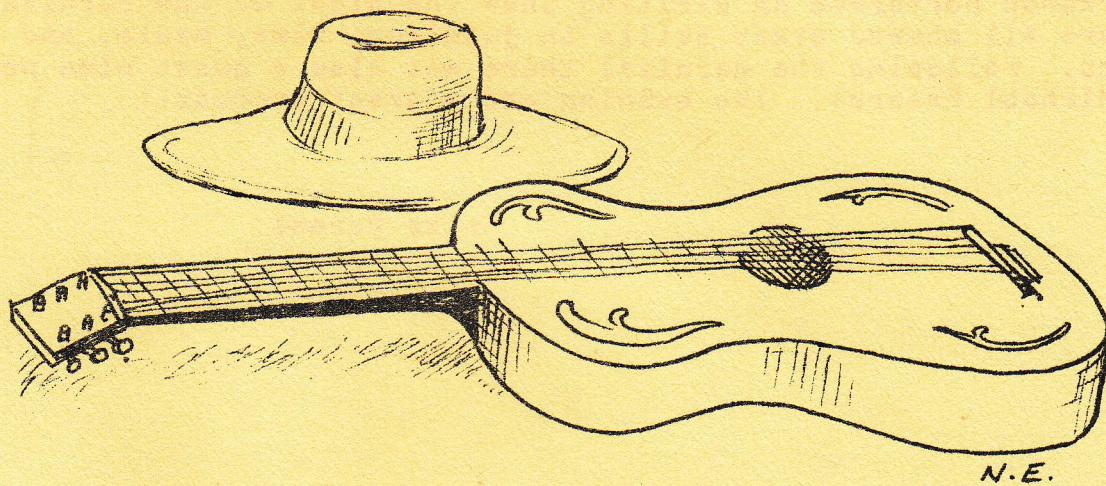
This year, on Buck's Rock's second annual trip to the Wesleyan Folk Festival, we were greatly impressed by the blues workshops. One person who stood out among the blues singers was Sparky Rucker, a guitarist whose technique is very much in the Robert Johnson vein.

There was an opening in the Buck's Rock folk-guest schedule which Mark was looking to fill. When we returned to camp we decided we hadn't heard enough of Sparky, so we called him up and invited him to play for a weekend at Buck's Rock.

The first night at Buck's Rock Sparky gave his concert, combining bottleneck (Robert Johnson style) blues, western ballads, and even classic Leadbelly worksongs with funny and interesting stories about the people who wrote them. The next afternoon he gave informal and fascinating workshops under the oak tree on the history of the blues and Afro-American music.

From the minute he stepped out of his van to the minute he left, Sparky struck us all as both a great performer and a great friend. We all miss his casual, friendly manner and hope to make Sparky an annual event at Buck's Rock.

Adam Grant



CARNIVAL GALACTICA

A new event came to Buck's Rock this year: Carnival Galactica. The campers of Buck's Rock all participated in making and running the game booths. The kitchen staff cooked goodies, and the counselors supervised. Before the carnival everyone enjoyed a delicious picnic dinner.

The gong rang, and soon there was music, fun, and excitement. There were many entertaining games which everyone enjoyed. All campers anxiously awaited this night, wanting to see Lou Simon get dunked in the dunking booth.

In one booth you could send a kiss, a squirt of water, or a piece of candy, to a friend or sweetheart. In the other you could send messages of love and friendship. Besides sending things, one could also play games. The well known game of crackers and whistling was amusing for many campers. The object of this game was to eat crackers rapidly, and try to whistle before your opponent did. There was also a shave the balloon game. The object of this game was to try and shave shaving cream off a balloon without popping it.

There were even more events at this exciting evening. One could participate in such things as horseback riding and picture taking. Of course, you could always go to a scary haunted house!! In addition to the games and rides, there was still other entertainment. The Clown Workshop performed an exciting show the night of the carnival. The campers all showed great skills in juggling, mime, magic, and gymnastics. Following the carnival there was also a guest mime performer, Michael Enserra. The evening was a great success!!

Anika Peress

TANGLEWOOD

Each summer, Buck's Rock campers, C.I.T.s, and counselors enthusiastically fill the places for the well known venture to Tanglewood.

Located in the Berkshires in Lenox, Massachusetts, Tanglewood is famous for its large outdoor concerts. The world famous Boston Symphony Orchestra alone performs 24 concerts annually at Tanglewood. The Boston Pops performs at Tanglewood each summer, along with several popular artists.

Tickets for these concerts are available for seats either in the Music Shed or on the Great Lawn. Most visitors choose the lawn because it is less expensive, and allows them to engage in other activities while listening to the concert on the lawn. Elderly people often play bridge; families enjoy huge picnic lunches; and others read, write or knit. Children are usually seen playing games. The lawn also attracts a large number of sun worshippers.

This summer, on August fifth, it was a bright and beautiful day. This was the day which Buck's Rock chose to see the performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Tanglewood. Sporting nice attire, Buck's Rockers boarded the buses at 10:30 to go to Tanglewood. Upon arrival, everyone enjoyed a picnic lunch prepared by the kitchen staff. The concert began at 2:30. The program consisted of several Mozart pieces including "Overture to Le Nozze di Figaro." This was followed by an intermission, during which everyone bought ice cream, and purchased souvenirs in the Glass House and Music Store. The concert ended with a composition by Richard Strauss.

Tanglewood is a beautiful place to visit, as well as an exciting and enjoyable experience. Those who attended from Buck's Rock had a great time.

Ellyn Polishook

TANGILOWOOD

There is a small, dark, and somewhat mysterious, but the light of the sun is shining on it.

There is a small, dark, and somewhat mysterious, but the light of the sun is shining on it.

There is a small, dark, and somewhat mysterious, but the light of the sun is shining on it.

There is a small, dark, and somewhat mysterious, but the light of the sun is shining on it.

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There is a small, dark, and somewhat mysterious, but the light of the sun is shining on it.

FINAL!

TRIO
COOP 179



Another summer has gone by. Was it good? Was it not as good as you had hoped? Only you can tell. Or can you? Maybe you will only be able to tell ten years from now, twenty years from now when you find this yearbook, leaf through it, read some of the articles, the poems, the stories. Was it an important summer? Probably. Was it a decisive one, a summer that provided the basis for choices that determined the directions your lives took? Maybe for some of you it was. And some of you may even have forgotten the summer. I suspect not too many will have forgotten a summer whose essence is laid down in the pages of this book.

Leafing through these pages, reading what some of you wrote, I feel that I should express one of my and of Ilse's strongest beliefs and that is: Our Faith in you. I believe in you as I believe in the millions of men, the millions of women who have lived, who are living now, who shall ever live. I know they were, they are, they will be vulnerable, threatened by death and injuries, accidents and fate. But just as you are endowed with eyes to see, with ears to hear, and with brains to think, with hearts to feel, so they were, so they are, so they will be. Millions and Millions. And you are amongst them! And in some mysterious way as they are part of all that happens, they are, at the same time in the center of all that happens. And so are you! You are part and you are the center. You are, you will be in the center and you are your own Center: Growing, Creating, Spending your Energies, Deciding, Choosing your Roads. We know that you will try to choose roads that lead to Harmony and Unity, that will make life more complete for all men and women. Will you succeed? Will the men and women around you succeed? I don't know. I know they will try. I know they are trying. I know they and you with them will continue to try. You take steps. Small steps at times. Giant steps at other times.

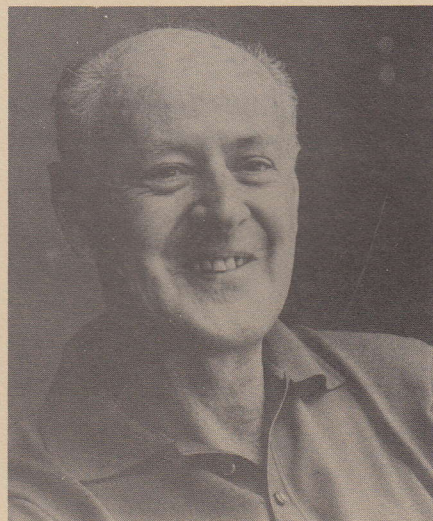
Maybe Mankind eventually will reach these goals, maybe the reward lies only in the attempt. Maybe it was, maybe it is, maybe it always will be mankind's destiny to try reaching the unreachable. A proud fate, a gallant attempt worthy of our unique role as inhabitants of a universe that is destined to remain unaware of our existence

We have explored the universe, we shall continue to explore it. You will, future generations will pursue the proud goal of exploration until Man has reached the limits of his powers. And I believe that there are limits. No visitors from outer space will enlighten you, no gods will come to your aid. You, yourselves, the generations that follow you will have to do it and be exhilarated by their achievements, frustrated and made angry by their limitations, disappointments and failures. But, oh, what a gallant struggle! Oh, the brave music of distant drums! Man's unconquerable spirit against insurmountable obstacles!

And along the road you are walking, may you sustain your visions, supported by hope but may you also retain, without resentment, your sense of reality based on truthfulness and on the courage to face truth!

Between Beginning and End, between Birth and Death may you be nourished by your Hopes without losing sight of Reality and the limitations reality imposes. You have two Polar Stars not one: Hope and Reality! May you live your own Polarity!

Ernst



encore! encore!

As he concluded a particularly difficult aria, an Italian tenor was greeted by shouts of "Encore, Encore." Flattered by the response, he repeated his performance, striving this time for even greater lyrical power. After this second rendition, he again heard cries of "encore" and so he sang the aria yet a third time. In all, at the insistence of an unrelenting audience, the tenor sang the same aria seven times, each time trying to outdo his previous performance.

Finally, with the eighth demand for an encore, the tenor, utterly weary and exhausted, looked out upon the audience and, in a voice ready to crack, pleaded, "Ladies and gentlemen, have mercy. I have sung seven challenging encores as magnificently as I know how. I can barely speak at this point. And still you demand more encores of me!"

"Yes," shot back a voice from the audience.
"And more and more and more...until you get it right!"

Each summer at Buck's Rock is like an encore, a repeat performance. And no two performances are alike. Many people have said that this summer has been different, that it hasn't been like last summer. Of course, it hasn't. Each summer's encore conveys its own special qualities. How dull it would be if every summer were the same. It is unpredictability and change that generate the excitement and spirit of a summer. Each season must be created anew and not until the encore is ended can we know how successful we've been.

Nor is there any sure-fire formula for attaining success during a summer at Buck's Rock. There are as many approaches to the summer as there are boys and girls at camp. Success at Buck's Rock is not something you can measure against some absolute, quantifiable standard. Some parents fear that if their children do not come home with an assortment of products made in the shops that their summer has been wasted. That is simply not the case. The camper who has worked on the farms or in publications or in the performing arts can have every bit as valuable an experience as the camper who works in the shops. Nor can success be measured in terms of the number of activities a camper has attended. The camper who concentrates on one or two areas may derive as much from such an approach as may the camper who prefers to explore a wide array of activities. In short, what may be the right program for one camper may be all wrong for another. That is one of the reasons we have left the choice of activities up to you.

If there is a secret to using Buck's Rock wisely it is remaining open--probing the unknown without fixed assumptions as to what you might find. And that is what we asked you to do this summer. We asked you to use the facilities and the

opportunities here to explore, to try things out, to take chances. To do so you had to learn not to fear your own insides--your own impulses, emotions, and thoughts. You discovered that it was all right to make mistakes and to fail occasionally, provided that you learned something from these experiences. You also learned not to be afraid of what other people might say or demand or laugh at. In the process you learned more about yourself--your strengths and weaknesses, your talents and interests. As you gained new knowledge and skills many of you developed a greater awareness of who you are and what you are.

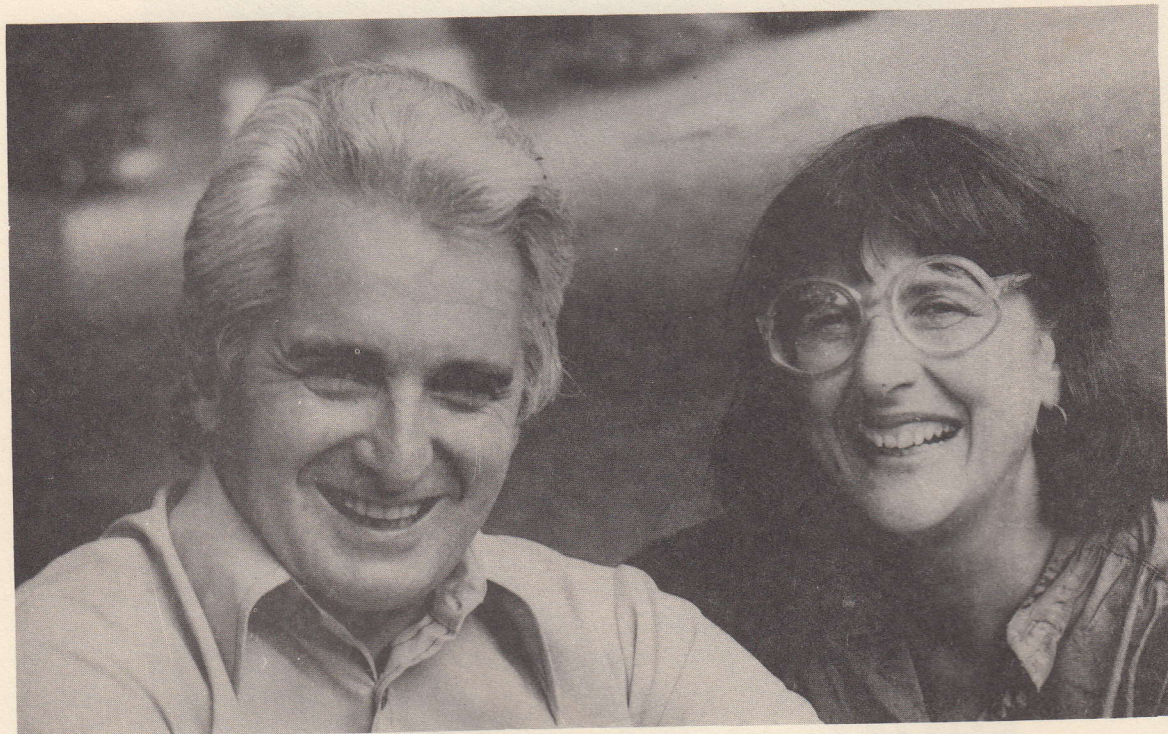
There are a few things at Buck's Rock that do not change from summer to summer. Constant is a belief in the importance of creative work as a means of self-expression and as a way of life. What creative work entails is that you give all your energy, all your enthusiasm, all your drive to doing--to the best of your ability--whatever you undertake to do. When we speak of creativity we do not mean that you must produce something "arty." Abraham Maslow wrote that "a first-rate soup is more creative than a second-rate painting." His point was that it's not what you do but how you do it that determines whether or not your pursuit is a creative one.

Constant too is our faith in the ability of young people to shape their own summers. That is why freedom of choice is so critical to our philosophy. Here at Buck's Rock, boys and girls, many for the first time, discover that learning and creating and working--individually and in concert with others--can be an exhilarating and rewarding experience. Through your pursuits in art, in music, in drama and dance, at sports, on the farms, and in the shops, you gave meaning, shape, and purpose to your lives and, in so doing, affirmed your worth as human beings.

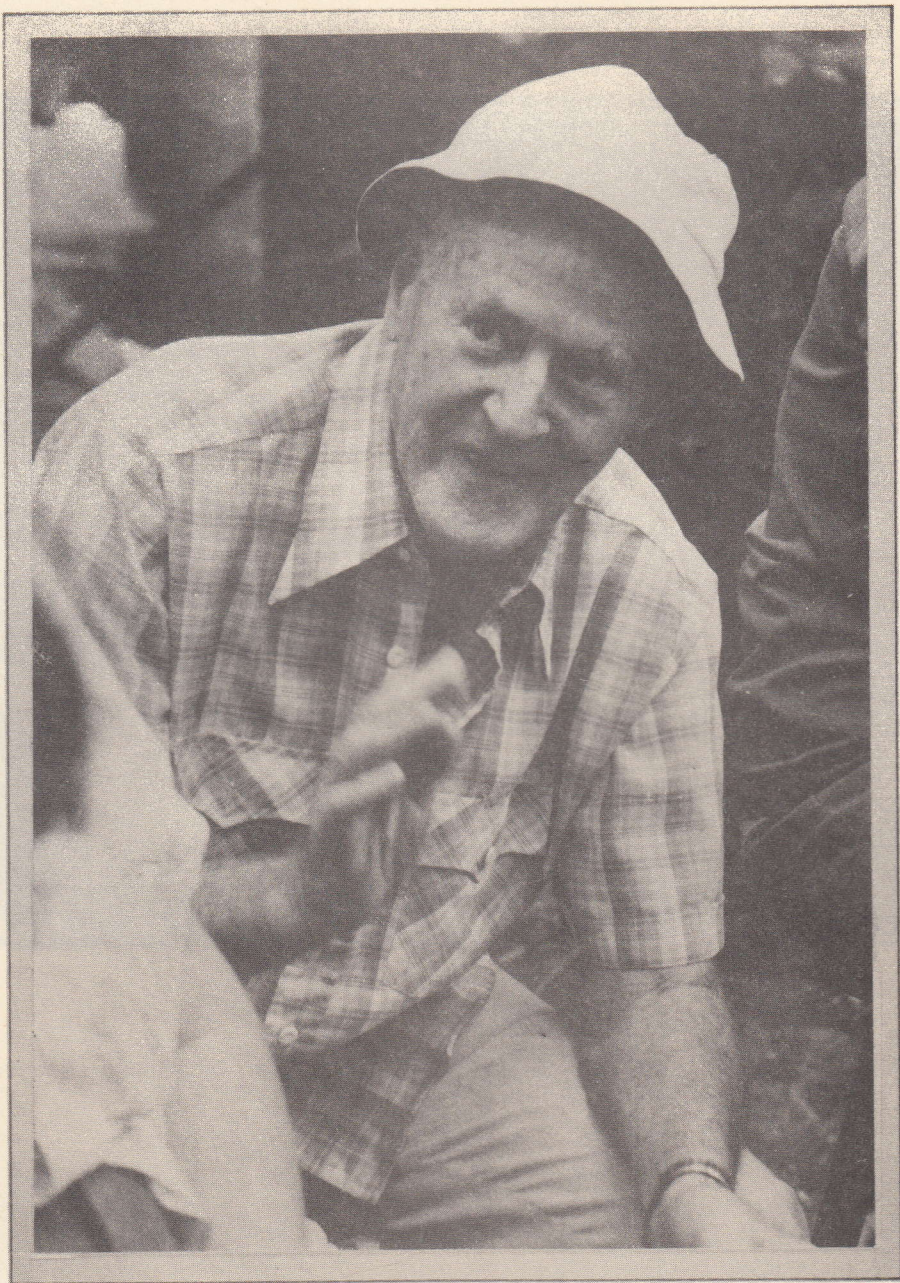
At the start of the summer we noted that our world is in trouble. Now more than ever mankind must reaffirm its dignity, its individuality, its humanity. We hoped that this summer you would find many opportunities to respond to your creative impulse and to develop confidence in your own inner strengths. We hoped that in so doing you would discover that few things in life are impossible. We assured you that what might look frightening and overwhelming at the beginning would, by the end of the summer, assume its proper perspective. We urged you to help each other and to befriend each other. We appealed to you to respect each other's rights. And you heeded our words.

You grasped the infinite possibilities that lay before you. You shaped and molded them. You lived and worked with them. You learned from them. And now you have come to the end of the summer, the final curtain before the onset of fall and winter. We, the staff of Buck's Rock, applaud you for your truly outstanding efforts. As you look back upon what you have accomplished, you have good reason to feel proud, for we hope that you are now more keenly aware of the world in which you live and of the many fulfilling roles you might play in that world.

Ray and Sybil









In Memory Of Sharon

A lot of people at Buck's Rock didn't know Sharon Bernstein because she was here last summer for only a week. The first time I met her two years ago, she was very quiet and very pretty. At that time there was a lot I didn't know about her.

A week later she showed me the rough draft of a piece she had written for the '77 yearbook. It was called "Beneath the Skin." It shocked me, for I did not know that Sharon had cancer.

After I discovered this I never quite knew how to deal with her. I was too friendly, too cheerful. I wish I had known to be myself. I missed out on a lot.

Sharon wanted to be known. She wrote many wonderful poems and stories, some at Buck's Rock. They are the part of herself that she left behind for everyone to know. It was her major concern that she not be forgotten.

We will never forget you, Sharon.

Tides of Depression
Drifting ashore.
I flow with the waves
Offering no resistance.
Fighting the current
One could only drown,
The sea of emotion
Commands its lawless right of force.
Time floats on
Devoid of meaning
The monotonous waters
Warring with foaming fury
Gently recede,
A calmer voyage begins.
I will not sink
For my soul is strong,
I cannot swim
For my body is weak,
But still I weather the turbulence
Of my inner ocean,
For what I seek is peace of mind.

Sharon Bernstein

In Memory Of Sharon

A lot of people at Buck's Rock didn't know Sharon
Gornstein because she was here just summer for only a
week. The first time I met her two years ago, she was
very quiet and very friendly. At that time there was a
lot of people who didn't know about her.
A week later she showed me the porch side of a
place she had stayed for the night. It was
called "The Star" and it showed me for a bit
not know that Sharon had passed.
After I discovered this I never put it away so
well as I met. I was too friendly, too cheerful.
When I had known to be myself, I closed out on a lot.
Sharon wanted to be known, she didn't want to be
for some and sister, she at Buck's Rock. They are
the best of herself that she left behind for everyone
to know. It was not major concern that she not be for-
gotten.

We will never forget you Sharon.

Peace of heart
Trusting hope
I look with the stars
Offering no resistance
Fighting the current
One could only dream
The sea of emotion
Commanding the endless right of force
This time on
Lovers of meeting
The momentous moment
Nothing more, nothing less
Simply peace
I do not know what
I still feel
For my soul is strong
I cannot wait
For my body is weak
But still I wait for the perfect
Of my inner peace
For what I seek is peace of mind.

Curtain Call

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SHOP CREDITS

ART: First Page Top: Linda Pegalis painting
in the Art Shop
Bottom: UNTITLED, Maggie Fishman

Second Page left: UNTITLED, Melissa Marks

Third Page right: ETCHING, Daniel Cohen

CERAMICS: Top Left: SAWDUST FIRED BOWL,
Mitchell Merback
Bottom: BUD VASE, Michael Greenfield
CASSEROLE, Sara Mendelsohn
VASE, Mitchell Merback

Facing Page: SCULPTURAL POT WITH HANDLE,
Michael Greenfield
AARDVARK, Mitchell Merback

FABRIC: Left: FLAPPER DOLL, Karen Weiss
Facing Page: CHUMLEY, Kathy Brown
COUNTRY WINDOW, Julie Barton

GLASS: Left Page Top: SCULPTURED CHALICE, Jeff Remson
VASE, Jeff Remson
Bottom: MUG, Henry Adler
SCULPTURAL TEAPOT, Peter Gewertz

Right Page Top: VASE, George Farmer

Bottom: PITCHER, David Barrett
SAND-BLASTED BOWL,
David Barrett

SCULPTURE: First Page Top: SCULPTURE, Eric Colby

Bottom: SCULPTURE, Sean Heller
WOOD TABLE, Ben Young

Second Page Top: WIRE SCULPTURE, David Gross

Third Page Top: METAL SCULPTURE, Dan Markovitz

Bottom: CASTED ALUMINUM, George Farmer

Fourth Page Top: PLASTER SCULPTURE, Jenny Senft

Left Bottom: PLASTER SCULPTURE, Leila Rachlin
Right Bottom: PLASTER SCULPTURE, Jessica Mayer

LEATHER:

Top: VEST, David Watstein

Bottom: VEST, Daniel Bellow

SEWING:

First Page Left: SUNDRESS, Allyson Slater
Right: SUNDRESS, Caryn Sochor

Second Page Left: DRESS, Sally Nemo
Right: DRESS, Sari Franzblau

Third Page Left: DRESS, Rhonda Lupin
Right: DRESS, Karen Ehrlich

SILVER:

Left Page: PENDANT, Ana Puszkin
LETTER OPENER, Bobby Fiorello
BRACELET, Danny Quest

Right Page: BRACELET, Katie Gates
PILL BOX, Dana Ross
CUP, Mimi Ochs

WEAVING:

Left Page : DYPTICH, Sydney Solomon
Right: WALL HANGING, Katie Snyder

Right Page : OFF-LOOM TAPISTRY, Tanya Dietz
Bottom: IN-PROCESS LOOM WEAVING,
Rachel Glick

WOOD:

Left Page Top: TABLE, Jeff Birnberg
JEWELRY BOX, Toby Deligtisch
PLATE, Ricky Lowe
BOWL, Amy Weil

Bottom: WINE RACK, Jane Gottlieb

Right Page: FOOTED STOOL, Ana Puszkin

YEARBOOK PHOTOGRAPHERS

SPORTS PICTURES: Archery, Peter Sayles
Soccer, Jason Verlen
Softball, David Fenichel

THE SUMMER THEATRE: "On Borrowed Time", Brad Gordon
Lighting, Alan Berger
Sound, Alan Berger

WOODSHOP: Jason Verlen

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"Mitch & Debby at Work", Mark Rubin

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Maxine Pitter

STU-ART'S DRAWING CLASS, Brad Gordon

ANIMAL FARM, Ben Wilkes

WBBC RESEARCH, Jason Verlen

FABRIC DESIGN: "At the Picnic Tables", Peter Gewirtz
"Sara waxing", Mark Rubin

CORN HUSKING, Stu Bernstein ERNST, Ben Wilkes

CANTEEN, Brad Gordon MUSIC, Robin Pogrebin

SILKSCREEN, Jeff Young

PAM DANCING, Robin Pogrebin

CARNIVAL GALACTICA, Henry Adler

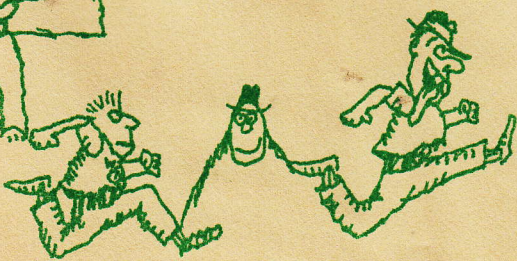
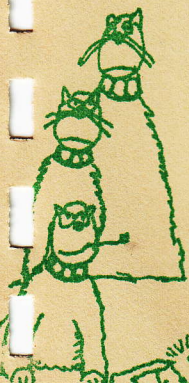
GLASS: "Chet at Glass", Jason Verlen
"At the Furnace", Maurice Mizrahi

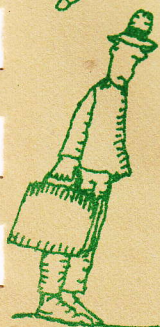
PEOPLE ON ROAD, Maxine Pitter

SCULPTURE: "Two Boys at Work", Alan Berger
"The Welder", Danielle Jaffe

CERAMICS: "Potter", Ann Gorfunkle
"Jerry the Teacher", Michael Cahn
"Potter", Jeff Young

Autographs ~







Buck



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